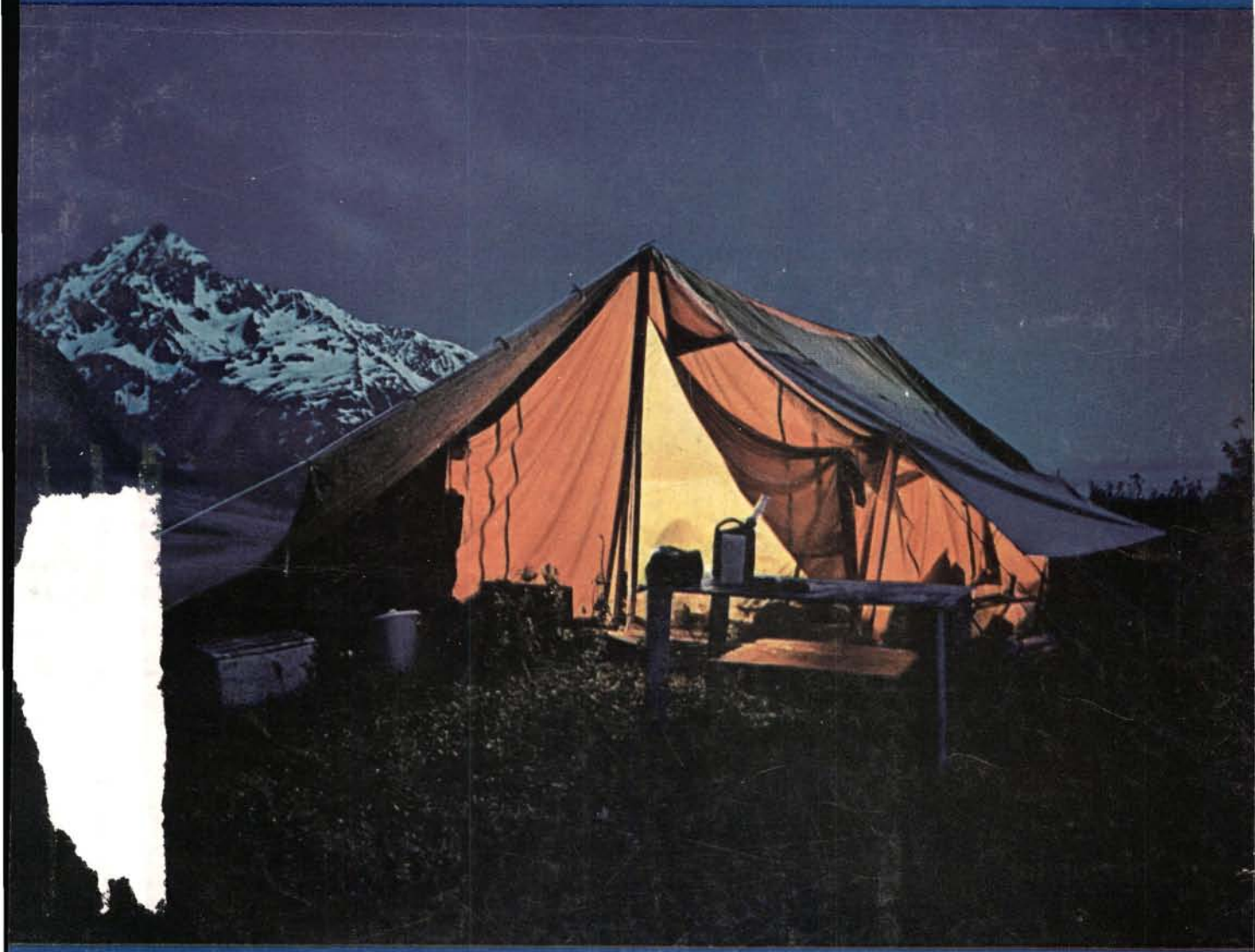
Saturday Review

January 7, 1967 35¢

INTERNATIONAL TOURIST YEAR: 1967

Articles by: Cardinal Spellman, Lord Thomson of Fleet, Teodoro Moscoso, Homer Bigart, Marvin Kalb, Marc Connelly, and Horace Sutton



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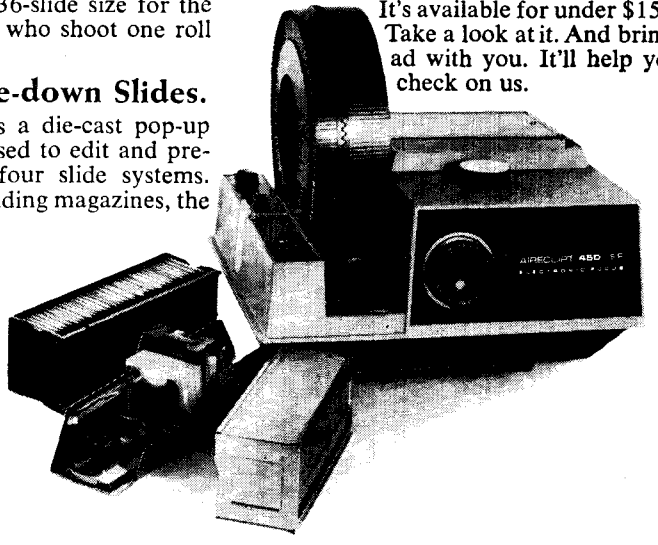

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Automatic Electronic Self-Focusing
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(Advertisement)

Manhattan island has a special excitement these days. Oh, it's not just the disorganized traffic or the organized crime. In other cities the nets of cars and criminals are well woven, too. No, it's the newer specialties I have in mind. We're tearing down more of our aging buildings, for example. Some of them were six and eight years old. Young men stand on street corners wearing fur hats, which turn out to be their hair. Still, I suppose it is the air, the very air we breathe, that makes New York so exciting these days. The simple fact of survival after you have walked a few blocks makes life intoxicating. The air is like wine—vinegar.

These thoughts lead me to fresh air and the hope of surviving. Perhaps that is why, despite the tone of the above, I commend to you a clear, fresh, eminently serious and quite possibly great book about survival, Raymond Aron's *Peace and War.*

Aron has done more than transpose Tolstoi's title. What he has written, following such works as *The Century of Total War* and *The Opium of the Intellectuals,* is his magnum opus. This new work, which I could not pretend to summarize, is, put flatly, a "theory of international relations." It is also the most comprehensive treatment, summary, and analysis of the way nations have behaved toward each other from the beginning of what we call history to the present thermonuclear age, and the factors in that relationship that have remained unchanged. Aron is too original to wave the old slogans. One of his most striking chapters, "The Enemy Partners," deals with those odd allies, Russia and the U.S.A.

I don't urge you to read his ideas on partnerships, etc. in any cheerful, left-over bon homie after Christmas. I simply welcome any fresh air brought into the New Year.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Peace and War ($10.00), by Raymond Aron, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida 33482.

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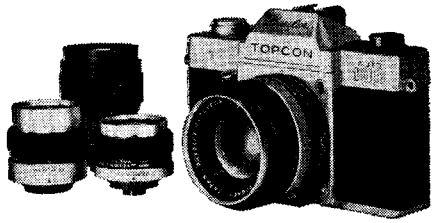

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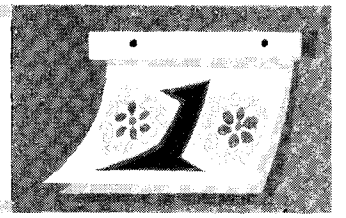
First of the Month



DECEMBER was the month of Capote and Coppolino, of the Cowboys and the Packers, of the credit squeeze and the credibility gap, of *Look* and *that* book.

It was also the month when the U.S. Government, which nowadays doesn't bother to declare war, nonetheless proved that it still reserves the right to declare truce. It declared, in fact, no less than three separate truces—in observance of Christmas, and the solar and lunar New Year holidays. In addition, the South Vietnamese Government called for still another ninty-six-hour truce—this one in observance of the Asian lunar New Year known as Tet.

Tet, we discovered, runs from 7 a.m. Saigon time, February 8, to 7 a.m. February 12—which, apart from the fact it seems a hell of a time to celebrate *any* New Year, also happens to coincide, at the end, with the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

All in all, we began to have a lunar thought of our own about all this. And this was that now that we have agreed to observe their holidays, if we could only get them to observe *our* holidays, why, before you know it, we'd have this thing licked once and for all. There wouldn't be time for any more wars.

It would all be very fitting. After all, since so many of our holidays have been given to us by our past wars, it's only fair that we should now be allowed to use at least some of them to cut out future wars. And don't fool yourself, we've got plenty to choose from. There's Memorial Day, and there's Patriots Day and Veterans Day and Flag Day and National Freedom Day and Loyalty Day and Armed Forces Day and Citizenship Day and even V-E and V-J Day—and that doesn't start to cover the regional ones such as Alamo Day and Robert E. Lee's birthday and American Indian Day.

And once we get our war holidays out of the way, we can go on with Valentine's Day and St. Patrick's Day and Labor Day and Columbus Day and Thanksgiving Day and Arbor Day and Bird Day. Certainly, it's hard to see the Vietcong objecting to a holiday like Bird Day. And, if they do, well—we'll just give them the alternative. Either observe our holidays or fight a holy war—on holidays only.

• • •

December was also the month of a boom in Bowls. As we went to press, there was the Rose Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Sun Bowl, the Liberty Bowl, the Bluebonnet Bowl, the Pecan Bowl and the Gator Bowl—not to mention, of course, the Super Bowl. It sure gave you a tingle just to think of, say, the Hurricanes of Miami and the Fighting Gobblers of Virginia Tech battling it out—if not for free, at least for Liberty.

• • •

The scandal of the month was the Film Festival in Acapulco, Mexico. Here, *Variety* reported, Mexican actor David Reynoso, attempting to show off his "bullfighting skill," made such a "bungling butchery of a game little heifer scarcely larger than himself" that the only reason he didn't clear the arena was that "foreign visitors, horrified and appalled, were unable to escape because of blocked exits." We suggest that the next time either the Mexican Government or its Department of Cinematography attempts a "celeb-studded" festival of any sort, they take the precaution of putting out to pasture the least attractive elements of their culture, high among which, in more ways than one, we include Señor Reynoso.

• • •

Back home, that peerless Dodger shortstop, Mr. Maury Wills, was traded to the Pirates by Mr. Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers and one of the few men in baseball you can count on never to let you up. Meanwhile, among the New York Metropolitans, to halt their fans' spreading terror that the team might be in the throes of real improvement, a fearless new president, Mr. Bing Devine, considerately allayed such fears by managing to trade off, for a so-so Tommy Davis, the best second baseman in baseball, Mr. Ron Hunt. To forgive is human, we always say, and now we can only add that to err is Devine.

• • •

During the month Mr. William Feather, of the *William Feather Magazine*, came up with a list of words whose "increasing use," he said, offended him. The words: *enclave, trauma, autonomy, viable, escalate, orientation, teleology, ambivalent, empathic, ploy, meretricious, categorical, euphoria, confronta-*

(Continued on page 10)

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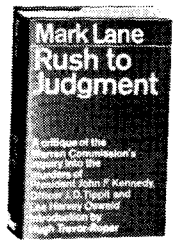

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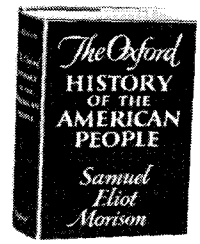

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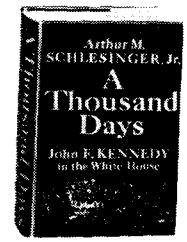

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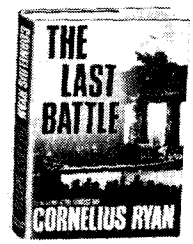

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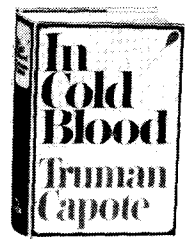

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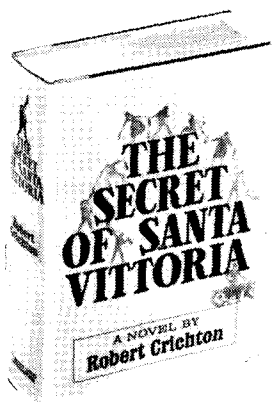

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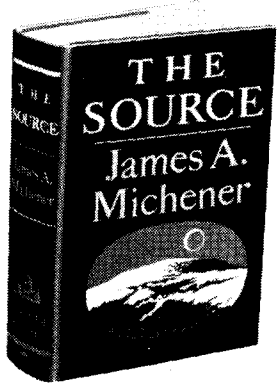

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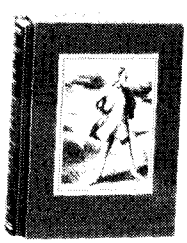

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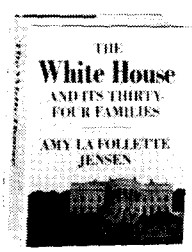

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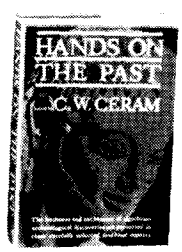

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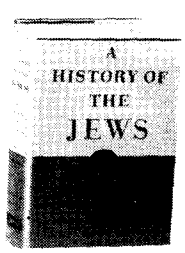

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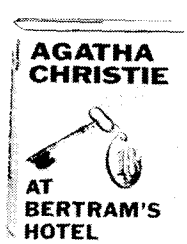

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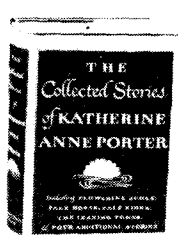

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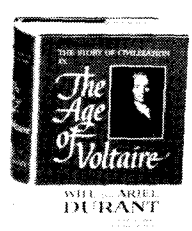

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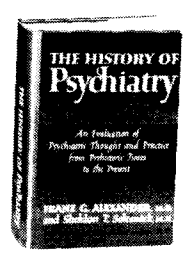

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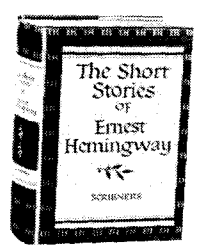

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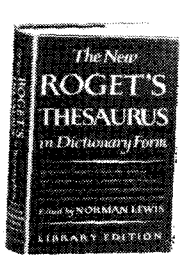

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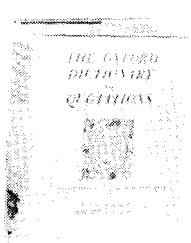

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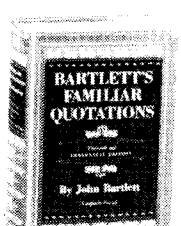

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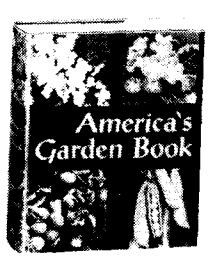

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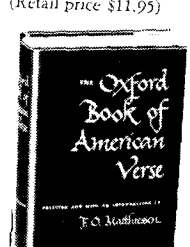

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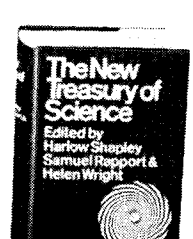

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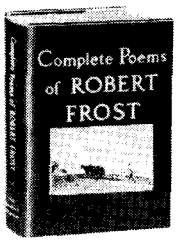

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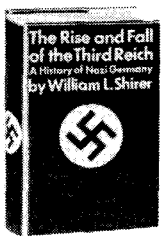

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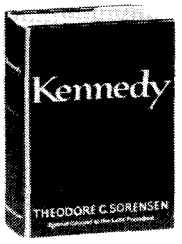

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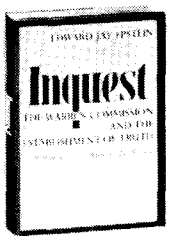

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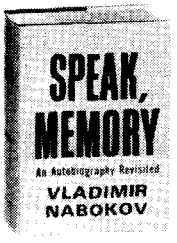

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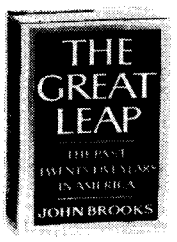

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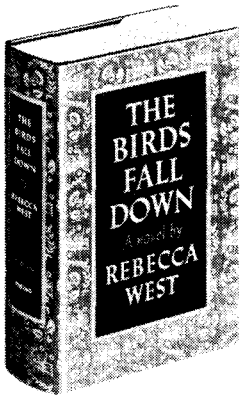

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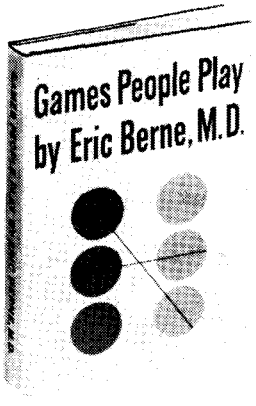

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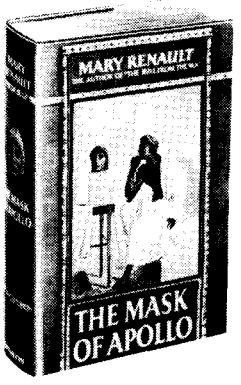

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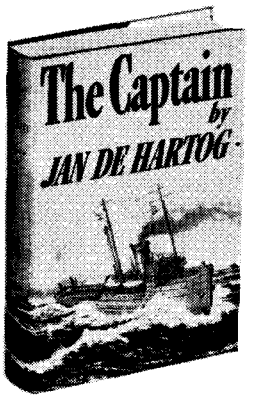

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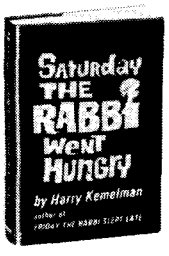

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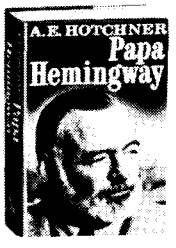

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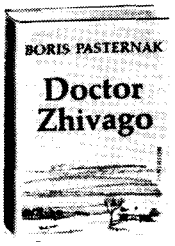

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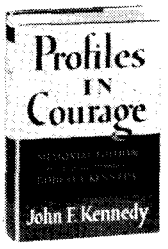

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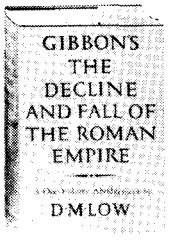

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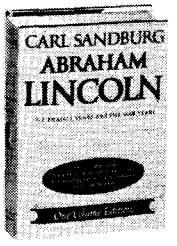

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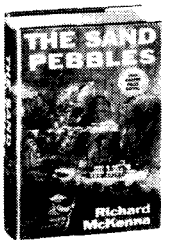

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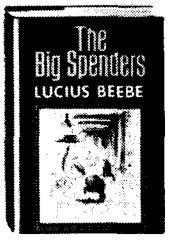

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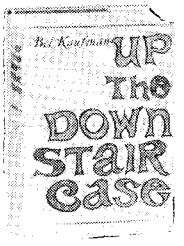

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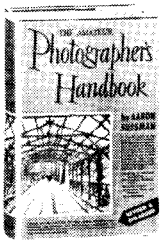

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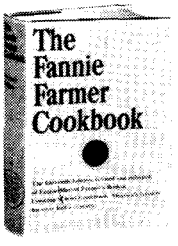

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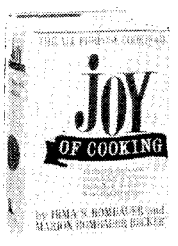

161. JOY OF COOKING
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Continued from page 4

tion. Mr. Feather also said that he was "bothered" by a group of words he found in one single issue of *The New Republic*: *psychotomimetic, existential, polyphony, dichotomics, conceptualizing, xenophobia, insensitism, apothegmatic.* Finally, he found, in one issue of *Time*, the following: *anomaly, visceral, dissident, insensate, euphorically, dichotomy, divisive, estuaries, epicene.* For *SR*, however, Mr. Feather had no complaints—not even any viable psychotomimetic xenophobia.

• • •

Graffiti, that ancient and honorable art of not only climbing up walls but writing on them, is evidently growing by leaps and occasionally out of bounds. At one end of the country, in Los Angeles, during the month two doctors, Harvey Lomas of UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute and Gershon Weltman of the Biotechnology Laboratory, read a report on the subject of graffiti to a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association—together with a *Leaves of Grass* frontispiece beginning, "I hear America singing. . . ."

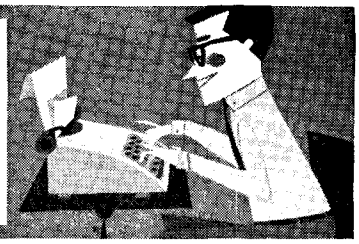
Meanwhile, at the other end of the country, columnist Norton Mockridge, apparently hearing not a different drummer but the same one, told us he has collected more than 2,000 individual graffito—yes, that's the singular. These he will shortly put in a book called *The Scrawl of the Wild.* Mr. Mockridge also told us that occasionally graffito has resulted in something besides fun, games, and buttons (BAN THE BOMB, BOMB THE BAN, etc.). No one has yet found a specific use for WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS —

INVEST YOUR SONS, or GOD IS ALIVE AND WELL IN MEXICO CITY, but the fact remains that it was on a washroom wall that Anthony Newley found the graffito which became the title *Stop the World —I Want to Get Off.*

Mockridge's own favorites: DEATH IS NATURE'S WAY OF TELLING YOU TO SLOW DOWN, and WILL YOU REALLY FEEL MORE SECURE WITH GEORGE HAMILTON IN UNIFORM? To the real grafficionado, however, there must be not one but two graffiti—the line and then, by someone else, the topper. Among those sighted and cited to us: MY MOTHER MADE ME A HOMOSEXUAL—and underneath, the addition, IF I BUY HER THE WOOL WILL SHE MAKE ME ONE, TOO? Our own favorite is simple. Above, the sign: CHRIST IS THE ANSWER. Underneath: WHAT WAS THE QUESTION?

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

Top of My Head



POLITICS makes sleepless bedfellows. I've been lying awake nights trying to measure the significance of two elections held this past year. One was domestic, the other foreign.

According to the latest count as of December 31, Georgia had three governors, the incumbent, Carl Sanders, and the two candidates, Howard H. Calloway and Lester G. Maddox, neither of whom won a clear majority after a careful tally of all the sheets. If you'll pardon the expression.

It turned out Mr. Calloway had 1,800 more votes than Mr. Maddox. Now, if anybody had asked me what to do, I'd have said run the election over again. If it came out that Mr. Maddox was ahead that time, then make it best two out of three.

But the Supreme Court didn't ask me. Those judges didn't want to get too involved. So they dropped the hot potato into the lap of the Georgia State Assembly. The Assembly will decide next week who will be governor. The Assembly down there is presently composed of 230 Democrats and twenty-nine Republicans. Mr. Maddox is a Democrat. Mr. Calloway is a Republican. It's the New York Giants-Dallas Cowboys game all over again.

Wondering whether this election of an ex-restaurant man was part of a trend, I went to see one of New York's foremost restaurateurs to ask if he had any political ambitions.

"Hiya, crumbum," he greeted me. "What's on your mind?"

"You've heard of this Lester Maddox down in Georgia who closed his restaurant some time ago?"

"Whatsa matter? Couldn't get a liquor license?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. He closed it to run for governor. And next week he has a good chance of being governor of Georgia. Do you think this will start a trend of restaurant men running for office?"

"Why not? It's nothing new. Remember that old slogan—'Let 'em eat cake'?"

"But that was in France."

"What are you—against French cooking?"

"But do you think a man whose only executive experience has been running a restaurant is capable of running the state of Georgia?"

"Sure. It's the duty of a governor to serve the people. And who knows better than a restaurant man how to serve the people?"

"A fine point, and well put."

"Yeh. But tell your friend to get a liquor license. He'll never make a go of Georgia or any location without one."

So much for the election of an ex-restaurant man. The other election concerns an ex-Nazi in West Germany: Herr Kurt Kiesinger—or, as he is known to his intimates, K.K. They don't have the problem of that other ethnic group. Kiesinger is now the Chancellor of West Germany.

It may have been coincidental, but I recollect that Herr Kiesinger's election came only four months after two prominent Nazi military men were released from prison in Germany. That left only Rudolph Hess.

It is said that when Herr Hess's cellmates were released, their parting remark was, "*Auf wiedersehn.*" Which means, "See you around sometime." Sometime seems to have arrived in West Germany with this election. One wonders if we're not overdoing the free-election gambit.

To discover how a German feels about Herr Kiesinger's election in a free society, I went to visit a gentleman who lived in Germany all through the Hitler era and came to this country after the war.

"Don't you think that without the vote of the neo-Nazis Mr. Kiesinger could not have been elected?"

"Well, I ask you. Do you think Ronald Reagan could have been elected governor of California without the Birch Society?"

"Let's not get personal."

"Why? He is a friend of yours?"

"No, I don't know him. I only know him from his movies."

"Do you think as governor he will continue to make movies?"

"Of course not."

"So what makes you think Kiesinger will govern as a Nazi?"

"Then you think the Nazi movement is not very significant?"

"I look at this objectively," he said. "I was in Germany when Hitler was in power. I never knew what was going on. I was only a soldier. I did what I was told. I have great confidence that Kiesinger will restore Germany to its rightful place in the world."

"Well, thanks. So long."

"Heil."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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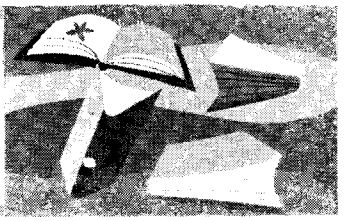
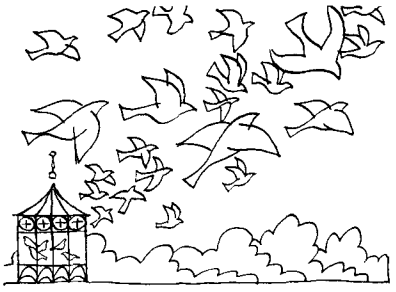
Trade Winds



I hear that W. W. Norton, on the basis of an outline of chapters, has paid $200,000 for Dean Acheson's forthcoming memoirs of his years as Secretary of State. For North American book rights only. Scoffers notwithstanding, I'd not consider it an exorbitant price.

Though I've never seen them together, Dean Acheson and Anthony Eden always seemed to me to have something in



common, physically and mentally. Acheson, in his writing, has an easier and warmer style. Eden's style reflects his determination to keep himself as a private individual out of his narrative. He restricts himself to the recital of facts as seen from his official position.

As a host, *nobody* could have more ease and warmth and grace, I am sure, than Eden. As a guest in his home in Pewsey, an enchantingly simple and simply enchanting country house, I saw a man who deserved more of the world, I thought, than he received. It was his stand in the Suez crisis that first prompted me to approach him. It was that stand, and partially his illness, that brought about his resignation as Prime Minister. I sat in his library, reading in manuscript the concluding chapter of *Full Circle*, and had difficulty in keeping tears from my eyes.

After his resignation, he and his wife decided to go to New Zealand by ship. All across the Atlantic and Pacific, right into Auckland harbor, other ships called to them and wirelessed their greetings as they passed. Soon after they had set sail, Eden wrote, "A message from the captain told us that cadets of the *Worcester* had asked to be allowed to man ship and speed us on our way. We came up on deck to see them. Their cheers were the last sound I heard in England."

He did not seem ill when I arrived. Not until later, when suddenly he bent over in excruciating pain while carving the roast, did I realize his condition. Lady Eden rose quickly and went to him and helped him to his chair.

He would not think of retiring. We went into the beautiful garden and sat facing the snow-white cote that housed 365 snow-white doves. He told me that during the eighteenth century this gleaming structure had served a functional as well as an esthetic purpose—the doves, one each day, carried messages to and from France!

I asked a question about Mr. Churchill. "May I speak to you privately?" Eden said. I nodded, though at the instant I was unaware that "privately" meant "in confidence."

As I think I started to say, I'll wager that Dean Acheson is telling a great story.

Joseph H. Caro, Chicago advertising executive, had a girl working for him who had a peculiar disaffinity for the English language. "Boy," she would say, "did he rape me over the coal piles"; and "I know what he means—I can read behind the lines." When somebody was fired, she said he couldn't pass mustard, and that his chickens were coming home to the rooster. One blue Monday morning she complained she felt bed-raggled. And she knew somebody who did things in a half hazard way.

To Mr. Caro, and to some dozens of other readers, I am indebted for a collection of words that, like *cleave*, have antonymous definitions. Anybody with an hour to spare can look them up. A few of them are arguable. Please, just don't argue them with me: *ravel, peer, anathema, sanction, flank, fast, biweekly, seeded, scan, temper, farrow, invaluable, colorable,* and *let*. Conley T. Wilson is the only person who came up with *inscient*. It's not in many dictionaries. Means *ignorant* and also *knowing*.

Mr. Caro's girl friend reminded me of some of Frank Sullivan's reupholstered proverbs: A man is known by the Russian he scratches. An apple a day is the evil thereof. He that keeps the doctor away will live to fight another day. A penny saved is a pound foolish. Beauty is only the spice of life. A fool and his money rush in where angels fear to tread. A word to the wise is resented. Sleeping dogs make strange bedfellows. A woman's work is all play.

To me they sound delicious.

I am informed, and vigorously, that "Most Unread Best-Sellers, Inc.," [TRADE WINDS, Nov. 12] had a counterpart predecessor called "Oblivion Press," organized in 1961 and sponsored largely by editors of *Publishers' Weekly*. Some of the books planned originally included *The Lizzie Borden Story for Teen-Agers* (it was to be promoted through the Girl Scouts and be packaged with its own little hatchet); *Son of Ideal Marriage; The Tax Evader's Handbook; What Price Waterhouse;* and an untitled collaboration by Howard Fast and Claire Luce.

On inquiry I was told by *PW* that Oblivion is inactive now because it felt the gag had worn thin.

Not for me, it hasn't.

Am I still interested in magazines? Naturally, to a degree. What else could the response be when that question is asked? I scan fifty magazines every month. Which magazine do I think is the best? A silly question, but I know which one I think is liveliest. *Esquire*. To me it seems to come up with the freshest ideas. Some of them offend me. (I'll never forget or forgive the Sonny Liston cover a couple of Christmases ago.) But they provoke my interest; make me feel there's no subject the editors are afraid to tackle. I have the impression that the editors are restless, teeming with ideas, *daring* the editor in chief to ignore them. I've never met the top editor, Harold Hayes, but he must be a man I'd have enjoyed working with.

Much of the magazine's rejuvenation, after *Playboy* outdid it in the sex department, must be due, I assume, to Arnold Gingrich, the publisher and *Esquire*'s first editor. Since his return to the organization, so much seems to have gone so well. Gingrich and I first met in the middle Thirties in the home of novelist Manuel Komroff. The other guests were Edward Weeks of *The Atlantic* and Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien, editor of the annual anthologies of "best short stories." Gingrich's first issue had just appeared. Except for Gingrich, nobody had much enthusiasm for it. If I remember correctly, it was a sell-out.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

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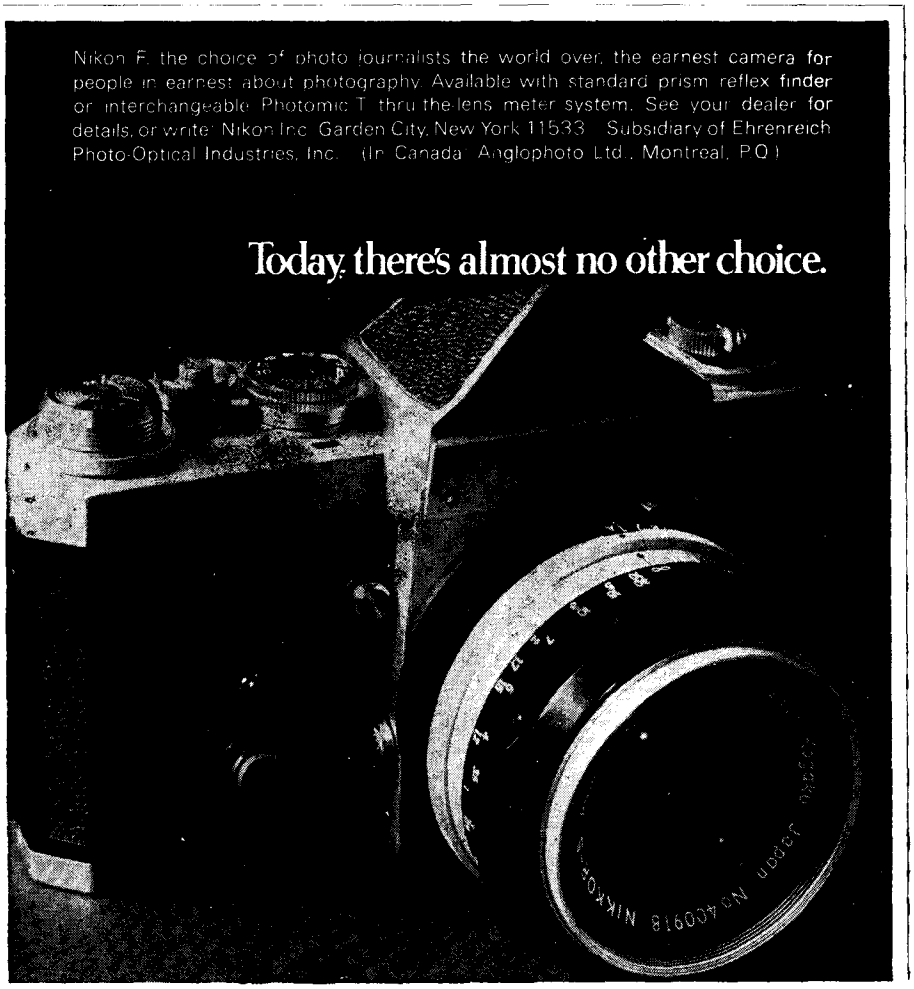
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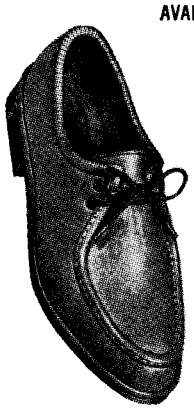

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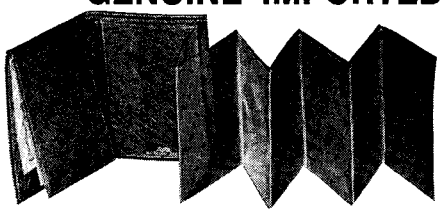

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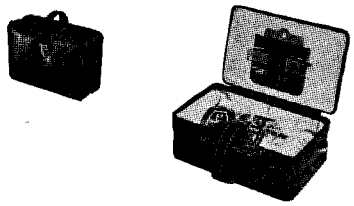

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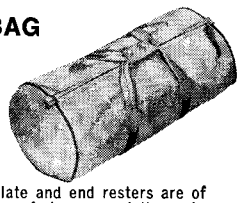

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Confessions of a Reformed Reformer

New York's ubiquitous builder-planner reviews some triumphs and controversies, his philosophy of government, and the hazards of Utopian undertakings.

By ROBERT MOSES

I AM A BOEOTIAN among the philosophers. In such company any profession of faith or ultimate aim, by one who is often characterized as a bulldozer, is bound to seem sophomoric. If any apologia is called for, I am a middle-of-the-road pilgrim, content, like the great convert Cardinal, to take one step at a time toward the distant goal. I have no lively expectation of more than a glimpse of the Promised Land, and perhaps a forlorn hope that at the Pearly Gates some accredited friend among the faithful may vouch for me, but expect to hear no trumpets on the other side.

I have learned nothing that has changed my mind about limited objectives or which leads me to believe that, in state and local government especially, contemptuous disregard of the past, clowning, daily inspirations, rosy promises, importation of more and more experts who do not know the points of the compass in a strange environment, application of analogies which do not apply, reorganizations on paper along functional lines, are substitutes for painfully slow, persistent, indefatigable, step-by-step progress. These are the stuff of politics, not effective administration. No doubt we must ordinarily tolerate politics, and in easy times this is not too unpleasant a diet, but there must be an embargo on it where genuine crises and malice domestic must be met and really drastic improvements are required. It is a kind of war, and in war we are supposed to be united.

I fear that my excursion into philosophy will appear trite and crudely practical. I know that it does not follow that because a man has been through a lot he must have come out of it a deep thinker. The builder rarely has time or patience to stop and try on another man's shoes. Maybe it's all just a matter of pace. Perhaps the hare is simply hurrying faster into the hassenpfeffer and the tortoise more slowly and just as inevitably into Terrapin Maryland.

The other day I picked up a typical promotion advertisement from *American Home* picturing the scientific millennium which is just ahead of us. Here are a few quotations:

> More radical changes in the American Way of life will occur during the second half of the twentieth century than in all the preceding sixty-six years. . . .
>
> Microwaves will cook food. Laser light beams will disintegrate the household garbage. And, ultrasonic waves will replace water for dishwashing. The housewife will shop via closed-circuit television and after registering her selections on a punch card, a computer will automatically total the cost and deduct the amount from her bank account. Disposable towels, sheets, and pillow cases, self-cleaning curtains, and mahogany styled, never wear aluminum floors will further shorten domestic labors. . . .
>
> The pure and healthy atmosphere of the home will have been automatically set through light, temperature, and humidity controls. Domestic water and heat will be economically reused, making the house independent of outside supply. Fresh oxygen will be created by converting carbon dioxide, while solar storage batteries will be turning the sun's rays to heating water and powering appliances. . . .

Allowing for Madison Avenue burble, this pronouncement fills me with longing for the shack on the barrier beach and the lodge in some vast wilderness. The goal looks more like a mechanical labor-saving museum than a triumph of civilization. I entertain the hope, alive in the heart of every park and outdoor man, that somehow we shall be able to provide a month's vacation away from the charged American home in the city or suburb, approached by Whitman's long brown path and the corduroy road, boardwalk, and sandy trail which will lead from the best parkways and expressways money can buy and we can build to the borders of the shore and the wilderness.

What else have I learned in my peregrinations?

First, as to democracy, with the generic small "d." I have learned to be chary of political slogans, patriotic claims and assertions, clichés, and Fourth of July oratory. Whatever they may accomplish in battle, slogans are no good in controversial public works. The progression is always the same. First the slogan, then the demagogue, then extravagant promises, then delay, disappointment, disillusion, resentment, cynicism, contempt for public authority and order, and finally any handy weapon to get even with society. At best a slogan is little more than the hoarse *défi* of a football song in the late fall. It needs youth or nostalgia and probably a flask to put it over.

I BELIEVE in democracy as a matter of faith, hope, and charity, not as an unchallengeable dogma beyond debate. I do not agree with the sour criticism of Henry Adams that this dogma is being eroded and degraded to a level at which its survival is doubtful. This Adams was one of the last of a great breed, a bored New England intellectual, an aristocrat happiest abroad, who had lost the common touch and the grip of his ancestors on the American dream. I go with Lincoln, who indulged in no frantic boast or foolish word, but prayed that this nation, so nobly conceived, might not perish from the earth.

My skepticism, or shall I say caution, about threats to the further implementation and early realization of the democratic dream has been reinforced by recent experiences with new republics, notably African, at the New York World's Fair. I read astonishing books on the East and West African slave trade and thought off and on about the millions in other lands who could live handsomely off our garbage. We met leaders and learned something of their problems. One state head, a big, attractive, and

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impressive personality, was assassinated shortly after his visit to Flushing Meadow, and no one seems to have been able to find out how it came about. Another, a distinguished pediatrician who was temporarily detached from his hospital in a republic of over 3,000,000 people carved out of the French Sahara, when questioned about the number of college-educated men in his nation, said there were thirteen. In another case all the highest-court British judges were kept on pending the graduation and training of natives from a law school just opened.

The internal feuds in African states were a byword and beyond comprehension by strangers. Some of these countries do not have a viable economy. Some have all their resources in an area at odds with neighboring provinces. All this is trite. It adds up to a question of how long at best it will take to establish stable governments and economies and whether, regardless of their unpopularity, dropping the pilots so fast makes for anything but shipwreck. The World's Fair also taught us that national independence, rising from dated colonialism, and annihilation of distance do not necessarily produce friendship, but that healthy rivalry in the competitive Olympic tradition and spirit is the best way to promote mutual respect and peace.

Another question raises an ugly head —do we in fact ourselves have ideal solutions to offer? Have we done so well recently that we are anointed of the Lord to recommend our formula or prescription to others of very different antecedents and ideologies? After the Spanish-American War, General Leonard Wood, who narrowly escaped the presidency, handed Cuba a government exactly like ours on the curious assumption that what is good for us must be equally good for the Cubans. Behind the façade of the Cuban Constitution, the traditional Caribbean apparatus continued as before.

This brings me to our new concept of representative government. What is representative government? Surely it is government by trusted elected officials at various levels, chosen to use their brains, experience, and courage to meet current issues on the basis of pledged principles, planks, and platforms. These representatives are supposed to exercise judgment. If they fail or the public changes its mind, they may be replaced by others. In the interval they will, of course, study the shifts and vagaries of public opinion, and would not be either human or effective if they were not influenced by the trends. But what can be said for government by public opinion polls and pressures and the unwillingness of our representatives to act until every conceivable interest, class, group, federation, minority, and club affiliation has been canvassed and the net results weighed and balanced in terms of votes?

It is beginning to be realized that recent excursions of the Supreme Court into the thicket of political organization may be more dangerous to democracy than subversion. Take, for example, the one man-one vote dictum which gives no representation to acres as against people and concentrates all power in crowded municipalities. Our entire federal government depends on the equality of representation of states in the Senate. Why does not the same logic apply *within* states? The one man-one vote dictum is now being applied by the inferior courts all the way down through state legislatures to county supervisors, city and village boards. Area representation is permitted, but only by fractional voting. We seem to have invented The Fractional Man.

ALL drastic reforms based on slogans —and one man-one vote on honest reflection *is* a slogan—are to be viewed with suspicion. I am a reformed reformer and have learned that gadgets and devices of government do not produce the millennium and would make the world a dull place if they did. In international affairs the United Nations, like its predecessor, has become a Tower of Babel echoing noble pronouncements. True, we know nothing better. In state and municipal affairs I have seen the short ballot, executive budget, consolidated departments, efficiency and economy systems adopted, proportional representation

The author: In more than a half-century of public service, Robert Moses probably has done more than any other individual to change the face of New York City and much of New York State. Departments, authorities, and commissions he has headed have directed construction of bridges, tunnels, power projects, parks, parkways, and other public works. Among them are New York City's Grand Central, Henry Hudson, Whitestone, Marine, Belt, and Hutchinson River Parkways, the Verrazano-Narrows and Triborough Bridges, Jones Beach State Park, and the New York-Canadian St. Lawrence River hydroelectric development. He has been New York State director of public works, secretary of state, parks commissioner, and chairman of the State Power Authority; New York City park commissioner and a member of the City Planning Commission; and president of the New York World's Fair, 1964-1965. He now is chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority and a member of the board of Lincoln Center.

He was born in Connecticut in 1888; holds degrees from Yale, Oxford, and Columbia; and is the author of many magazine articles. His books include *Theory and Practice in Politics* and *Working for the People*.

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tried and found wanting, and the literacy test tossed in the ashcan on the assumption that it is not necessary to speak and read English to vote on complex political issues. The fate of most reports or white papers is oblivion. The public official concerned releases them to the press with assurances of action and then forgets them. The Forum is strewn with the *disjecta membra* of investigations.

An honest observer must conclude that men, not measures, and leadership, not absolute equality, in the final tests determine the results. All people are not the same size, and denial of superior talent and leadership are fatal in a highly competitive society. Demagoguery is not leadership. It ends with tyranny. Ostracism may keep it within bounds, but only his mortality makes man bearable. It is true that the greatest of leaders unfortunately sometimes become tyrannical with time. France, having been saved, has bequeathed to the world the Cross of Lorraine.

I have learned that enterprises of great pith and moment with currents running against them are not to be achieved by diplomacy, magic, and charm. At a meeting at Niagara on the power program, with all its ramifications reaching into homes, plants, streets, rails, and scenery, before an audience which could hardly have been called enthusiastic, I remarked that on a similar occasion a public official, returning home, was asked what kind of a reception he had received. "Mixed," said he. "Good and rotten." I told the Niagara folks that as chairman of the State Power Authority I would be respected, didn't care a damn about immediate popularity, but hoped some affection might develop. It worked out that way.

THE same thing happened on the St. Lawrence. Here I cut the working time from seven to five years. We saved on the American side some $11,000,000 by this simple device, and we built an international project without a written contract between New York and Ontario. "You can't build by law," said Governor Smith—meaning that only informal methods and personal trust between heads of big enterprises get results. The late Beardsley Ruml once said to me more or less facetiously, "If the end doesn't justify the means, what does?" I suppose he meant that the ends are paramount and the means secondary and that most bureaucrats are concerned only about safe, orthodox means. Beardsley was much more than a wisecracker. I suppose he also implied that we must at times accept compromises however distasteful, expensive, face-saving, and foolish, provided the principle remains in sight.

Along the Niagara and St. Lawrence they put my name on some landmarks. These, however, may not be durable memorials. I recall a ferry boat on the East River named after a borough president who was caught off base, tagged out, and sent to the hoosegow. What to my astonished eyes should appear but a new name on the bow and stern. The *Maurice Connolly* had become the *Gold Star Mother*. Such is fame.

Leaders without supporters are of no avail, but there must be teamwork, that is, loyal aides, not merely *muchachos* who like the leader, but a self-respecting staff devoted to principles. One of our prominent elective officials, following a meeting to which I brought my top men, asked me to stay and then said, "How do you get such people?" I replied, "You have to *earn* that." I have learned that earning colleagues has become more difficult. The number of younger men with an instinct for the jugular and a thirst for martyrdom seems to become smaller.

I have learned to revaluate the old-line political bosses. They had their virtues. The ancient loyalties which the old roughneck bosses exemplified included not only generosity, no doubt usually involving some direct or indirect public expense, but gratitude, which is increasingly rare and never purchasable. The old paternalists, it must be admitted in retrospect and by comparison, had few embarrassing standards. They had bluff, kind hearts, a merry twinkle in the eye, and no illusions of divine guidance or moral superiority. Their handouts, inevitably taken over by government and institutionalized and bureaucratized, had a pleasant human quality not found in what John Boyle O'Reilly called "a cautious, statistical Christ."

Shrewd observers of government will recall the old chestnut about the political leader who met a treacherous former pal at a bar and asked him to explain why he had deserted him. The Benedict Arnold replied, "You ain't done nothing for me lately." This familiar attitude was perhaps more elegantly described by the witty Talleyrand in a cozy talk with Alexander of Russia. "Sire," he said, "loyalty is a question of dates."

The New York Times, usually enthusiastic about all municipal reform, said recently:

> Deputy Mayor [of New York] Timothy W. Costello, a former professor of psychology at New York University, is recruiting an unpaid Council of Psychologists to concentrate on such major city problems as crime, addiction, and alcoholism. Dr. Costello also wants some of them to observe meetings of city officials, including Mayor Lindsay's cabinet, in order to "contribute to increased rationalization of decision-making in municipal government."
>
> Dr. Jacob Chwast, immediate past president of the New York Society of Clinical Psychologists and head of the

"To whom do I surrender?"

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screening committee for Dr. Costello's proposed council, demurred somewhat. "Let us say," Dr. Chwast put it, "that we will help to maximize decision-making efficiency by eliminating noncontributory factors."

Take your choice of stated objectives, assuming you will find them comprehensible. Either way, putting politicians under psychological observation in their habitats will provide few surprises for the psychologist. They will find that the political "decision-making" processes are complicated by such elements as sibling rivalry, inordinate desire to please, rational and irrational fears, sublimated and unsublimated aggression, obsessive impulses, uncontrollable anxieties, delusions of grandeur, and recurrent ambivalence. . . .

In the process of learning, next to catchy slogans and mechanical gadgets, planning clichés are to be viewed with suspicion, accepted with reservations, and never regarded as cure-alls. Clichés are the *ipse dixits*, assurances and pontifications of articulate professional planners who have acquired status and utter commandments. In the humbler ranks and levels of municipal, metropolitan, and regional works the new reformers denounce almost everything that happened before they appeared on the unspoiled scene, deplore selfish, unregulated, unimaginative, unpatriotic growth and development which are ruining the land and its people, and either sink in nostalgia and longing for the good old days or demand an entirely new approach regardless of practicality and common sense.

Ruskin never tolerated the Industrial Revolution and George Eliot only reluctantly accepted the universe. The world has passed them by. But we have our doleful prophets who limn the decay of cities and demand magisterially that we wipe them out and start over. They go way beyond philosophy into actual building, for which they have no talent or tolerance. Constructive planners in the end must produce something more than words, something visible, palpable, tactile, livable, and workable. The others offer at most stimulating alternatives but nothing to serve as a guide to the less messianic laborers in the vineyard.

I have nothing against the philosophizing of the super-planners and their absorption in the higher strategy and the eternal verities. It is only when they itch to get their hands on practical problems that they become dangerous. Why must a thinker fool with steel, stone, and landscaping? In the ascending scale of benefactors of mankind, the philosopher undoubtedly ranks far above the ditch-digger, but the two classes should not be confused. I doubt whether the practitioners disagree about the lessons of their experience or claim any originality or novelty. We simply confirm and reinforce what has been said and done before. I have found from experience that solving a relatively small public works problem in a big city like New York takes all the talent of a first class man. The roster of Baron Haussmanns who can achieve major comprehensive transformations is short indeed.

This brings me to Frank Lloyd Wright. Frank was an original and we shall probably not look upon his like again. He was a distant roundabout relative of my wife, who introduced me to the Cornish and Welsh fraternity in Wisconsin. Frank's uncle, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, was a Unitarian minister, civic leader, and reformer, immensely respected in Chicago. He boasted a benign countenance framed in a Santa Claus beard and was one of the great evangelists of our time. He christened my daughter Barbara. I called for him when the Ford World War I Peace Ship, which was captained by him and Dr. Aked, a New York Presbyterian minister, docked. The slogan of the ship was "Out of the trenches by Christmas." The irreverent and irrepressible Franklin P. Adams said it sounded more like a pedigree than a slogan. At any rate, some notion of Uncle Jenk's cheerful other-worldliness may be gained from a remark he made to me as we drove uptown from the pier. I asked him what the voyage had accomplished. He replied, "Well, Bob, we made a deep impression in the neutral countries."

Frank Lloyd Wright had at least a touch of genius, maybe more. Time will tell. There were also elements of the fearless pioneer, the Welsh bard, and the ham actor. Frank and I had a debate at the Princeton Bicentennial on planning, the arts, and architecture. Frank put it all over on me and was the center of adoring GIs and their brides, but his talk, as it appeared in print later, was pretty sorry stuff.

Our New York Commissioner of Buildings, Bernard Gillroy, who had risen from the inspectional ranks, insisted that Frank follow the Code in building the Guggenheim Museum. Frank modestly referred to himself as a genius and said all codes must yield to genius. From then on, as might have been expected, Gillroy threw the book at him. There was hardly an innovation which was not challenged.

At a luncheon in Florence, at which he received a gold medal, Frank told the Florentine Academy, a moribund institution revived for the occasion, that all his life Michelangelo had tried to get this medal, but that it remained for a simple lad from the dairy country of Wisconsin to earn it. The audience was flabbergasted, convulsed, and completely won over.

Anyway, from Frank I learned that if you think a builder is pedestrian and unimaginative you call him a mole and modestly insinuate that you yourself are a skylark. Frank was really humorous, forgiving, and completely without side. He did not try to impress his friends. That was reserved for public appearances. His larger planning excursions into roadside towns, thousand-story skyscrapers, and fantastic ramp garages were stimulating but never got beyond Frank's fantastic draftsmanship. One of his great disappointments was not having been invited to join the U.N. headquarters Board of Design. He told me they simply couldn't build it without him, but they did.

The list of clichés we learn to combat is too long for an exhaustive review supported by enough evidence to confound or infuriate the critics. In road building it includes dogmatic assertions that all elevated structures are bad and unnecessary, that traffic peak loads can be fully accommodated by forethought and recourse to imaginary funds, that rubber must pay for rails, that metropolitan transportation is all one thing and that an administrative umbrella should cover all its phases, that fatal as distinguished from minor accidents are due to faulty

(*Continued on page* 112)

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THE WISDOM AND FORTITUDE OF MARCUS AURELIUS

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IT WAS SAID of Britain's great eighteenth-century statesman, William Pitt, and more recently of Winston Churchill, that none left his presence without feeling himself a braver man. Over a span of eighteen centuries this same observation holds good for the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, one of the very few absolute rulers who lived and thought as a philosopher and whose spirit still comes alive in his *Meditations*.

Marcus Aurelius (121-180 A.D.) was of patrician stock and Spanish origin. Adopted as the son and heir—and for many years the colleague of his mild and gentle predecessor, Antoninus Pius, whose name he took—Marcus Aurelius was the last and best of the five good Emperors, whose reign, in the opinion of Gibbon, was the period during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous. While this is a dangerous generalization (for the Western world a good case could be made out for the century between the fall of Napoleon and the outbreak of the First World War) some solid reasons can be advanced in its behalf. The many peoples of the Roman Empire enjoyed the benefits of internal peace and, with a few exceptions, of freedom from foreign invasion, under the rule of princes who remained immune to the usual association of absolute corruption with absolute power and ruled their vast realms in justice and order.

From childhood Marcus Aurelius had been attracted to the teaching of the Stoics, a school of Greek philosophers from whom he learned to submit the body to the mind and the passions to the reason, to endure bodily hardship, to pursue virtue as the only good, and to rise superior to all external vicissitudes. He spent many of his younger years in the famous Greek schools of the time and was familiar with the teachings of Plato and other Greek philosophers.

But there was a Roman cast to the mind and thought of Marcus Aurelius. He did not leave behind any elaborate system of speculative metaphysics. His *Meditations* represent rather a course in practical morality. Because of this work and because he was ruler of the greatest empire of his time, this Emperor-philosopher survives as the most impressive and vivid example of Stoicism, taken out of the study and put to the stern test of action and decision.

Marcus rejected hedonism, the pursuit of pleasure, as a goal. His ideal was rather tranquillity or equanimity, to be achieved by living in conformity with nature by cultivating four principal virtues. These are wisdom, knowing the difference between good and evil; justice, giving every man his due; fortitude, bearing labor and pain without complaint; and temperance, or moderation in all things.

With persuasive eloquence he advocates a code of conduct based on recognition of the fleeting quality of earthly honors and riches; the obligation to bear with patient firmness what is beyond one's control, while striving to shape for the best what is within one's control; the inner recess of one's soul as the surest refuge from petty vanities and vexations. Marcus Aurelius has no dogmatic convictions about such questions as the existence of a supreme deity or the possibility of life after death.

While many of his teachings correspond with the moral values of Christianity and other great religions, his writings are permeated with the resolute spirit of a man faced by ultimate mysteries which he cannot comprehend, but determined, with the aid of his reason, to order his life as best he may. If there are two qualities especially characteristic of this brooding Emperor of the second century, these are fortitude—a good word with an appropriate Latin derivation—and self-reliance.

In looking through the *Meditations* the reader is also impressed by an underlying mood of sadness, which, however, takes the form not of extreme pessimism and rejection of life, but of resignation, contemptuous pity for human frailties and weaknesses, and determination to carry on to the last, however difficult the post and cheerless the assignment. The *Meditations* are not an ordered system of philosophy or morality, but fragmentary notes, often jotted down amid the tumult of a military camp. For it was the fate of Marcus, who despised war and its vain glories and who wished only the well-being of his subjects, to find himself obliged to defend his frontiers against the Parthians in the East and the fierce Germanic tribes, the Marcomanni and the Quadi, who were threatening the northern frontiers of the empire.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Marcus Aurelius — "persuasive eloquence."

Marcus personally led eight winter campaigns in the wild and forbidding territory of what is now Austria and Yugoslavia, and died on the banks of the frozen Danube just when his efforts had almost produced a decisive victory that might have given the empire a shorter and more defensible frontier. His decadent son Commodus, ironically one of the most brutal and witless of Rome's many "bad" Emperors, abandoned the enterprise and let the fruits of victory slip out of his hands. Incidentally, it seems reasonable to believe that some of the tone of grave melancholy, so marked in the Emperor's writings, may be inspired by the author's reflections on the condition of the Roman state, the burden of which rested heavily on his shoulders.

The diffused vigor of earlier generations of Romans, who lived when patricians and plebeians were alike devoted to the state, when wisdom in council and courage on the battlefield had overcome Hannibal and other formidable enemies, was already on the wane. Many sources of energy and initiative had dried up and the welfare of the vast empire had come to depend overwhelmingly on the character and ability of one man, the Emperor. And if this Emperor should be, as many of the successors of Augustus had been, a fool, an idiot, a tyrant? Marcus had ruled justly and mildly, according to his lights. But his wars were a heavy burden on the tax-

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payer. And a fearful plague, which his troops had brought back from the East, devastated the empire and depopulated whole regions.

In substance and tone the *Meditations* suggest a noble work of classical music, a symphony of Beethoven or Brahms. The author is most impressive when he comes to grip with life's tragedies and mysteries. Take, for instance, the reflection on death: "Death is a cessation from the impression of the senses, the tyranny of the passions, the errors of the mind, and the servitude of the body." He turns to Plato for thought on the same subject:

> Out of Plato. "He, then, whose mind is endowed with true magnanimity, who hath accustomed himself to the contemplation both of all times and of all things in general; can this mortal life seem any great matter unto him?" "It is not possible," answered he. "Then neither will such a one account death a grievous thing?" "By no means."

As for the existence of a divine power and rational purpose in the government of the world, the Stoic Emperor reveals himself a thorough-going agnostic. On this subject he is fond of posing alternatives, as in the following passages:

> Either there is a God, and then all is well. Or, if all things go by chance and fortune, yet mayest thou use thine own providence in those things that concern thee properly; and then art thou well.
>
> Either fate (and that either an absolute necessity and unavoidable decree or a placable and flexible Providence) or all is a mere casual confusion, void of all order and government. If an absolute and unavoidable necessity, why dost thou resist? If a placable and exorable Providence, make thyself worthy of the divine help and assistance. If all be a mere confusion, without any moderator or governor, then thou hast reason to congratulate thyself, that in such a general flood of confusion thou thyself hast obtained a reasonable faculty, whereby thou mayest govern thine own life and action.

Sometimes Marcus seems inclined to embrace the doctrine of predestination, as in the following passage:

> Whatsoever it be that happens unto thee, it is that which from all time was appointed unto thee. For by the same coherence of causes by which thy substance from all eternity was appointed to be, was also whatsoever should happen to it destined and appointed.

But fatalistic passivity is not a characteristic of his thought. He constantly emphasizes the power of the individual will in self-mastery, self-perfection, in realizing what he regards as the ideal life, as free as possible from fear, anger, and unworthy passions. He recognizes a distinction between what is fated and must be accepted without repining and what may be changed by the resolute application of the disciplined will.

Perhaps no moralist has expressed so eloquently the vanity and transitoriness of earthly achievements and pointed so sharply to the logical conclusion—not to be unduly agitated or concerned with things that will soon be past and forgotten: "Consider both the infinity of the time already past and the immense vastness of that which is to come, wherein all things are to be resolved and annihilated. Art not thou then a very fool who, for these things, art either puffed up with pride or distracted with cares?"

The *Meditations* represent not an organized, systematized scheme of religion of morality, but a series of brief reflections, many of which are highly quotable:

> Death hangs over thee; while thou still live, while thou may, do good.
>
> As for men, carry not thyself either tyrannically or servilely towards any.
>
> He is blind who cannot see with the eyes of his understanding. He is poor who stands in need of another and has not in himself all things needful for this life.
>
> There is nothing truly good and beneficial unto man, but that which makes him just, temperate, courageous, liberal; and there is nothing truly evil and hurtful unto man, but that which causes the contrary effects.

It is a paradox that this best and wisest of the Roman Emperors should be remembered as a persecutor of the Christians, many of whose moral ideals he unconsciously shared, although with different intellectual motivations. Here responsibility rests with the Emperor, not with the philosophic thinker. Marcus took his intellectual values from Greece, not from Judea, and it is improbable that he was familiar with the Old and New Testaments.

From the reports of his officials Marcus conceived an image of the Christians as subversives, undermining the social structure by their frequent refusal to perform military service and by their absolute repudiation of the many pagan rites which helped to hold society together. An agnostic is logically bound to be tolerant in matters of opinion and belief; and on the great speculative issues Marcus is a profound agnostic.

NOT a political innovator, Marcus Aurelius strove manfully to sustain and preserve the civilization and social order which he inherited, constantly conscious of the weight of the burden that rested on him, always trying to use his unlimited power justly and humanely. A triumphal column, erected in memory of Marcus Aurelius, with a record of his military victories and other achievements as Emperor, still stands in the Eternal City. A more enduring memorial is the spirit of calm courage and resolute self-reliance which breathes in such passages of his writings as: "Let thy chief fort and place of defense be, a mind free from passions. A stronger place and better fortified than this, hath no man."

For any human being in need of fortitude under the impact of grief or disappointment there is no better source than the grave and noble testament of the Emperor who was also a Stoic philosopher.

"Parts of the Buddy Bascom show were prerecorded in advance of this video taping, and audience response has been electronically augmented. Mr. Bascom wears a hair-piece."

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Saturday Review

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Agenda for Travel

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR Associate Publisher William D. Patterson is a special adviser on travel to the U.S. Department of Commerce, the personal representative of the International Union of Official Travel Organizations to the United Nations, and the author of an annual report on travel trends, "The Big Picture."*

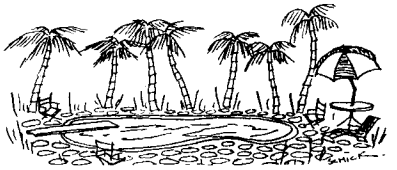
THE United Nations has officially declared travel to be a "basic and most desirable human activity deserving the praise and encouragement of all peoples and governments," and has designated 1967 as International Tourist year (ITY). The stage is now set for the greatest growth in the history of global tourism, which is the largest single item in world trade. The task of the world's travel leaders, working through the United Nations and the International Union of Official Travel Organizations (IUOTO), is to turn this vision for 1967 into a fulfilled dream instead of an empty pipe dream (see "What Chance the Tourist?" page 45). This will not be easy.

On the agenda that history has provided for ITY are not merely significant anniversaries to be celebrated with jubilant pride, such as the centennials of Canada and of Alaska, the 50th anniversaries of the Soviet Union and of the apparition of the Virgin at Fátima, the 800th birthday of Copenhagen, or the 400th year since the founding of Caracas, all featured in this World Travel Calendar issue of SR. There also are sensitive questions and thorny problems to be faced up to.

One problem concerns freedom of travel. World travel is a primary economic force among nations. Last year alone, some 80,000,000 citizens from more than 120 countries spent $12.3 billion on trips abroad. This huge traffic among the peoples of the earth is expected to grow by another billion dollars this year. Travel is a cultural catalyst, a sort of sociological mixmaster. It is an instrument of education, freedom, and peace. It stirs men to appreciate human diversity and it ventilates genuine differences within that diversity.

Freedom of travel is enshrined in the Magna Carta and in the U.N.'s Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Yet it still must be fought for. Such occurrences as a U.S. traveler's being kidnapped illegally and conspiratorially from a Soviet plane landing improperly in Czechoslovakia, or others being spied on by Washington while traveling abroad, cannot be ignored by adherents of freedom of travel. There must be no compromise with the right of all peoples of all lands to travel freely, safely, without hindrance.

Barriers to travel must be reduced or eliminated. It is certainly in the spirit of ITY that the U.S. Government has imposed no tax or currency restrictions on travel abroad by American citizens despite our grave balance of payments deficit. Yugoslavia is eliminating its visa requirements in honor of ITY. Britain may lift currency restrictions on foreign travel for its own citizens before the end of 1967. Other countries should also strike down their red tape and restraints. Harold E. Gray, president of Pan American World Airways, a respected leader in the air transport industry, only a short time ago vigorously urged that the United States eliminate visa requirements for visitors from friendly countries and simplify greatly our present rigorous —even harsh—customs procedures. Europe set the pace by eliminating visas for American visitors soon after the end of World War II. What better time to act on this long overdue reform than during International Tourist Year?



Congress must drop its provincial, narrow-minded prejudices against tourism and enter the modern age of two-way mobility. As Vice President Humphrey has said, tourism should not be a one-way street, with American dollars doing most of the traveling. The postwar era of outbound travel as a form of U.S. aid overseas is ended. Last year the U.S. travel deficit again increased—about $90,000,000—to $1.8 billion. Yet the dedicated, hard-working U.S. Travel Service, established to deal with this problem by promoting increased tourism to the United States, has been starved for funds and harassed by hostile, distorted criticism at the hands of irresponsible, biased members of Congress—aggravated, it must be noted, by a failure of understanding within the State Department. The USTS, as a result, has been compelled to carry on its vital program with a wholly inadequate budget of $3,000,000.

In spite of this it has served the national interest with distinction. Overseas visitors to this country have more than doubled in number since the USTS was founded five years ago, and the United States is now the No. 1 host country in the world. This is a measure of what could be done if Congress would heed the repeated urgings of senior industry leaders to authorize a minimum USTS budget of $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Perhaps 1967 will be the year when Congress comes of age on this issue.

The cost of foreign travel has historically been an impediment to people everywhere. The international air industry has just struck a blow for freedom in the spirit of ITY by approving dramatic fare reductions effective with the first day of 1967. As of January 1, round-trip transportation by air between New York and London, for example, can cost only $230. This forward step is in harmony with the basic commitment of the travel industry to whittle away the cost barrier, thus widening horizons for tens of thousands of new travelers.

As a testament of its own good faith, the travel industry, sparked by the American Express Company, organized

(*Continued on page* 108)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Invention's Mother

I READ John F. Wharton's essay, "Does Anyone Know Reality?" [*SR*, Dec. 3] with interest and pleasure. It refreshes one's hopes when a distinguished lawyer and man of affairs boldly asserts his belief that man's perception is not limited to sensual experience and that levels of reality probably exist of which many of us are not yet conscious.

I would, however, take issue with his statement that "fear can be the progenitor of discovery." Necessity may well be the mother of invention, but to invent is not to discover. Discovery, or the "inspired guess" as he calls it, cannot be forced; and certainly the mind, in the act of discovery, is not motivated by fear *or* necessity. I think such special insights come about at our leisure and reveal themselves to the genius who is able to divorce his mind from present pressures of fear and necessity.

MARTHA HEIMBERG.

Dallas, Tex.

PROFOUND THANKS are due to John F. Wharton for his great wisdom and sense of perspective in placing physical science in its proper and secondary role to truly original thinking. Mr. Wharton characterizes this type of thinking as the "inspired guess." The Scotch refer to it as "second sight." Perhaps it might be more correctly regarded as insight of a very special and high order.

Wharton is not alone, of course, in his feeling that there is a world beyond the five physical senses. As is well known, Buddhism teaches the illusory nature of this world as evidenced by its ever fluctuating phenomena. Hence the continuing "discoveries" by natural scientists and the consequent revisions of once accepted theories and hypotheses. Hence the further fact that physical "laws" which were accepted as fact a century or so ago are today found to be not permanent at all.

E. B. WELLER.

Boston, Mass.

Back to Trains?

THE KEY PHRASE in the article "The Day the Mails Stopped" by Charles Remsberg [*SR*, Dec. 17] was the one which said that Chicago's post office building served adequately when most mail was moved by train and sorted in transit. A return to the use of railroads might well result in fewer auto accidents, less air pollution, and the deflation of "King Oil," as well as better mail handling.

MARY E. PALMER.

Oskaloosa, Ia.

A Doctor's View

I, TOO, have read Lucy Eisenberg's article in *Harper's* entitled "Scientists and Animal Lovers" which Cleveland Amory discusses in FIRST OF THE MONTH [*SR*, Dec. 3]. He has ignored the author's sober, restrained, and balanced presentation of a difficult problem.

That the restrictive legislation proposed

"A great big smile, now, for the National Geographic."

puts a straitjacket on medical advance interests him not at all. He chose to blow up the tidbit about poodle lovers which is not part of the article but an editorial puff by *Harper's*. That Mr. Amory says Mrs. Eisenberg misquoted Mr. Evans does not mean that she did. Mr. Amory's concern is with trivia, not with the central issue.

LESTER R. TUCHMAN, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

Uncle Wiggily's Son

AWARE AS I AM of the futility of protesting adverse book notices, nevertheless I must object to the off-handed manner in which Herbert R. Mayes dismissed a recent book of mine, *My Father Was Uncle Wiggily* [TRADE WINDS, Nov. 26].

It appears that the curse Mr. Mayes has laid upon the book is that "it would have made a better magazine feature than a book." I am sure Mr. Mayes knows that in its original form it was indeed a magazine story, having appeared in an abridged form in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

There are many fine books which would make good magazine stories, and I like to think that *My Father Was Uncle Wiggily* is one of them. Having appeared first as a magazine story is no handicap.

ROGER GARIS.

Amherst, Mass.

Left-Outs

READING JOHN ALLEN'S comment in PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Nov. 26] about unusual and bizarre organizations, I am bursting to point out the most useful one. It is the Black-Eyed Pea Society of America, probably Inc. The outfit boasts one of the country's most famous men as its president, or King Pea: James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond *News Leader*. Recently the annual dinner and convention was held at the John Marshall Hotel in Richmond, seat of enjoyment of the black-eyed pea in the entire universe.

WILLIAM A. DRYDEN,
Eastern Shore *Times*.

Berlin, Md.

THE DISCUSSION OF In groups by John Allen left out The Worshipful Order of Ailing Cockroaches, an international group of some fifty fans of Colin Glencannon, a character who used to sail through the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* when Guy Gilpatric was still writing. Founding Cockroach is Mrs. S. Tupper Bigelow, of Guadalajara, Mexico. Keeper of the Dew, Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, is Barnaby Conrad.

All Cockroaches are issued a membership card which states the dues are paid in full until 31 December 1999. That's *IN*. How could you have left us out?

ARNOLD S. LOTT,
U.S. Naval Institute.

Annapolis, Md.

AS FOR "In Groups," in the New York Telephone Directory I discovered: the Association of Adjustable Shoulder Strap Manufacturers, Inc.; Association Organization, Inc.; and Association for Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females.

RITA JAROS.

New York, N.Y.

Good Reading

A NUMBER OF our church members have called my attention to an item about Christian Science Reading Rooms in TRADE WINDS by Herbert R. Mayes [*SR*, Nov. 26]. I want to express my appreciation and that of all Christian Scientists for Mr. Mayes's thoughtful evaluation and comments.

LEE MITCHELL,
Christian Science Committee
on Publication, for Texas.

Dallas, Tex.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Pre-holiday Opera

IF NEWS is what is new, then the season's final performance at the Metropolitan of Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* deserved to be omitted—as it was—from mention in the newspapers. However, if news is also what is good, then it deserved headlines, especially as it was the season's ninth performance of a work not hitherto heard on a New York stage and never previously broadcast in this country to the millions whose access to live opera is restricted to the radio.

As one who joined the millions, this listener offers the verdict that this was one of the great performances of opera that the Metropolitan has given in the postwar period. All the known requirements for quality results were present, beginning with an able cast disciplined by an outstanding conductor. Add to this the unknown, "X" factor that will, on an occasion, produce the best of which all are capable, and the result has to be, as this was, something special.

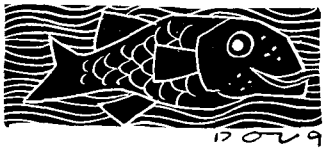
Nominally, the cast was the one which has participated in most of the performances since the premiere last September. But factually there was at least one difference. In the all-important principal female role, the Empress (or Kaiserin), was not the Leonie Rysanek to whom one has listened with alternate joy and sadness since her debut in 1959, but the old, pre-Metropolitan Rysanek whose self-imposed standard set a mark to which all other contemporaries in the part must aspire. From the first, it was evident that she was "on": The sound came freely, the pitch was secure, the wobble that often afflicts her production was rarely present. It was a memory to set beside her Senta and Sieglinde as an index to the performer she can be when everything works together.

Equally outstanding, and also superior to his prior best, was James King as the Emperor. Was it the intervention of an electronic means that fostered the illusion that this was singing of more ring and resonance than has been heard from any tenor but Jon Vickers in a German role since Melchior? The opportunity for confirmation or denial came not much more than forty-eight hours later when King made his first venture in New York as Lohengrin. His was a clear, open, free-sounding Knight of the Grail, beautifully modulated in the softer passages and potent enough otherwise to characterize this as singing rather than mere declamation. If one listened closely, the same ring and resonance could be heard, though not so conspicuously as in the broadcast. To me this means not so much a lack of volume as of the thrust and penetration to deliver its best sound to the audience. However, King (originally a baritone) has been a tenor for only five years, which means he has ample time for growth.

Both performances were conducted by Karl Boehm, and each was characterized by the tight control, the sense of musical responsibility that infuses everything he does. With Walter Berry and Christa Ludwig as the Baraks, and Irene Dalis as a fine-sounding Nurse, his Strauss came close to an ideal of evenly matched excellence. In *Lohengrin*, with Nell Rankin resuming one of her best parts (Ortrud), Berry (Telramund), John Macurdy (the King), and Sherrill Milnes (Herald) again of their prior quality, Boehm delivered early Wagner of strength and fervor. Only Ingrid Bjoner (Elsa) failed to make a full contribution to a balanced total, meaning that the poetic impulse that stems from this side of the ensemble was rather pallid. Apparently the Monday night audience does not read the press, for the first revelation of the new Wieland Wagner setting provoked warm applause.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bonynge were at home to the previous Monday night audience, after a year of travels during which they had visited friends and relatives in their native Australia. In honor of their long awaited return, and perhaps to show his gratitude for past favors, landlord Rudolf Bing made Mr. Bonynge welcome for the first time on co-equal terms with Mrs. Bonynge.

Mrs. Bonynge, who prefers to retain her professional identity of Joan Sutherland, showed herself to be in full command of the faculties which have done so much for her and her spouse. As Lucia in Donizetti's melodious tragedy, Miss Sutherland has no peers nor even rivals. Her only competition comes from the extraordinarily high vocal standard she has sustained since her debut a few years ago, and this performance was, if anything, more evenly secure, more consistently pure, than any of its predecessors. To say the results were electrifying would, perhaps, be to confuse light with heat—which did not seem in the least difficult for most of those present. It was all dazzle (vocally) and little substance (dramatically).



Bonynge's participation in the conduct, as it might be called, of the evening was much like that of almost any conductor of *Lucia* one could name (I could name Fausto Cleva, Silvio Varviso, or Pietro Cimara). That is, his essential devotion was to the interests of the performer of the title role rather than to the work as a whole. He has a superior sense of proportion and a more supple sense of phrase than some others (who need not be named), and he did not consider Donizetti's use of the cymbal at the climax of the Sextet an occasion to awaken everyone who might have been dozing at that point. He also showed strength of purpose in continuing the sound of the orchestra through the applause that greeted his wife's first appearance, where a non-spouse might have given up the unequal struggle. Otherwise, his command of *tempo di spòsa* was impeccable even when Anselmo Colzani, as Ashton, showed a disposition to move things along with more animation than Lucia in their second-act duet.

John Alexander, who had proven his worth to the Sutherlands as the leading tenor of their Australian expeditionary force, made a fine-looking Edgardo and, save for a tendency to the white voice, a seemly sounding one. Dan Marek was a poor choice for Lord Arturo, coming off a poor second, in volume as well as quality, to Robert Nagy as Normanno (a role whose performer is rarely so audible). On the whole, Bonynge brings qualities of musicianship to his task that the Metropolitan can use; what he lacks, as of now, are the powers of persuasion or the force of personality to give the stamp of authority to what he does.

DURING the same pre-holiday period Birgit Nilsson faced her second new Tristan of the season, this being Pekko Nuotio, who had performed a creditable Tannhäuser at his debut last season. However, "creditable," for Tannhäuser, is not the best of commendations for an aspiring Tristan, and Nuotio barely kept afloat in the tide of music. The quality of sound he produces is far from disagreeable, but he has neither the quantity of it nor the sure command to make a match for an Isolde on the grand lines of Nilsson's. As his manservant, Kurvenal, Edmond Hurshell, an American baritone new to the Metropolitan, fared scarcely better, being as awkward in action as he was insubstantial in voice. In view, however, of what Georges Prêtre is presently doing with the score, it matters little what any individual—even Nilsson—does. The result is still not Wagner.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

All About Vladimir

VLADIMIR NABOKOV has prepared a new edition of his autobiography, originally published in 1951 in this country as *Conclusive Evidence*, in England as *Speak, Memory*. The present version is called *Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited* (Putnam, $6.75). Nabokov has added from twenty-five to fifty pages, mostly concerned with his forebears, especially his father, whom he describes vividly and with affection. A few passages have been expanded, and there has been some stylistic revision, but the book has not been changed in any fundamental way.

What we have is what we had before—an extraordinary evocation of the life of the Russian upper class before World War I. The Nabokovs were people of social rank, considerable wealth, cosmopolitan culture, and liberal political views. The wealth and leisure they enjoyed were not abused but, by and large, served both conscience and intelligence. Young Nabokov received the education of a poet rather than the education of an autocrat, but he was bound to be an autocratic poet.

Most of the book describes Nabokov's life before the Bolshevik Revolution, which took place in his eighteenth year. The family escaped from Petrograd to the Crimea, but soon was forced to migrate to England and the Continent. Nabokov writes a little about his years at Cambridge University, and then briefly tells what it was like to be an exile and a writer in Western Europe from 1922 to 1940. It was in the latter year that he and his wife and their child fled to the United States, and it is with their departure that the book ends.

Although Nabokov wrote ten or a dozen books in Russian during his European exile, he barely touches on his literary career. He does say things, however, that bear directly or indirectly on problems raised by his novels and short stories. "In the course of my twenty years of exile," he observes, "I devoted a prodigious amount of time to the composing of chess problems. A certain position is elaborated on the board, and the problem to be solved is how to mate Black in a given number of moves, generally two or three. It is a beautiful, complex, and sterile art related to the ordinary form of the game only insofar as the properties of a sphere are made use of both by a juggler in weaving a new act and by a tennis player in winning a tournament."

After describing the fascination that the construction of such problems had for him, he continues, "Deceit, to the point of diabolism, and originality, verging upon the grotesque, were my notions of strategy." And lest the reader should fail to see that what Vladimir Nabokov says about his chess problems is applicable to his fiction, he declares: "It should be understood that competition in chess problems is not really between White and Black but between the composer and the hypothetical solver (just as in a first-rate work of fiction the real clash is not between the characters but between the author and the world), so that a great part of the problem's value is due to the number of 'tries'—delusive opening moves, false scents, specious lines of play, astutely and lovingly prepared to lead the would-be solver astray."

Nabokov thus admits that each of his novels is a game in which he tries to mislead his reader and prove his superiority over him, and this is exactly what certain critics have charged. In *Escape Into Aesthetics: The Art of Vladimir Nabokov* (Dial, $4.50), Page Stegner sets out to "dispel the notion that he is simply a trickster, a hoax player, and not a serious artist." Yet Stegner begins by demonstrating that Nabokov *is* a trickster, whatever else he may be. Even in his autobiography he plays tricks, alluding in flattering terms to V. Sirin, a novelist in exile, without mentioning the fact that, as Stegner points out, he himself, Nabokov, wrote under the name of V. Sirin. In *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* the narrator, V., and Sebastian, about whom V. is writing, may be, according to Stegner, "divided halves of a single identity." In analyzing *Bend Sinister*, whose narrative technique is strangely complicated, Stegner speaks of "a perverse talent that keeps the reader uneasily looking over his shoulder (as he steps out over the precipice) for the ambush he suspects lies behind." *Pnin* seems more straightforward than the earlier fiction, but its simplicity is in part a deception. *Lolita* is full of the "false scents" Nabokov has talked about—"word games," Stegner calls them—and in *Pale Fire* meaning lies below meaning, like the buried cities of Troy.

But Stegner insists that Nabokov is a serious artist and not merely a prestidigitator. The first point he makes is that Nabokov is a master stylist, with an amazing control over a language that is not his native tongue. In the second place, Stegner argues that Nabokov is an impressionist, in the tradition of James, Proust, Joyce, and Faulkner, and that the tricks he plays are calculated to make the kind of impression he wants. The third point is suggested by the title of Stegner's book. Escape from what? one

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asks. Speaking of Krug in *Bend Sinister*, Stegner writes, "His discovery that death is 'but a question of style' is the Nabokovian conviction repeatedly demonstrated in other books . . . that the only redemption from the horrors of existence is through the adoption and pursuit of a style."

Though he values Nabokov highly, Stegner is no idolator. He questions Mary McCarthy's statement that *Pale Fire* is "one of the very great works of art of this century," finding it rather too much like an impossibly difficult crossword puzzle. On the other hand, he regards *Lolita* as "a truly great novel," for he discovers in it the kind of "moral truth" he cannot discern in *Pale Fire*. I cannot go all the way with Stegner, but I have learned a good deal from him. As the first book by a very young critic and as the first book about a singularly difficult writer, *Escape Into Aesthetics* is a remarkable achievement.

Nabokov's Quartet (Phaedra, $3.95) spans, as the author points out, "four decades of literary life." "An Affair of Honor," the earliest story, shows that even as a young man Nabokov knew how to bring a trick off. Although the author warns against calling "The Visit to the Museum" Kafkaesque or Freudian, it is an allegory of some sort. "The Vane Sisters," the only one of the stories originally written in English, is another sort of game, and amusing enough, although one would be likely to miss the ultimate joke if the author's preface didn't offer a clue. Nabokov has written better stories than these, but they do suggest how persistently and in how many ways he has invited the reader to a contest of wits.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1222

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1222 will be found in the next issue.

PAL DU EXGD SA HG PDFOEAU-

DHVG EF AZEUAIF, FEUQG ES

ZIFS DPSGLRDLX HG DVRDJF

AVX-PDFOEAUGX.

—FDUSDJDUD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1221

Thinking is more interesting than knowing, but less interesting than looking. —Goethe.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Irate Doves

I expect it is difficult to find anyone who is neither a "hawk" nor a "dove" to review books on Vietnam [*SR*, Dec. 17]. But no one could be a more prejudiced "hawk" than William Henderson.

Obviously Mr. Henderson and his Mobil Oil Company would like to have the United States set up dictatorships in all small countries so that Mr. Henderson and Mobil Oil Co. could more and more readily manipulate matters for the greatest profits to themselves from the foreign resources. Basically, I expect Johnson is fighting the Vietnam war as a favor to Henderson and Mobil Oil Company and their like.

Adolph Murie.

Moose, Wyo.

William Henderson takes William G. Burchett to the shed for obvious bias. It is the bias of a man who is reporting for the invaded—his target, the invader. In his prior book Mr. Burchett covered the necessary historical antecedents. Subsuming all is his main thesis—that the only stranger in Vietnam is the American.

Mr. Henderson's view is quite faithful, I suspect, to his position in the pay of Mobil Oil. . . .

Clyde Trudeau.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. Henderson wonders why Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's *Washington and Vietnam* was published at all—this conclusion being substantiated on nothing more, apparently, than a few misspelled words that he deals with at some length, together with Miss Bromley's emotional attitude. It is apparently not kosher to have an emotional attitude on Vietnam.

Mr. Henderson began his review of her book by saying it "purported" to be a historical record of our involvement in that conflict. He does not refute any of her material. Indeed he does not dwell on it further. Yet Mr. Henderson is the editor of *Vietnam Perspectives*. I can only assume he either does not know enough about the history of our involvement and therefore used the word "purported," or he was propagandizing his own point of view.

John Somerville.

Ardmore, Pa.

In his review of my book, *Washington and Vietnam*, William Henderson charges me with "innumerable factual inaccuracies," but fails to document a single one apart from the misspelling of two proper names and my incredible slip in calling Annam, Assam, which I know well enough is in India. Misspellings, which prove me an imperfect proof-reader, are one thing; misstatements are something else again.

Is Mr. Henderson, by any chance, attempting to sweep under the rug a long series of unpalatable facts bearing on our military intervention in South Vietnam, by the device of impugning my credibility? To take but one example, I quote in my chapter on The Geneva Agreements, our government's pledge, made at the 1954 Conference, "to refrain from the threat or the use of force to disturb" the Agreements; and the International Control Commission's subsequent statement, in a 1957 Interim Report, that there had been introduced into South Vietnam "U.S. military personnel in five U.S. aircraft," together with "1,000 revolvers and 610 cases of revolver ammunition."

Mr. Henderson further comments that most of my sources—Fall, Lacouture and their like, are "doves . . . persistent critics of Administration policy." Along with documents, Presidential statements and policy decisions from Truman on, Senate hearings, news reports—in particular those from the Saigon Bureau of the *New York Times*—periodical articles, analyses by A.I.D. officials, etc., I have relied to a considerable extent on the witness of Bernard Fall and Jean Lacouture because of their long acquaintance with the area, their continuing on-the-scene studies, and the high quality of their scholarship.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley.

New York, N.Y.

According to my point of view, Mrs. Bromley's book is a timely and welcome addition to the literature on the subject of Vietnam. Mr. Henderson's assumption that the author adopted a point of view and then set about to construct a plausible, intellectual defense of her position from whatever materials came to hand, has no justification to be found in the book or in the author's long career of careful writing. Why did Mr. Henderson not make the much more plausible assumption (from the contents of the book and from the facts, if he had taken the slightest pains to discover them) that Mrs. Bromley was profoundly disturbed by the horrors of the war and this nation's responsibility in it, particularly the escalation of its intensity and ravages, and then set down what she believed to be a statement drawn from authoritative sources?

LeRoy Bowman.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

May I register a vigorous dissent from the flood of dovish vituperation which William Henderson's informed and well-balanced "The Battle of Words Over the War" will undoubtedly provoke?

And where can I get hold of *Vietnam Perspectives*?

Donald A. Newton.

St. Albans, Vt.

Editor's note: *The address for* Vietnam Perspectives *is 234 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.*

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European Literary Scene

After Jean Genet, Peter Weiss, and Françoise Sagan, the newest playwright on the kiosks of Paris is Marcel Aymé, France's most imaginative spinner of metascientific fiction. You may remember his *Passe-muraille* (American edition: Berkley), in which a schemer learns to walk through walls, or his *Bonne peinture,* in which a painting that nurtures body as well as soul inevitably foments a national economic crisis. His lively imagination has now created *La convention Belzébir,* produced at the Athénée.

An unidentified republic has enacted a law under which citizens may purchase permits to murder, at the rather prohibitive price of 750,000 francs, which only the more affluent can afford. Like many laws that have been operative for some time, this one is accepted without question by the well-to-do male citizenry (women are not sold such permits at any price). Martin, lusting after the architect Edgar's wife, sets out to murder Edgar, but, since he lacks the necessary permit, his attempt is frustrated. Edgar, more provident, has acquired a permit and dispatches Martin. A father gives a permit to his son as a graduation gift, only to be shocked by the boy's bias against taking human life. A worker saves for years to buy the prestigious license, and then has a hard time getting one because he is not a "gentleman." Before long (Aymé loves to compound the effects of his fantasies) the labor unions and the ladies are demanding equal rights. Everything turns out all right when war is declared and anyone can kill for free.

Aymé thus suddenly reminds us that it is our world and not his play that is absurd. The critic of *Les nouvelles littéraires* wonders where Aymé found such a curious plot. Marcel Aymé's fecund mind does not need to lean on sources; however, I am struck by resemblances to the Italian film *The Tenth Victim.*

Heinrich Böll's latest novel, *Ende einer Dienstfahrt* ("End of a Tour of Duty"), has just been published by Keipenheuer & Witsch of Köln. It concerns two workmen, father and son (the latter has just been discharged from military service), who have set fire to a military vehicle. Summoned to a trial which occupies the day encompassed by the novel, the pair wait for the court to decide whether their *acte gratuit* is to be considered a prank or sabotage. They are absolved when the tribunal decides that it was merely a "happening." Frankfurt's *Allgemeine Zeitung* hails the play as the best example yet of Böll's humorous vein: "It is astonishing the way Böll always succeeds in finding new variations in the same social and regional milieu. His story is concentrated, controlled, and compact."

Like Böll's book, Hans Habe's new *Christoph und sein Vater* (Kurt Desch) employs experimental techniques. It depicts the misunderstanding and conflict that separate two generations: in a sort of psychodramatic development, the son goes off to Hungary to write a play analyzing father-son relationships.

The deftness and the provocative quality of recent West German novels have not passed unnoticed among writers in the East Zone. This became all too clear at November's First Annual Conference of the East German Writers' League. Anna Seghers, president of the League and former Stalin Prize-winner (1951), made some characteristic comments. (You may remember her anti-Nazi novel *The Seventh Cross,* or the film version of it.) She commented on several speeches calling for better writers in the East Zone who were also conformists to the Ulbricht party line.

As we know from her 1959 novel *Die Entscheidung* ("The Decision"), Frau Seghers has long been worrying about the divided Germany. She has also enjoyed a reputation for being less dogmatic than others in her Communism. At the conference she likened the writers on her side of the Wall to their brilliant confrères in the West: Böll, Hochhuth, Weiss, and Grass. Optimistically, she tried to draw the two groups together: "There is no breach between them and us if we have common anti-Fascist goals." However, her insistence on the "correct point of view" (as, for example, in her own writing on Sacco and Vanzetti) showed what is now quite apparent, that literature in the smaller "Socialist democracies" is less free than in Mother Russia. And certainly less free than in the Bundesrepublik, where even *Kitsch* with an incorrect viewpoint may appear, like Frau Goering's memoirs about her conjugal life with the late unlamented Air Marshal, which somehow found their way into the weekly *Quick.*

Sir Maurice Bowra's *Memories, 1898-1939* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) is described as no more than "a record of

"Hi, Mayor Lindsay, I want you to know I'm having fun in fun city."

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events and personalities which have over the years imprinted themselves on my memory." Bowra himself was so much more than a dean and a professor of Greek at Oxford; he was a man dedicated to assiduously cultivating close acquaintance with the living and the long dead. One finds amusing recollections of Yeats, Connolly, Waugh, Gilbert Murray—even the legendary malaprof Dr. Spooner, who announced to a class that he was leaving for London by the "town drain." Bowra gives us a new story, not exactly a Spoonerism but typical. The docent approached a recent arrival at New College and invited him to come to tea and "meet Mr. Casson." "But I am Mr. Casson." "Come all the same."

Sir Maurice is a splendid example of what the study of the humanities, especially Greek literature, can do for the human mind. Two other books just issued give evidence of his great devotion to letters: his *Landmarks in Greek Literature* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson) and *Poetry and Politics, 1900-1960* (Cambridge University Press), the latter volume being a series of lectures Sir Maurice delivered last year at Queen's University, Belfast. Seldom since Winckelmann has a modern man so articulately explained his cultural debt to Hellas.

Italy has just lost a literary gray eminence in Emilio Cecchi (1884-1966), who operated in almost every genre of prose and poetry. He was one of Italy's most active internationalists, having early explained Huxley, Lawrence, Faulkner, and Hemingway to his countrymen. He preceded the illustrious Mario Praz in probing nineteenth-century English literature. He wrote and lectured on Giotto, Lorenzetti, and the Sienese School of the *trecento.* His novels and poetry were highly esteemed, if little known outside the peninsula. As a critic he excelled, and his aphorisms and *mots* are often quoted. He once accused Croce and Gentile of cultivating "a philosophy which suicides into a history."

(*Continued on page* 126)

Coming January 14th

SR's Ninth Annual Business Issue focuses on "Changing Directions in American Education."

The Domain of the Contingent

Peace and War: A Theory of International Relations, *by Raymond Aron, translated from the French by Richard Howard and Annette Baker Fox (Doubleday. 820 pp. $10), uses the traditional historic-humanistic approach in examining the problems of current foreign policy. Hans J. Morgenthau is Albert A. Michelson Distinguished Service Professor of Political Science and Modern History at the University of Chicago. Among his many books are "Crossroads Papers" and the three-volume "Politics in the 20th Century."*

By HANS J. MORGENTHAU

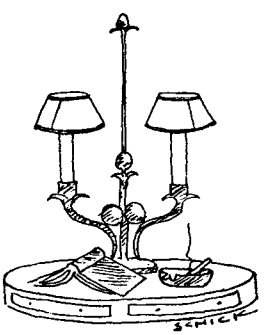
ATTEMPTS at developing a theory of international relations are of very recent origin. They were started in the aftermath of the First World War, for the purpose of making the peace of the world more secure. Their main instruments were philosophical speculation and historical analysis. The period following the Second World War has witnessed an enormous quantitative expansion and qualitative transformation of these attempts at understanding international relations in a theoretical manner. Abstract theories and quantification became the order of the day. Behaviorism, systems analysis, game theory, simulation were to be the new theoretical instruments with which we were first to understand and then to master international relations.

The heyday of these new fashions appears to be over. Enormous amounts of foundation money have been spent, much brain power has been expended, and the intellectual interests and academic careers of many young scholars have been put at the service of the new theories. Yet the results have been disappointing. International relations are still as intractable in theoretical terms as they have always been, and their practical intractability is more threatening than ever.

This disappointment was inevitable. It is the result of the very nature of international relations, which puts strict limits upon our ability to theorize. International relations is another word for recent and contemporary history. History, however, is the domain of the contingent, the accidental, the unpredictable, and insofar as it is that, it cannot be comprehended by theoretical means. Fortunately for the theoretician, history is not only that; it is also the expression in time and space of immutable human nature. In that respect it is susceptible to theoretical understanding. For human nature, operating within the social framework of international relations, brings forth certain social phenomena and institutions, such as the balance of power, the policies of the status quo, imperialism and prestige, armaments races, and diplomacy, which lend themselves to theoretical analysis.

It is fortunate that the publication of Raymond Aron's monumental work coincides with the decline of an intellectual fashion in the United States. For this book, first published in 1962 in France, proves not by methodological argument but by its very existence what can be learned about international relations and the basic problems of current foreign policy through the traditional, historic-humanistic approach. The book is divided into four parts: theory, explaining concepts and systems; sociology, dealing with determinants and constants; history, discussing the global system in the thermonuclear age, and praxiology, analyzing antinomies of diplomatic-strategic conduct. Within this general and somewhat loose conceptual framework we find a discussion of all the major problems with which the theory and practice of international relations presents us today. It is hardly necessary to say, in view of Mr. Aron's record and reputation, that his arguments are always elegant, almost always sound, and frequently profound.

This is not to say that *Peace and War* is without flaw. Three such flaws, two minor and one major, must be mentioned. Mr. Aron is rather hasty in discussing the theories of others and does



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not always do them justice, either in presenting their content or in criticizing them. Furthermore, Mr. Aron has the disconcerting habit of raising an important problem and then dropping it, thus leaving the reader in suspense. Finally, and most importantly, Mr. Aron had to come to terms with the dilemma that faces any theoretician of international relations: how to strike a balance between the historical and the contemporary material which will elucidate his theoretical propositions. If he opts too strongly for the historical, the relevance of his theoretical propositions to present-day problems will be lost. If he embraces too much of the contemporary, he runs the risk of soon becoming obsolete. It seems to me that Mr. Aron, being a professional commentator on the modern scene, has erred in the latter direction, allowing his theoretical propositions, especially in Part III, to be overwhelmed by contemporary material. Coming from so knowledgeable and wise a pen, his comments are of course eminently worth reading today. But are they going to stand the test of time?

Realism Is the Principle

Modern International Negotiation: Principles and Practice, *by Arthur Lall (Columbia University Press. 404 pp. $8.95), defines the various proceedings by which nations are led to a peaceful settlement of disputes. Arthur H. Dean was chairman of the United States Delegations to the Nuclear Test Ban Negotiations in 1961-62 and the Eighteen-Nation Disarmament Conference in 1962.*

By ARTHUR H. DEAN

ARTHUR LALL of India, currently a professor at the School of International Affairs of Columbia University, has been a diplomat, a governor of the International Atomic Energy Agency at Vienna, a participant in many international conferences since the close of World War II and the inauguration of the United Nations, and a delegate to the Eighteen-Nation Disarmament Conference in Geneva and the test-ban negotiations there. He has written a well-thought-out and scholarly work in which, after defining international negotiations, he proceeds to describe the why and wherefore of the acceptance by the nations involved of peaceful methods, the several procedures and their scope, the role of the third parties, and the factors that impede or promote successful negotiations.

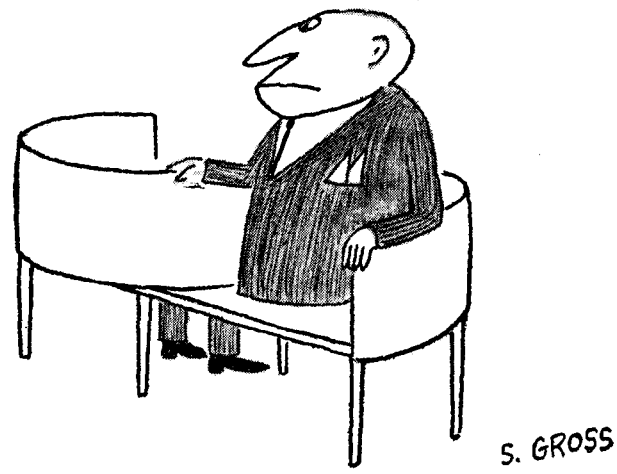
Modern International Negotiation carefully describes events that lead up to a crisis; the proceedings in the United Nations or other organizations or forums; the enormous amount of drafting, proposing, and conferring that goes on between delegations, foreign offices, or groups of nations such as the Commonwealth, the Organization of American States, or the Arab League; the various steps, plays, and counterplays that take place in order to bring the contestant parties to the negotiating table; the apparent reasons for the ability or inability to reach agreement, and how nations with differing ideologies learn to accommodate themselves to things as they are. The author defines the roles of the Secretary General, the Security Council, and the General Assembly, the work of the various committees in the United Nations and of the International Court of Justice, and the concepts of international law that are evolving in the developing nations.

At the end of each chapter Lall sets forth various principles which he derives from the preceding discussion. These are at once cogently formulated, persuasive and logical. We can, however, deduce that powerful economic and military powers, while polite and deferential to smaller powers and while not themselves easily pushed around, are realistic about what they can obtain.

The author makes it clear that when the leading powers are in agreement many matters which do not affect their vital interests can be settled by negotiation. But he also makes it abundantly plain that when a dispute does touch the vital concerns of the nations who have veto powers in the Security Council, as in the case, for example, of Cuba or Vietnam, there is little that the Secretary General or the United Nations can do except to nudge or needle the reluctant parties along the path of negotiation. Except when backed by a big power with a national interest in the issue, smaller countries, the author finds, are more susceptible to persuasion.

IN an address to the Supreme Soviet on January 14, 1960, Premier Khrushchev said: "The government which would be the first to begin the nuclear arms tests would take upon itself a heavy responsibility before the peoples. . . . The Soviet Government . . . will continue to abide by its pledge not to renew experimental nuclear explosions in the Soviet Union. . . ." Nevertheless, the USSR did break the moratorium on nuclear testing at the end of August 1961, and Prime Minister Nehru at the nonaligned conference meeting at Belgrade did not engage in any denunciation that the world could hear. And at the opening of the sixteenth General Assembly of the United Nations in the fall of 1961, Krishna Menon of the Indian Delegation took the lead in attempting to prevent any censoring of the USSR for breaking the moratorium, and in trying to prevent a favorable majority on the resolution requesting them not to test a high-megaton weapon. Still other smaller powers joined in the attempt, through the cumbersome United Nations procedures, to block the United States' moves for progress on a nuclear test-ban treaty.

It is readily apparent that Great Britain, France, and the USSR do not wish to see an emergent Germany as a nuclear power, even though subject to NATO and U.S. restrictions, and that smaller countries wish to see all nuclear weapons destroyed and nuclear tests stopped. This is a fact which the USSR is not slow to utilize. The intransigence of General de Gaulle, his unswerving determination to have a nuclear force of his own, his efforts to degrade NATO at a time when the military power of the Warsaw Pact and the USSR are increasing, his flirtation with Communist China, his complete distaste for our attempts to



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solve the problems of Vietnam, and his contempt for the U.N. all pose severe dilemmas for the leaders of the free world. Whereas General de Gaulle and the USSR confer with and woo each other, the Western world is divided; and our neighbor Canada pursues an independent foreign policy.

On the other hand, the growing differences between the USSR and Communist China, their rivalry for leadership in international Communism, and the emergence of Communist China as a nuclear power with possible effective delivery systems by the 1970s or earlier, have caused a complete rethinking of both U.S. and Soviet military strategy. If the USSR fails to overthrow Mao will this push the U.S. and the USSR into reluctant agreement? What if the USSR does overthrow Mao, and his successor is willing to play ball with the Soviet Union? What of *détente*?

I HAVE no quarrel at all with the author's carefully formulated principles. But it still comes down to the fact that when Soviet forces moved into Hungary in 1956, the United Nations and the West stood helpless; when the English and the French made a combined attack on Suez and the British for the first time exercised their veto power in the Security Counsel, the matter was moved to the General Assembly under the Uniting for Peace Resolutions of November 3, 1950, with the USSR, though it had previously maintained that these resolutions violated the Charter, voting for this transfer so that the combined forces of the U.S., the USSR, and the General Assembly effectively put the British and French to rout.

Similarly, when Prime Minister Nehru wanted to take over the Portuguese enclave of Goa in December 1961, he did not hesitate to act in the interest of India, as the author recognizes on page 124. A Portuguese appeal to the Security Council was vetoed by the Soviet Union, which illustrates the author's point that it is wise to have powerful friends.

But when the U.S. and the USSR acted together in deciding that Pakistan had to withdraw its forces from the Vale of Kashmir after its ill-fated attack on India in April 1965, and after the Security Council adopted a resolution demanding a cease-fire and the withdrawal of all forces, Chairman Brezhnev of the USSR, with the apparent acquiescence of the U.S., was able to get President Ayub of Pakistan and Premier Shastri of India to meet at Tashkent and sign a treaty.

Even though some of his conclusions appear contradictory, Arthur Lall's thorough examination of recent international negotiations should prove a most useful compendium.

The Wheels of Justice

Endure and Conquer, *by Dr. Sam Sheppard (World. 329 pp. $5.95), and* ***Retrial: Murder and Dr. Sam Sheppard,*** *by Paul Holmes (Bantam. 240 pp. 75¢), offer, respectively, a first-hand and Boswell's-eye view of the famous case that recently resulted in the Cleveland osteopath's acquittal. Jack Harrison Pollack reported in "Croiset the Clairvoyant" an experiment at Holland's Utrecht University Parapsychology Institute indicating Sheppard's innocence. Mr. Pollack was also instrumental in getting evidence before the United States Supreme Court showing the unfairness of Dr. Sam's trial.*

By JACK HARRISON POLLACK

—*Wide World.*

Sam Sheppard and F. Lee Bailey—"at once illuminating and disappointing."

MILLIONS of words have been published about the controversial Sheppard case. These two new books—products of Instant Publishing—are far from the last. Both are being merchandised less to endure than to conquer the fast-buck market. Of the two, Paul Holmes's paperback is the less pretentious. Obviously written before the trial, the first half contains background material not in the author's previous books, including a highly amusing chapter about the July 1964 wedding in Chicago of Dr. Sam and his German-born second wife, Ariane Tebbenjohanns. The last half reports the recent retrial—in takes almost like a daily news story—and utilizes considerable text from the transcripts. Despite the shrill, headline-crammed yellow jacket, which promises more than it delivers, the book is a useful contribution. It is enriched by sixteen on-the-scene sketches (done out of the courtroom) by Sanford Kossin.

Dr. Sam Sheppard's personal account is at once more illuminating and disappointing. The title derives from the Latin inscription on a ring given Sam by an admirer during his ordeal, *Vincit Qui Patitur* ("He who endures, conquers").

Because Sam's tragedy has been spoken of as an American Dreyfus case, his could have been an epic book. Regrettably the autobiography misses widely owing to its patchwork composition and ghostwritten flavor. The inevitable suspicion persists that *Endure and Conquer* was tailored for a pre-arranged motion-picture sale. Had Sam Sheppard—free man and ex-convict—written it entirely in his own words, from his own heart, the resulting book might have been less facile but far more touching.

Its most original material stems from the notes and diary Sam luckily smuggled out of prison. There is authenticity in the description by convict number 98860 of prison types and life behind bars. "The hoodlums and thieves," he writes, "appeared to be the only people around the penitentiary who could be depended upon. The more intelligent prisoners usually turned out to be rapists and child attackers and generally become finks or prison informers." When the Ohio osteopathic neurosurgeon was ordered released by Federal Judge Carl A. Weinman in July 1964, a guard banged on his cell and shouted, "Sheppard, pack your shit. You're going home, you son of a bitch."

The letters of prisoner Sheppard—who was considered a "loner" and "solid square" by fellow inmates—to his son, Sam, Jr. (Chip), reflect an unusual warmth, and there is candor in his account of how he sent coded letters to his family and lawyer for his fiancée (with whom he was forbidden to correspond). Sheppard also describes with honesty and restraint his affair in 1954 with lab technician Susan Hayes, and he quotes Ohio Supreme Court Justice Kingsley A. Taft's droll comment two years later: "Although . . . defendant did philander, a philanderer may have propensities for peacefulness." The moving passages about his medical experiences in prison

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hospitals, especially as a four-dollar-a-month surgeon reveal Sam's dedication to his profession.

Nevertheless, Sam's innermost feelings don't penetrate the bulk of his book. What does a man ponder as he suffers a dozen years of personal torment, nearly ten of them in penal servitude, and then finally savors vindication—which comes from the same legal machinery that snatched away his prime years?

It is understandable that Sam's absorption with legal minutiae has become virtually an obsession, but these, from 1954-61, were thoroughly covered in the original book by Paul Holmes, *The Sheppard Murder Case*, published in 1961. (Strangely, this pioneer work is never specifically named by Sheppard in *Endure and Conquer* although attorney F. Lee Bailey in his eloquent foreword concedes that without it, "Sam would still be languishing behind prison walls.") Similarly, details of his wife Marilyn's murder July 3, 1954, and of Sam's comfortable life before the tragedy were copiously covered two years ago in *My Brother's Keeper*, written by Dr. Stephen Sheppard with Paul Holmes. Moreover, the prisoner's "mail romance" was widely reported in a 1964 North American Newspaper Alliance six-parter by Ariane herself as told to Jeanne King.

Sam's relentless recitation of familiar facts tends to numb the mind and emotions. What the reader—painfully conscious of the man's agony—wants to know of Sam Sheppard's personal story is not told. Whether as a result of natural reticence, an emotional block, legal caution, or publication pressure, the book's tone is too often flat, corny, even self-righteous.

For example, his brother Steve's boundless devotion and humor in cheering Sam for a decade elude this story. But Sam does complain that Steve—with whom his son Chip lived while he was in prison—passed on his "cynical traits" to the boy, and that Steve also encouraged the youth in scholastics rather than athletics, which Sam would have preferred.

Obviously, the second Mrs. Sheppard is no ordinary woman; one gets tantalizing glimpses of a complex and sensitive nature, but in her husband's autobiography little is revealed beyond Ariane's flamboyant side, which has already been overexposed.

The book has other lapses. The author fails to illuminate the backstage battle between the Ohio M.D.s and osteopaths, which may have partially influenced Sam's original conviction. He never mentions the New York private detective hired by the Sheppard family to prove his innocence.

It is exasperating to encounter phrases that suggest a revealing anecdote but never tell it: "I am aware how this was accomplished, but it is better left unsaid"; "facts had been developed over the years that reflected unkindly on Marilyn"; "a witness who will not be named in this book."

The book also contains peculiar comments. Explaining why he shunned homosexual overtures in prison, Sheppard says, "If you were hungry, would you eat garbage?" And the reason why he decided not to commit suicide when he first entered prison, Sam writes, was because "I knew my father would never have stood for it." (Yet on a network television show promoting the sale of *Endure and Conquer* he dramatically announced that he carried a concealed gun into court while awaiting the verdict.)

Perhaps the book's flaws should in part be charged to Sheppard's publisher, who by pulling the manuscript off the press one week after Sam's acquittal could boast of a "possible record-breaking event in publishing history." Such a production timetable enables needless errors to creep into copy. For example, Andrew J. Tuney, Jr., now a top aide to Bailey, is described as having "headed" the Boston Strangler Bureau when actually it was John S. Bottomly. Even more inexcusable is the absence of an index and chapter headings, thereby diminishing the book's reference value not only to legal scholars and students, but to Sheppard buffs.

The Sheppard case was a monumental miscarriage of justice. Unfortunately, the victim's autobiography never quite catches this monumental spirit. The epic book about the Sheppard puzzle has yet to be written.

Atahuallpa and the Spanish

Royal Commentaries of the Incas and General History of Peru, *by Garcilaso de la Vega, El Inca, translated from the Spanish by Harold V. Livermore (University of Texas Press. 2 vols. 2,156 pp. $17.50), is an account by the son of a conquistador and an Inca woman. J. H. Parry is the author of "The Spanish Seaborne Empire," and other books.*

By J. H. PARRY

IT IS strange that we should have had to wait so long for an acceptable and complete English translation of the *Royal Commentaries*. An English version of the entire work appeared, it is true, in 1688, translated by Sir Paul Rycaut; but Rycaut's knowledge of Spanish was sketchy and many of his renderings can only be called grotesque. In 1869 Sir Clements Markham brought out a workmanlike, if somewhat pedestrian, translation, but only of the first nine books. In 1963 an English version of the first ten books appeared: the nine books of the first part and one of the eight (much longer) books which comprise the second part. This last version, however, was translated not from the original, but from the French of Alain Gheerbrant. Neither the 1869 nor the 1963 translations is entirely satisfactory; and until now there has been no modern rendition of the last seven books.

The first part of the *Royal Commentaries* tells the story of the Inca rulers of Peru, down to the division of the empire between Huáscar and his usurping half-brother Atahuallpa. The second part describes the coming of the Spaniards, their conquest of the Inca empire, and their subsequent civil wars. This second part was first published in 1616—the year of Garcilaso's death—under the title *General History of Peru*, not by Garcilaso's own wish but because the licensing authority in Spain would not have the word "royal" applied to so sanguinary a tale of faction and rebellion.

On the subject matter of his first part Garcilaso—himself, through his mother the princess Chimpu Ocllo, a descendant of Inca rulers—wrote with unique authority. In claiming, as he did, that the Incas brought peace and civilization to a formerly barbarous land, he was wildly wrong, as archeologists have since discovered; but for an understanding of life in Peru under the Incas, the *Commentaries*, based—as he himself wrote—on long conversations with his aging relatives, remains by far our most important source of information. The Spanish conquest, on the other hand, was described by several eyewitnesses who took part in it, before Garcilaso was born. Garcilaso's father arrived in Peru with Pedro de Alvarado in 1534, and he himself was born in 1539. He knew most of the conquerors personally, but many of them died or were murdered when he was a small boy. His account of these events, therefore, is not unique, and in many instances not firsthand.

If his work is to be regarded simply as a "document"—as a source of historical and anthropological evidence—there is some justification for treating the first part as more important than the second, and for printing it separately. But the

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Royal Commentaries is much more than that. It is a considerable work of literature, an enthralling and at times genuinely tragic story, and a moving revelation of the emotions of a sensitive man who felt himself the heir to two distinct races and cultural traditions. It derives its force and charm from the duality of its author's character, origin, and experience. Long though it is, the work must be read as a whole if it is to be properly appreciated.

To insist on the unity of the *Commentaries* is not to say that its two parts are alike; on the contrary, they are contrasted with subtle skill. In the first part, a procession of shadowy Incas crosses the stage. Each accedes gravely, visits his dominions, confers benefits on his subjects, enlarges the empire by invariably successful campaigns, and finally is called to rest with his ancestor the Sun. The serene formality of the account is enlivened by interpolated descriptions of Inca customs and daily life, depicted with homely, perhaps autobiographical detail. The second part is full of the clash of arms. The contending actors, brave and crafty, magnanimous and ferocious, generous and greedy, are all distinct individuals, many described in familiar detail. Even though Garcilaso was not present at several of the scenes he recorded, his historian's imagination rarely played him false. Of the fateful afternoon at Cajamarca, when Atahuallpa was kidnapped and his retinue killed, Garcilaso tells a tale of misunderstanding, cross-purposes, and half-formulated fears, more subtle and far more convincing than the simple story of treachery and daring recounted by Francisco Xeres—who was present, but who was not a historian, nor, it may be added, a particularly honest man.

Garcilaso's own fairness and honesty are transparent, even where his deepest prejudices are involved. He revered his Inca ancestors, and was passionately concerned to show that they were civilized and beneficent rulers. He admired his *conquistador* father also, and respected the courage and the rough generosity of many of his companions. As a pious son of the Church he considered that the conquest of the Incas by the Spaniards was justified by the need to redeem a heathen people. He made no attempt to gloss over the crimes committed on both sides; but he was consistently charitable in his judgments. The bitterness of Atahuallpa's end, he remarks, was the Inca's atonement for his many cruelties. He has even a good word for Francisco de Carvajal, Gonzalo Pizarro's savage lieutenant, with his brutal discipline and his macabre practical jokes. Carvajal, says Garcilaso, was bred to arms, knew no other life, and always counted courage and loyalty above all other virtues. Of Gonzalo himself, the brave and blundering rebel, Garcilaso speaks with positive affection.

Poor Garcilaso! His charity, his fair-mindedness, his literary skill did him little good. He was brought up a Spaniard, and went to Spain at the age of twenty-one. He served his king in arms as his father had done, but was refused any reward, because, it seems, his father on one occasion in the intricate civil wars of Peru had momentarily supported the wrong—that is, the losing—side. Later in life Garcilaso entered the Church, and spent his middle and old age in contemplation and writing; but even then the authorities caviled at granting permission to publish his books. No wonder he grew cautious. The only hint of meanness in his career was his refusal to support the petition of 567 surviving Incas, begging jointly for pensions commensurate with their former royal rank. Garcilaso could easily imagine how the king's advisers would react to such a claim.

Garcilaso seemingly did not feel any difficulty in reconciling his two loyalties, to his Spanish king and to the memory of his Inca forebears. He did not, apparently, suffer seriously from what is nowadays called discrimination. There is only one bitter passage in the *Royal Commentaries*, and that concerns Spanish women—not surprisingly, considering that his father abandoned his mother to marry, at the king's desire, a Spanish lady. It is the well-known story of the Spanish women sent to Peru to marry *conquistadores*, mocking the appearance of the battered old warriors who were to be their bridegrooms. Far better marry an Indian than any of these trollops, said one old campaigner who overheard them; and Garcilaso clearly agrees.

Harold Livermore has provided an excellent translation, in English as clear and simple as Garcilaso's own Spanish; a brief and judicious introduction to each part, with an account of Garcilaso's life and works; and a first-class index. The University of Texas Press has provided two handsome volumes. The yellowish paper on which the book is printed may not be to everyone's taste, and the binding, for two such heavy volumes, might well have been a little more solid; but the print is clear and the proofreading beyond praise. Garcilaso has at last an English translation worthy of his quality. And high time, too.

How testing helps your child in school and college

by GENE R. HAWES

A former editor for the College Entrance Examination Board takes the confusion out of testing. Shows parents how tests help in school and college. *"Carries out admirably the task it set out to do."*—DR. DAVID WECHSLER, creator of many nationally used tests. *Paperback, 75c.*

ASSOCIATION PRESS, N.Y. 10007

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Dixie's Difficult Perfectionist

Jefferson Davis: Private Letters, 1823-1889, *selected and edited by Hudson Strode (Harcourt, Brace & World. 567 pp. $7.50), reveals the Confederate President as a warm-hearted man of high principle and an unshakable conviction of the rightness of his own opinions. William Bruce Catton is co-author of "Two Roads to Sumter."*

By WILLIAM BRUCE CATTON

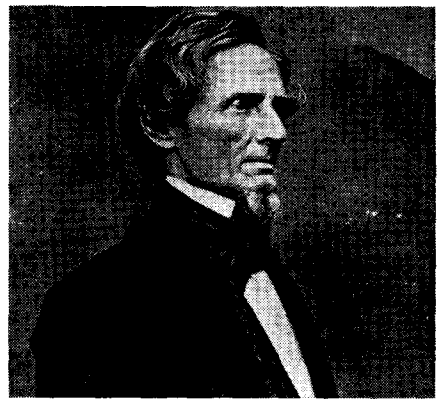
THIS correspondence provides a supplement to Hudson Strode's three-volume biography of the Confederate President. Most of the selections are personal letters never before published, chiefly between Davis and his wife; some three-fourths of them are drawn from the period after Appomattox, with particular emphasis upon Davis's two years in federal prison following his capture in the spring of 1865.

The collection serves to reinforce what Mr. Strode maintained with such tireless insistence throughout the biography: that Jefferson Davis was not merely a leader of great ability, lofty principles, and boundless courage, but also a warm-hearted human being, a devoted husband and father, a man of great kindliness, patience, and charm. One is inevitably impressed by the even-tempered fortitude with which Davis endured appallingly large quotas of obloquy, defeat, hardship, and personal heartbreak. Despite provocation, the letters are remarkably free from bitterness. This refusal to hurl maledictions or give way to spite, even in private, may have owed much to the breastplate of righteousness which he had buckled on early in life; but the inner strength and self-control that accompanied it are equally impressive.

Not surprisingly, the letters also bring many of Davis's opinions into sharper focus: his devout belief in state sovereignty and the right of secession; his genuine sympathy for the Negro, tightly interwoven with a conviction that race relations belonged in Southern hands; his dislike of politics; his love of books and the contemplative life. Letters from friends and admirers suggest that Davis commanded not merely loyalty but deep affection and something like veneration from many of his associates.

Yet the picture remains incomplete. One emerges from this collection, as from the biography, convinced that Mr. Strode has mistaken the truth for the whole truth, which is bad business for anyone and fatal for a historian. Take Davis's unswerving belief in the correctness of his own views. That breastplate of righteousness may or may not have been easy to wear, but it must have been enormously difficult for others to confront, especially on a permanent basis. Davis's warmth and charm were reserved for those who agreed with him—and there were far too many others.

High principle, devotion to duty, iron self-control, and compassion operated within a framework that was essentially narrow, rigid, and exclusive (Mr. Strode would be the first to call an abolitionist to account on such grounds) and a world-view that missed as much as it encompassed. Davis's opinion of politics affords a clue: "Nothwithstanding my years of political service," he wrote in 1878, "I had no fondness for it and felt always a distaste for its belongings."



—Bettmann Archive.

Jefferson Davis — "even-tempered fortitude."

Here speaks a high-minded man, to be sure; but also one who ignored a vital ingredient in American history and a basic element in human relations. Adapting Leo Durocher's classic remark, it is possible to argue that those who detest politics will tend, in a political situation, to finish last. And whether they are nice guys will always be a matter of opinion.

Soul-Searching in Tennessee

Ely: An Autobiography, *by Ely Green (Seabury. 236 pp. $4.95), transcends bitterness in the witty account of a despised mulatto's adventurous life in the mountains of Tennessee. Margaret Walker, who is professor of English at Jackson State College, is the author of the novel "Jubilee."*

By MARGARET WALKER

THIS brief autobiography of a troubled boy seeking identity, acceptance, and recognition is unlike any other story of race. Poignant and powerful, it may trouble the conscience of many Americans; however, the author's nostalgic recounting of life in a past generation, with its episodes of high adventure, will also fascinate many.

Ely is a mulatto, but the theme of miscegenation appears with fresh and vivid variations. His story begins when he is called "nigger," and he tries to discover the meaning of the word. His foster mother says, "If you don't stop annoying people about being a Negro I will whip the life out you. . . . Stop asking people questions, especially like that. . . . We are all niggers and there is nothing wrong about it." The story continues with Ely's growing perception: "White people seem to like bastards, but Negroes don't." "I was having a struggle within; trying to get this Negro religion worked out, and learning to hate white people, after I had been taught that they were all God's children and we are to love everybody." Despised, rejected, and bewildered, he suddenly lifts himself out of a welter of confusion to articulate his fight against bitterness and hatred.

Nevertheless, Ely, who is what his people would call "a natural-born storyteller," relates his painful tale with a bright sparkle of wit. His foster mother, Matt; his two sets of parents; his friend, Jack Prince, and his remarkable grandfather, Ned, are all unforgettable characters. However, the most interesting sections of the autobiography deal with Ely's life as a trapper, hunter, and digger of "gensend" or genseng root, which is noted for its medicinal qualities and abundance in the mountains of Tennessee. And the great incident of the book—the hunt for a huge wild hog—is in the tradition of Tolstoy's wolf hunt and Faulkner's bear.

In her introduction Lillian Smith makes the apt comment that "*Ely* is a most extraordinary document." It is, indeed; judged by any standards the book comes out a living whole.

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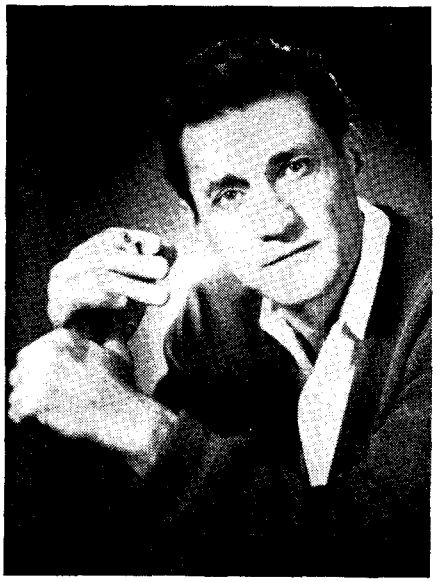
Hotheads in Cooler



Frank Elli—"an innate scenic-prose power."

The Riot, *by Frank Elli (Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $4.95), offers a first-hand glimpse into a zombie world of iron bars and concrete. Clarence L. Cooper, Jr., is the author of "The Scene," "The Syndicate," "The Weed," and "Black." His next novel, "The Farm," concerns the Public Health Hospital in Lexington.*

By CLARENCE L. COOPER, JR.

THIS is a badly written first novel by a man who has spent twenty years behind the walls of Walla Walla and Stillwater penitentiaries. The action encompasses two days of a prison riot, during which occupants of the Hole manage to break out and capture members of the staff, including the deputy warden. From Joe Surefoot, a maniacal Indian who likes to stick people with well-honed boning knives, to the protagonist, Cully Briston, a heavyweight boxer with a flyweight heart, the characters are two-dimensional caricatures from Jimmy Cagney movies and con folklore. The dialogue is rarely either crisp or authentic; everybody says "Christ" or "crissakes" and backs down at the moment of meaning. Moreover, the depiction of prison attitudes borders on the burlesque.

Yet this novel has virtues that demand it be read—if only for the prison atmosphere it evokes. I can vouch for the veracity of Mr. Elli's description, for I have served time in both state and federal institutions. In each there were the slimy, unscrupulous sado-masochist guards—the "Andy Gumps" of *The Riot* —, the silent Skinny Burnses, the somber insurgents, the dead-city aura of steel and concrete, the zombie environment.

> The cellhouse-size hall was as quiet and desolate-looking as an abandoned warehouse. He [Cully] could see a patch of slate-gray sky beyond the barred forty-foot-high windows overlooking the segregated exercise yard, the trampled square of earth on which the outcasts . . . were allowed to walk for twenty minutes a day. . . .
>
> The air between the buildings was muggy, motionless. Only the con on the messhall ramp was moving. Then he disappeared. A door slammed, and it was quiet.

The book appears to have had no editing, but this is not to deny that the author has a basic gift. Though tortuous in expression, he possesses an innate scenic-prose power, and toward the end of the novel he reveals that he has gained an emotional one as well.

Ironically, what this book does most effectively (in a way that the author and his publisher may not have realized) is to point out the necessity for prisons rather than for their elimination.

How the "new English" will help your child

by MICHAEL F. SHUGRUE

Director, English Programs, Modern Language Association

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Wages of Dalliance

Castle Ugly, *by Mary Ellin Barrett (Dutton. 255 pp. $4.95), tells of a love affair doomed by family catastrophe. A free-lance critic, Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Kentucky, Lexington.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

MARY ELLIN BARRETT'S first novel, *Castle Ugly*, opens exotically: a beautiful woman sunbathing at her Riviera estate sends her husband off with the children so that she may meet a romantic stranger from her past. The second chapter displays that past, the ugly house on Long Island where Sally Courtland and David Ralston spent their childhood summers until catastrophe struck. Sally's rich parents were on the brink of divorce; her father was about to marry David's mother, and her mother, while flirting with David's uncle, was having an affair with her French cousin. Everything was about to blow up when mother and lover were shot on the beach and a hurricane ripped the tip of Long Island, hurling Castle Ugly into the sea.

A love story, a colorful setting, mystery, violence, wealth, sex, a touch of sadness and nostalgia—all are presented with a sure hand. But what the delayed exposition portentously reveals only floats on the surface. The reasons for the Courtlands' quarrel are superficial: she's got culture and boredom, he's got money and bourgeois taste—an old story. Surely our seeing Sally's parents frequently from the child's point of view needn't

Mary Ellin Barrett—delayed exposition and proliferated surfaces.

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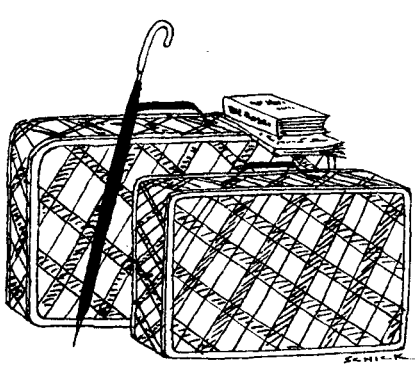
limit our vision. At times Mrs. Barrett even seems to take refuge in the child's ignorance; but she neither incorporates the child's naïveté into the novel nor plumbs the resources of the double point of view—Sally as girl and woman.

As for the mysterious bond between Sally and David, predictably enough they were lovers some summers later, but their plans to marry were scotched when David's uncle committed suicide and David abandoned Sally. Safe in the present, David explains his flight by repeating what his Uncle Jake had told him: gripped by jealousy, Jake killed Sally's mother and her lover. Who wanted another Ralston messing things up, thought romantic young David. But did Jake do it? David's mother claims Jake was with her the night of the murder. These revelations are intended to suggest the ambiguity of all character and action. It's a hollow claim.

So Sally goes to France and marries the French lover's nephew, whose charm is right out of *Esquire* ads. But what kind of woman is she beneath her sophistication, her nostalgia, and her bikini? And why has David such Gothic fears of a Ralston curse? In Mrs Barrett's hands the technique of delayed exposition becomes, unfortunately, an empty device. Instead of deepening character, she proliferates surfaces; instead of insight, information.

AT the novel's end Sally whispers ecstatically to her mother's portrait: "What were you?... What am I?," thus making "search for identity" and "ambiguity" the novel's official themes. But they are faked, like that hurricane which scourges when nothing in the book calls upon nature to exert moral force. The story will, I think, appeal to the woman whose life is complex and whose emotions are disorderly, who wants a bit of vicarious life but no challenges; for despite the fashionable trappings of its themes *Castle Ugly* will not give her the radical perspective on ordinary life that is found in more serious novels. This is "ladies' magazine fiction": it shocks no one and hence cannot enlighten. Mrs. Barrett, for all her talent, gives no answer to Sally's breathless question.



Proposers of Reform

Ombudsmen and Others: Citizens' Protectors in Nine Countries, *and* ***When Americans Complain: Governmental Grievance Procedures,*** *by Walter Gellhorn (Harvard University Press. 448 pp., $6.95; 239 pp., $3.95), examine the roles of official "watchdogs," or complaint-receivers and proposers of reform, here and abroad. Charles Hogan has been a member of the United Nations Secretariat for more than twenty years.*

By CHARLES HOGAN

SINCE the probabilities are increasing that we shall live longer and become recipients of state benefits, we ought to inquire how these can be courteously, speedily, and efficiently managed, and how their purposes and methods may be altered or improved. It is now agreed that beneficiaries benefit more and are happier and more contented if they are able to complain against either real or fancied abuses and express their views on the formation of policy and its operation. Watching and listening can lead the wise and willing into sensitive perception that may mean improvement.

We shall not reduce government. How can we make it better?

This is the subject of two detailed, on-the-spot studies by Walter Gellhorn of Columbia University Law School. The first, *When Americans Complain*, covers the United States. The second, *Ombudsmen and Others*, deals with Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, USSR, Yugoslavia, Japan, and New Zealand. Gellhorn confines his analysis to officially established watchdogs, or "ombudsmen": complaint-receivers and proposers of reform. He is not concerned with the detection of corrupt office-holders or with the work of private lobbies pursuing the interests of special groups.

The systems vary as much as the countries that have established them. Some have long histories; others are quite new. The Scandinavian nations have different rules governing both the numbers and powers of ombudsmen. Some may observe the military; others may not. Some may check on the courts; others may not. Their relationship to the government varies. In general, they have had marked success in overcoming the resistance and fears of civil servants, and have even become popular with them, since complainants frequently learn only from the ombudsmen of further remedies available to them. Further, they will take a negative answer and explanation from an ombudsman and stop griping about the supposed callousness of civil servants.

An ombudsman cannot issue an edict. He suggests, persuades, reports, even negotiates. And many cases can be remedied without the expense of a lawyer, a court appearance, and the rest of the elaborate machinery.

One must know Japan's history to understand why a large and accessible system of local complaint offices has not taught the Japanese to criticize public administrators. The one-party states (USSR, Poland, Yugoslavia) face special problems, because opposition as such is not tolerated; watchdogs have been supplied, since these governments are worrying about their public images. The single party is itself a watchdog, and the press is full of specific criticism, which is encouraged and is distinguished from

In the Beginning

By Norma Farber

GET up! said Mary to the three grown
men on their knees.
And since her child was newly born,
they rose, somewhat stiff, to please

the serious mother, who
was shooing assorted nosy
animals. Shoo! shoo!
that sniffed her infant's toes.

Sh! (with severity) It's too much
commotion for so small
a thing. Let him breathe. Don't touch!
O what a frightening stable-ful.

Go now, all of you. Let me raise
him as one among others, a regular
boy. Thanks for your praise,
and what you say about a star.
I mean—these first few days;
don't make me look too far.

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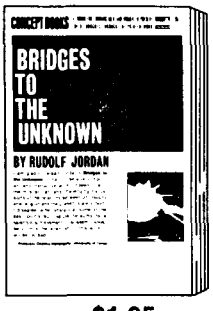

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opposition. All three countries have suffered from régimes where this distinction was not made. It appears easier to run quietly an economy of scarcity than one that is expanding.

In the United States we are given to complaint, and we have many avenues for this at various levels of government. Each member of Congress is given a staff in Washington and an office and staff in his district to work out details with the aggrieved. Every government department has a parallel staff which processes their questions speedily. No expense to the complainer is involved. These two sets of officials are eager to explain, to produce results if possible, and to avoid giving the opposition any ammunition. The General Accounting Office is not merely a Federal accountant supervising expenditures; half of its staff is deployed around the world examining the soundness and efficiency of operations. It is a respected diagnostician and therapist, and therefore effective. Farmers are chronic complainers the world over, and the new office of Inspector General in the Department of Agriculture appears to have the power to update a huge governmental instrument. And the Post Office, we are assured, is trying. Space precludes even a synopsis of Gellhorn's detailed analysis and evaluation of the critical and corrective process here and abroad.

The emotions aroused in the controversy over the civilian police review boards, and the recent overwhelming rejection of the idea by New York City, make it clear that great care must be exercised in the establishment of new machinery. There is now talk of an ombudsman, instead, in New York. Present feelings about whether minorities can obtain fair treatment are so deep and explosive that policemen and social and welfare officers often feel they are the ones who need protection. To be effective in such a situation an ombudsman would have to be free to hear complaints against a wide variety of public servants and policies. He would have to earn and enjoy the respect of those with the least education and economic opportunity—those most susceptible to disgruntlement. He would be taking on this country's number one current problem. No ombudsman elsewhere has yet faced so much. As Gellhorn observes in *Ombudsmen and Others*:

> For one who thinks in American terms, the ombudsman system seems a useful device for achieving interstitial reforms, for somewhat countering the impersonality, the insensitivity, the automaticity of bureaucratic methods, and for discouraging official arrogance. To rely on one man alone—or even on a few men—to dispense administrative wisdom in all fields, to provide social perspectives, to bind up personal wounds, and to guard the nation's civil liberties seems, on the other hand, an old-fashioned way of coping with the twentieth century. Ombudsmen, no matter how accomplished they may be, cannot replace all other mechanisms that make for governmental justice and wisdom. They must be viewed as supplementers of, not as substitutes for, legal controls.

"I'm rich, young and handsome. I've just asked you to leave your poor but hardworking husband to cruise the Mediterranean on my yacht. What would you say?"

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

MONEY AND INVESTMENT PROFITS. By A. Hamilton Bolton. Dow Jones-Irwin. $8.50.

YOUR INVESTMENTS: 1967 Edition. By Leo Barnes. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

ALWAYS KILL A STRANGER. By Robert L. Fish. Putnam. $3.95.

CALLIOPE REEF. By Howard Rigsby. Doubleday. $4.50.

WHAT SHOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT DYING? By Tobias Wells. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

METROPOLIS ON THE MOVE: Geographers Look at Urban Sprawl. Edited by Jean Gottman and Robert A. Harper. Wiley. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $3.45.

THE WRONG MAN IN UNIFORM: Our Unfair and Obsolete Draft—And How We Can Replace It. By Bruce K. Chapman. Trident. $3.95.

Essays

OF HUMAN FREEDOM. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Edited by Wade Baskin. Philosophical Library. $4.75.

THE TEMPER OF OUR TIME. By Eric Hoffer. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Fiction

THE ANCIENT POND. By Courtney Browne. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE ARCHDUKE. By Michael Arnold. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE. By Edwin Gilbert. Putnam. $5.95.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM IS FALLING DOWN. By David Lodge. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

BURN THEN, LITTLE LAMP. By Margaret Banister. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

JOHNNY COME JINGLE-O. By Richard B. Erno. Crown. $4.50.

THE LOVE DEPARTMENT. By William Trevor. Viking. $5.50.

THE MAN WHO GREW YOUNGER AND OTHER STORIES. By Jerome Charyn. Harper & Row. $4.95.

NOTES OF A HYPOCRITE. By Christiane Singer. Dutton. $3.95.

THE RAVISHING OF LOL STEIN. By Marguerite Duras. Grove. $3.95.

TAKE HANDS AT WINTER. By John Peter. Doubleday. $4.95.

Government, Politics

THE HISTORIAN AND THE DIPLOMAT: The Role of History and Historians in American Foreign Policy. Edited by Francis L. Loewenheim. Harper & Row. $6.95.

History

CHIHUAHUA: Storehouse of Storms. By Florence C. Lister and Robert H. Lister. Univ. of New Mexico Press. $6.50.

THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: An Account of the Twenty-two Defendants Before the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg. By Eugene Davidson. Macmillan. $12.50.

Literary Criticism

CELINE AND HIS VISION. By Erika Ostrovsky. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $7.95. Paperback, $2.25.

Miscellany

THE ART OF CASSEROLE COOKERY. By William I. Kaufman. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE ART OF SHAPING SHRUBS, TREES AND OTHER PLANTS. By Tatsuo and Kiyoko Ishimoto. Crown. $3.95.

A CHILD IS BORN. By Lennart Nilsson. Delacorte. $12.50.

Natural History

THE PLAINS OF CAMDEBOO. By Eve Palmer. Viking. $6.50.

Personal History

CLIMBING BLIND. By Colette Richard. Dutton. $4.50.

EDGAR CAYCE—THE SLEEPING PROPHET. By Jess Stearn. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE FURIOUS PASSAGE OF JAMES BALDWIN. By Fern Marja Eckman. Evans/Lippincott. $4.50.

VILLAGE OF THE OUTCASTS. By Robert M. Wulff. Doubleday. $4.95.

Poetry

THE POETRY OF VISION: Five Eighteenth-Century Poets. By Patricia Meyer Spacks. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.50.

Religion, Philosophy

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PHILOSOPHY. By John Passmore. Basic Books. $10.

JESUS OF THE PARABLES. By Eta Linnemann. Harper & Row. $4.95.

TREASURY OF THOUGHT: Observations Over Half a Century. By Dagobert D. Runes. Philosophical Library. $6.

Warfare

FIGHTING SHIPS. By Arch Whitehouse. Doubleday. $5.95.

A HISTORY OF WAR AND WEAPONS, 449-1660: English Warfare from the Anglo-Saxons to Cromwell. By A. V. B. Norman and Don Pottinger. Crowell. $6.95.

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No Crib for Their Beds

TWO anti-apron-string shows are *Bonanza* and *Run for Your Life* (NBC-TV), the protagonists in each series being unattached males. Paul Bryan, the hero of *Run for Your Life*, is an itinerant loner in the contemporary world. Ben Cartwright, the rancher in *Bonanza*, and his sons Hoss and Little Joe constitute, on their ranch, The Ponderosa, an all-male adult community. All year long, Bryan, on his cosmopolitan odysseys, and the Cartwrights, in their encounters with the good and evil of the old West, celebrate the freedom of the footloose male. No wife, sweetheart, or mother, except as a transient complication, casts even the shadow of a chain over their uninhibited masculine patterns of behavior.

Neither the loner, nor the ranchers, of course, have willed their Huck Finn condition of life. Television's world of fiction is ruled by a matriarchal deity who governs in the name of a gallery of home and hearth goddesses. Her subjects cannot defy the sign of the family without suffering appropriate stigmata. Paul Bryan's price for freedom is the alleged fact—never to come to evidence—that he is doomed in the vague future to die of some mysterious malady. The men of the Ponderosa have lost their wife and mother, and stumble along, making the best of their unfortunate circumstances, with the help of an excellent Chinese cook.

Actually, these gimmicks of the format are but ritual obeisances—sops to the female statistics in the national Nielsen sample. Paul Bryan is a hell-raiser—one week in Cairo, the next in Paris, the one after that in Monte Carlo, Switzerland, or Spain. He's handsome, has an unlimited Diners Club card, and sports a sad, haunted look in his eyes which magnetizes a dazzling variety of blondes, brunettes, and redheads in the most remote and romantic chateaus, chalets, and bistros. The Cartwrights, after their idiom, have their occasional charges of code-approved sex; but in the essentially womanless tradition of the cowboy, they get their kicks out of riding, shoot-'em-up, and red-blooded Hollywood brawls.

Comes Christmas, and *Bonanza* and *Run for Your Life* have their troubles. The gestalt of the holiday is motherhood, the family, the silver cord. The dominant theme is tender togetherness—in stable, suburb, or slum. The tree, the feast, the eggnog, and carols all enshrine the busy little woman, aglow over her brood. Once a year Bryan and the Cartwrights have to break that Christmas barrier, and it is one of a television viewer's small pleasures to watch them do it. The trick is two-fold: 1) Each program does a "soft show"—no sex or violence, just deep, soul-satisfying sentiments (the sponsor demands it); 2) they summon to the bar of justice the qualities they celebrate all year, condemn them, declare them heresy, and swear fealty to Jurgen's slippers.

Bryan, in his pre-Christmas show, was stranded at an American airport on his way to Christmas dinner (the homing touch). He passed time with a taxi driver who had walked out on his wife and child nine years before. The taxi driver, outwardly, was exultant and unattached; inwardly, he felt guilty. Bryan maneuvered him into the admission that his wife had remarried, his son was a fine growing boy, and that, in escaping the matrimonial trap, he had fallen into the more pathetic pit of rootless loneliness. The story was a grim object lesson for the marriage dropout. Sunday with the Cartwrights, before Christmas, also used a scapegoat, this time a step-father who would have nothing to do with making a home for his wife's deaf-mute little boy. The villain was shot by a Mexican policeman; and mother and child were temporarily taken in at the Ponderosa.

Fathers, beware, said the programs—not so subliminally to the male viewers—don't get fancy notions of running away from the wife and kiddies. Stick to that job, bring home your paycheck, hand it over to Mama, and let her buy the rewards of abundance and faithfulness – detergents, deodorants, hair-sprays, and breakfast foods, chronometers, cars, and refrigerators. Steer away from the back alleys. Stick to the fireside and the tree-lined street that leads to the supermarket.

And so *Bonanza* and *Run for Your Life* have left Christmas 1966 behind them. Their heroes have exorcized their masculine guilt and are off for another year of no-home-barred adventures. Mother and daughter in the television audience will suffer as the men slip away from the boundaries of bosoms, but what a bonanza for Daddy as he, week after week, runs from his wife. From Paris and the Ponderosa issues a fervent: "Thank God, Christmas comes but once a year!"

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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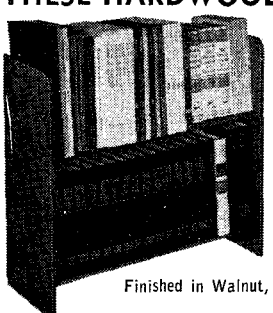

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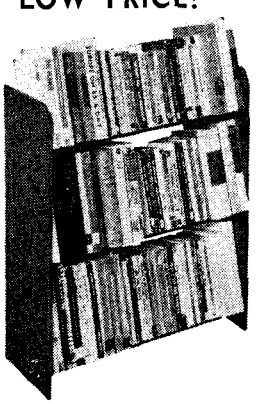

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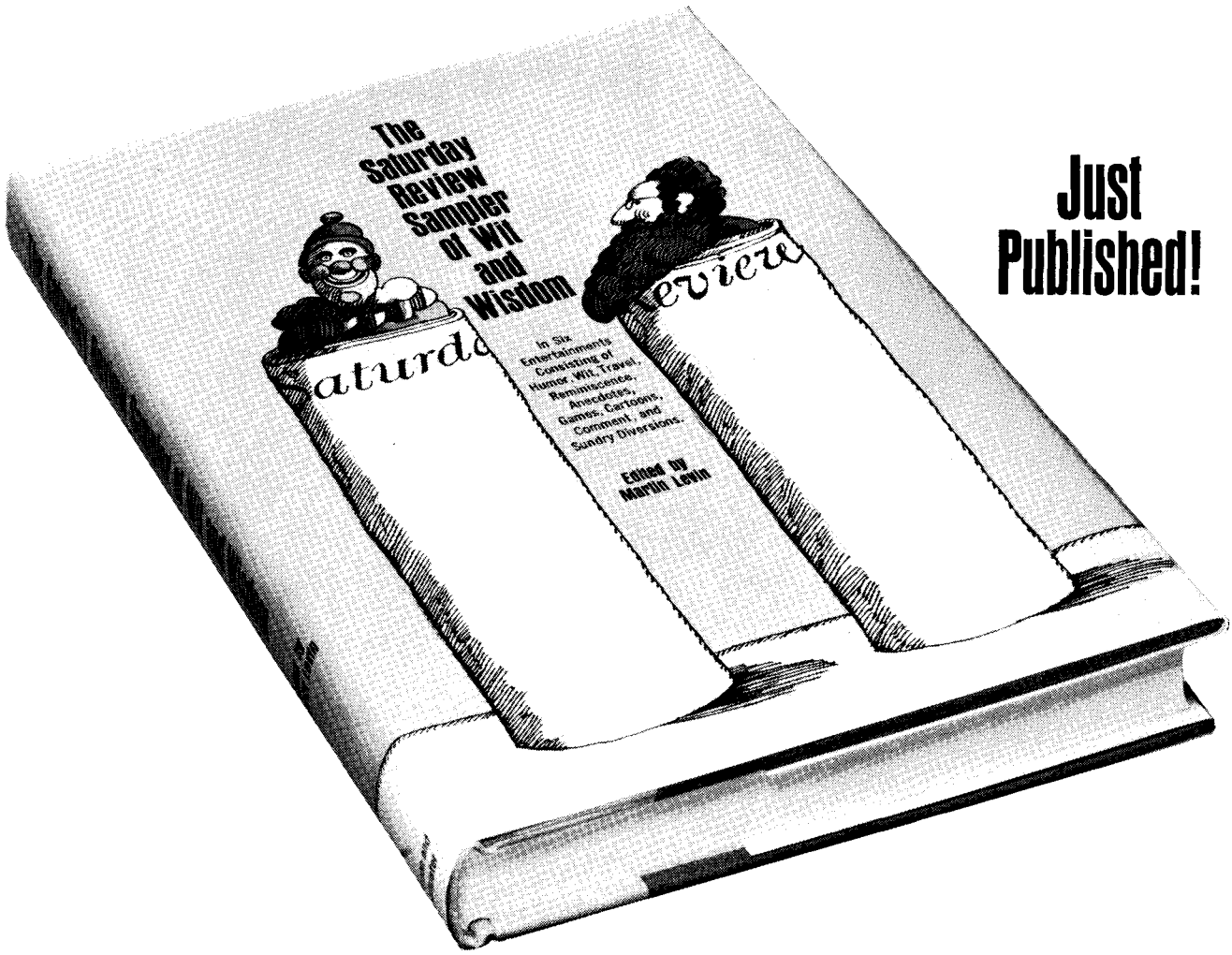
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If you must visit a castle when you're in Europe visit one where something is happening.

In a lot of European castles all you'll do is walk through drafty corridors, look at faded portraits of people you don't know, and see the room where the family ghost appears whenever you're not there. Interesting maybe, but not very lively.

But five miles outside Stockholm stands Drottningholm Palace, one of the world's last *living* castles. Here things that happened several centuries ago are *still* happening. It houses the only 18th century court theater that still does what it was built to do in 1766–give performances of 18th century operas and ballets.

The theater's original wooden stage machinery still raises and lowers the sets during Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," just as it did when Mozart was alive. The world's largest collection of 18th century stage settings is here, not behind glass but on stage, where at one time you had to be a duke, or better, to see it.

About the only concession to modern times has been the addition of electric lights, and that merely to keep you from getting candle drippings on your head.

After the performance you can lounge around the palace grounds and engage the cast in some enlightening 20th century conversation about 18th century things.

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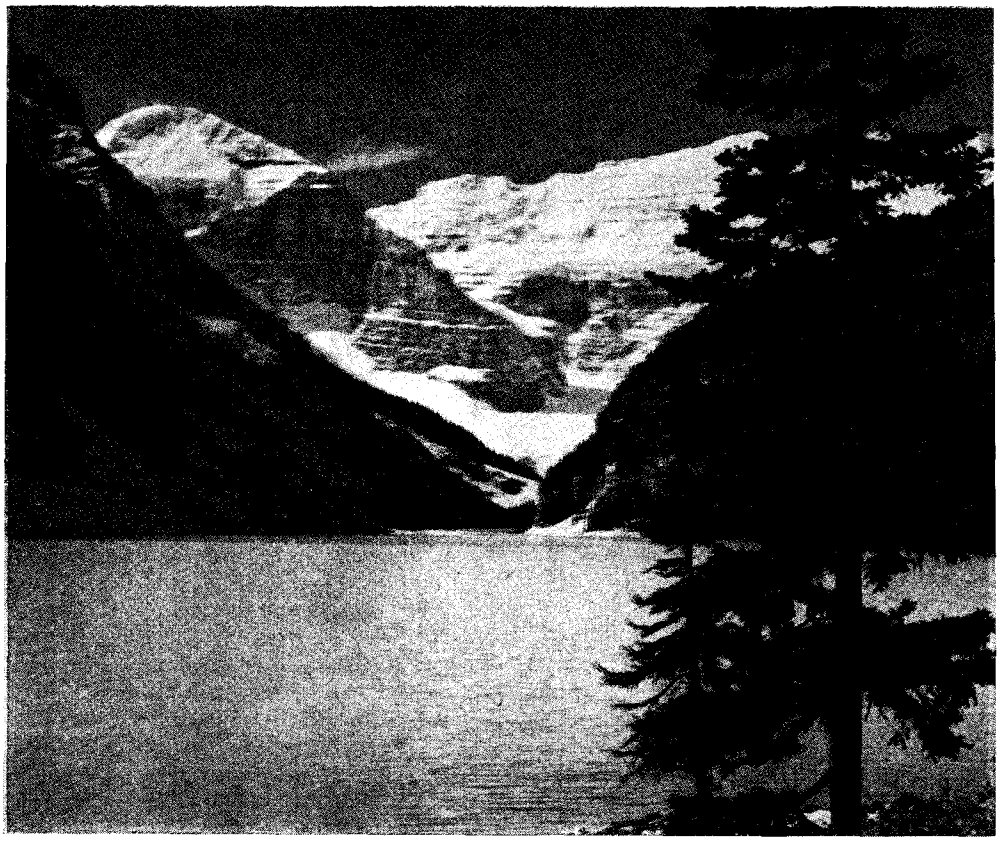
INTERNATIONAL TOURIST YEAR 1967



—*Ewing Krainin.*

Lake Louise, Banff, Alberta.

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WELL, HERE WE ALL ARE, absolutely fagged from the 1,000th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, and what's upon us? Parties, parties, parties. Faced with this year's list of commemorative events, a veteran journeyman could do very little else than summon thoughts of the anniversary that inspired a parody popular a few years ago, though not in my house. It went, "Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed/I needed a wife like a hole in the head."

The citizen venturing across his own threshold, passport in hand this year, needs another anniversary like he needs a hole in his suitcase. The way it goes nowadays, the travel directors whose job it is to deliver bodies to the territory which employs them hire owl-eyed historians to search the ancient almanacs for hint of a forthcoming anniversary that could legitimately—that's too strong a word—plausibly, be foisted on the public. Thus we are likely to find ourselves lured to some alien shore, frolicking in a fiesta staged to punctuate the 37th anniversary of the invention of Burma Shave in Rangoon or the 312th anniversary of the discovery of the Bagel in Vienna.

In the year upon us we are faced with celebrations in honor of the 1,000th year of the founding of Baghdad, the 900th anniversary of the founding of Minsk, the 800th anniversary of the establishment

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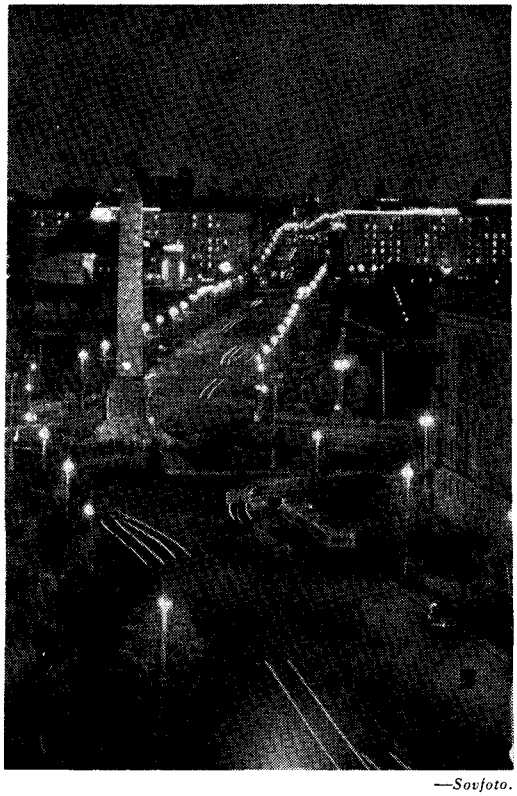
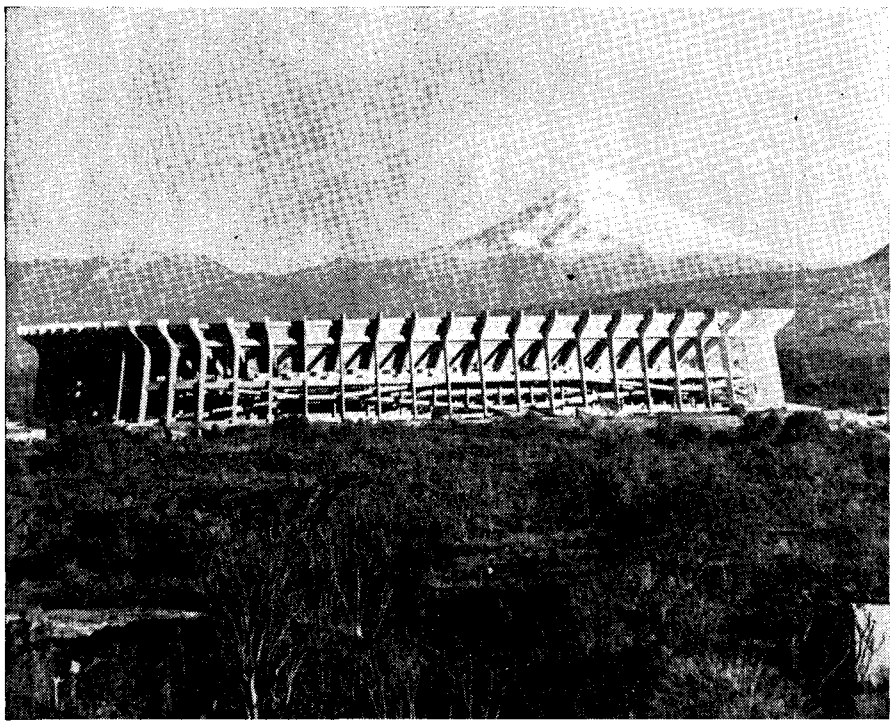
—Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum).

Baghdad—The city of the *Arabian Nights*, now a bustling metropolis, celebrates its 1,000th anniversary (see box, page 74).



—Sovfoto.

Victory Square, Minsk—What more apt name for a plaza in this capital of Byelorussia, whose 900-year history has been marked by many invasions (see box, page 98).



—Mexican Tourist Office.

Aztec Stadium, Mexico City—On the 450th anniversary of the arrival of the Conquistadores, Mexico prepares for another major event: the 1968 Olympics (see box, page 59).

of Copenhagen, the 450th anniversary of the arrival of the Conquistadores (that counts, too) in Mexico, the 400th anniversary of the founding of Caracas, the 100th anniversary of the confederation of Canada, the 100th anniversary of the purchase of Alaska, and the 50th anniversaries—in their disparate cultures—of the independence of Finland, the Russian revolution, and the Apparition of the Virgin at Fatima.

In giving due attention to as many of these events as possible, we have commissioned a number of articles using the anniversary as a point of reference for a new look at the city, nation, shrine, or state in question. We ran into some trouble here, and some fears have beset us. For instance, were we to have an article on Minsk, would we be petitioned for equal space from Pinsk, to say nothing of Omsk? Then there was the problem with Baghdad. We couldn't find anyone who wanted to write about it. And when a lieutenant called the two separate offices that represent the Mexicans in tourism, neither one of them knew that Mexico was celebrating a 450th anniversary. Possibly the information is only for export.

ON the pages that follow, however, the birthday of Caracas is lovingly noted by Teodoro Moscoso, the Ambassador to Venezuela under President Kennedy, who later made him coordinator for the Alliance for Progress. A Puerto Rican, he lives in San Juan, and is now chairman of the Commonwealth Oil Refining Company. Two Pulitzer prizewinners contribute anniversary greetings, Marc Connelly and Homer Bigart. Mr. Connelly, who appears frequently in SR, is, of course, the famed playwright, better known in Copenhagen, about which he writes, as a dedicated Danophile and partisan of Aalborg Akvavit. Mr. Bigart, who won the Pulitzer twice, is a correspondent for *The New York Times*, on whose behalf he visited Alaska last summer. Marvin Kalb, presently diplomatic correspondent in Washington for CBS, was that network's Moscow correspondent, and, before that, a press attaché in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. He is the author of the book, *The Volga—a Political Journey Through Russia*, which Macmillan will publish in March.

Somewhat new to journalism is His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York. He is, however, no newcomer to Fátima, a shrine to which he has led several tours of the faithful. Not at all new to journalism is Lord Thomson of Fleet, who was born in Toronto to a poor family, quit school at fourteen, and now controls 130 newspapers, a few dozen TV and radio stations, 150 magazines, two book publishing houses, two package travel businesses, and an airline. He was created a Baron on the New Year's Honor List of 1963. For SR, Lord Thomson looks back, as a good homeland boy should, on Canada in this, its centennial year. The U.N. is commemorating, too—in this case, International Tourist Year—and some reflections on that matter have been set down by the local caretaker.

—H.S.

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WHAT CHANCE THE TOURIST?

By HORACE SUTTON

THE U.N., apparently noting results in some corners of its domain and potentialities in others, has ordained 1967 as International Tourist Year. Like the promoters who are responsible for National Crabapple Month and American Doughnut Week, the U.N. will advance the cause of international travel this year by advertising its benefits to the member nations.

After studying an elaborate statement of aims done in three languages and four colors by the International Union of Official Travel Organizations, the U.N. has approved the spirit of a slogan originally broached by the European Travel Commission which suggests that "tourism is the passport to peace."

As an epigram, it is catchy, but it is no less glib to say that it is also the passport to pipe dreams. What the nations of the world might better be told is not so much that tourism is the passport to peace, but that war, even in its milder forms—conflict, fracas, and riot—is the death certificate of tourism. What chance has the tourist when hostilities erupt between Israel and the Arabs, Indonesia and Malaysia, India and Pakistan, India and China; or when overblown national pride forces a strain between Spain and Britain over Gibraltar, Taiwan and France over Peking, Cambodia and the U.S. over Vietnam, and even France and the United States over money, military bases, and conflicting spheres of influence?

What can be expected of that poor little man with his suitcase and his souvenirs if Syria raids Israel and Israel raids Jordan in retaliation; if there are years when Sukarno refuses to join athletic contests with the team from Israel because his nation has a Moslem majority, albeit a watery form of Islam, and Pakistan seconds the motion? What kind of peace can tourists bring if Sihanouk talks like a Mattel doll when Peking pulls the string, and national hostilities are stoked in Cambodia, closing off Angkor Wat? Or authorities in Canton signal a Communist youth riot in Macao? One can only wonder if Hong Kong will be next.

IT could even be argued that travel, at least the way the Russians play it, could be an invitation to trouble. It is difficult to forget the sorry plight of Newcomb Mott, an American arrested for illegal border crossing a year ago, who somehow, in some still unexplained way, had his throat slit on the way to a Soviet prison camp. The penalty was to have been eighteen months at hard labor. And deep in November 1966, on the very eve of International Tourist Year, my newspaper one night carried a six-column headline which read, IMPRISONED AMERICANS WAIT TRIAL IN RUSSIA. Buel Wortham, twenty-five, of North Little Rock, Arkansas, and Craddock Gilmour, twenty-four, of Salt Lake City, were arrested at the Finnish border when a small bronze bear, filched from a hotel in Leningrad, was found in their luggage. Suddenly other charges of currency improprieties were leveled, although they had not been mentioned until the young men were at the border and the bear was discovered. The maximum penalty for each of the tourists: eight years in prison. What chance is there for tourism if the Soviet Union orders a pilot to make an unscheduled landing in Prague enroute from Moscow to the West so the Czech police can arrest an American travel agent wanted on political charges dating back to 1948 before he left Czechoslovakia? Who indeed, in this kind of climate, will travel to Moscow, travel to Prague, or set foot aboard Aeroflot, whose planes will soon be landing in New York on regularly scheduled flights?

THE U.N., having discovered tourism as the Tiger Balm for all ills, recites a list of elementary benefits and blessings. Tourism will, it said, bring an influx of wealth to poorer regions, raise the standard of living, establish a new economic and social balance, and elevate "the physical and moral well-being of all people everywhere." Sure, sure.

What must be recognized by the United Nations is that tourism is one thing and the direction of the government is another; those placed in charge of the former have little influence on those in charge of the latter. When French tourism sagged, those running the program scratched for ideas to ease the tensions. But that had no effect on

(*Continued on page* 106)

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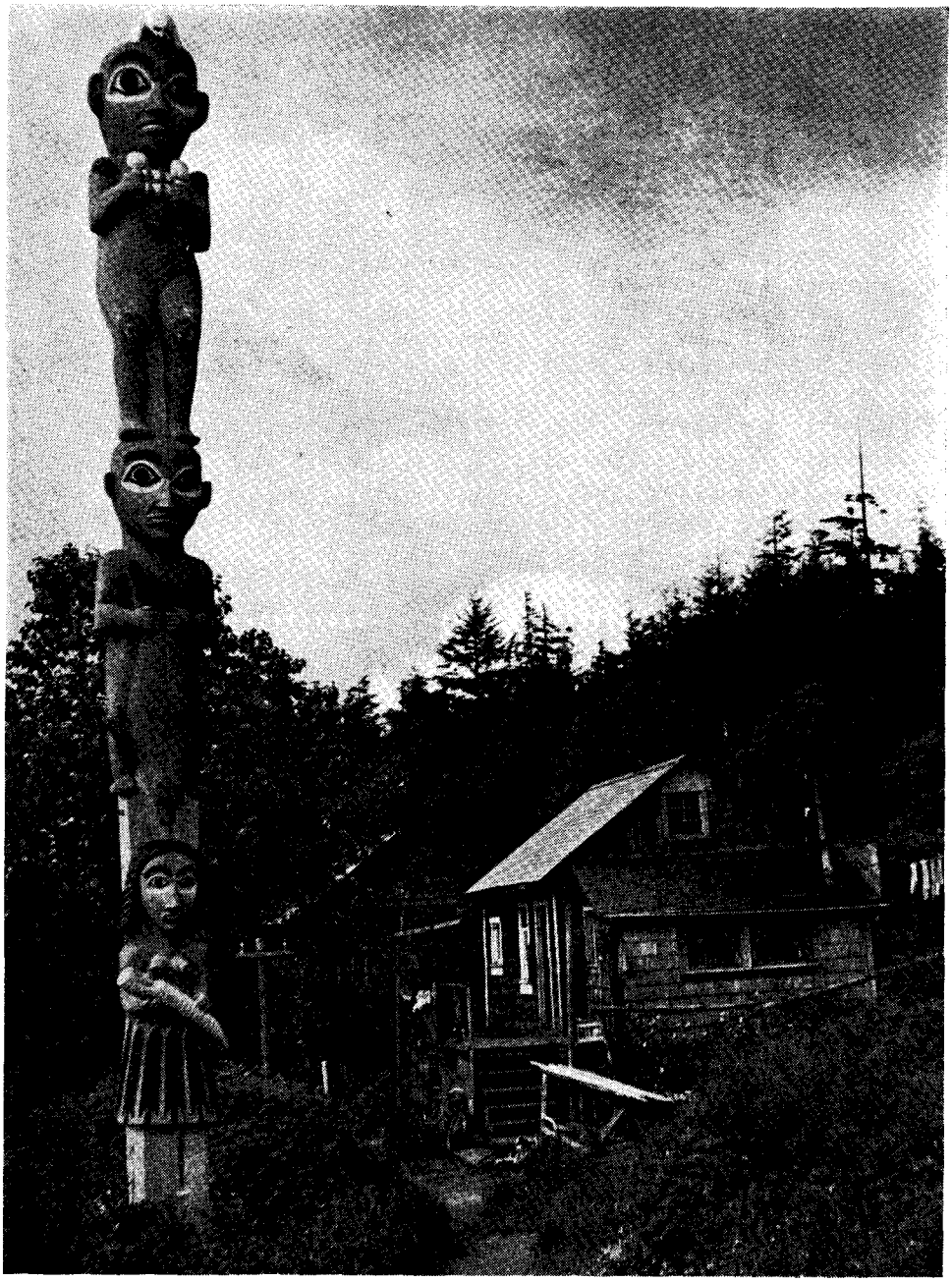
A CENTURY BETWEEN JOHNSONS

By HOMER BIGART



—*Three Lions.*

Totem Pole at Haida village of Klawock, Prince of Wales Island, S.E. Alaska

EVERY TIME the United States concludes a deal with Russia, a considerable element of the population insists that our government has played sucker to the Muscovites. The no-win cry was first raised here long before the Communists took over Russia; it was sounded way back in 1867 when that other Johnson, Andrew, was President. The occasion was the purchase of Russian America for $7,000,000 plus $200,000 for "expenses." Secretary of State William H. Seward, an ardent expansionist, was sure he had picked up one of history's greatest real estate bargains. But public reaction was violent. The new acquisition, Alaska, was denounced as Seward's Folly, Seward's Icebox, Walrussia, Icebergia, Polaria, and Johnson's Polar Bear Garden. (Andrew's, not Lyndon's.)

A century has passed between the Johnsons. Today Alaska has a population of about 250,000 in an area more than twice the size of Texas. Most of it is wilderness—the last great virgin wilderness in America. It is a land of clean, exhilarating air and of unpolluted rivers. If local boosters and Babbitts can be restrained in their clamor for industrial development, this wilderness eventually will attract a tourist bonanza surpassing all the gold ever taken from Alaskan soil. But developers are impatiently eyeing the heart of the wilderness—the Yukon Flats. They want to drown this silent, empty land with an enormous hydroelectric works at Rampart Canyon, a project that would destroy a vast wildlife range and what is perhaps the continent's finest breeding ground for waterfowl.

How Alayeska, an Aleut word meaning "The Great Land," fell into our hand is a tableau of manifest destiny, which is stirring to all expansionists. The Russians had wanted to get rid of Alaska. In the years since Vitus Bering, a Danish explorer hired by Peter the Great, discovered the Alaska mainland in 1741, the Russians had exploited the fur trade to

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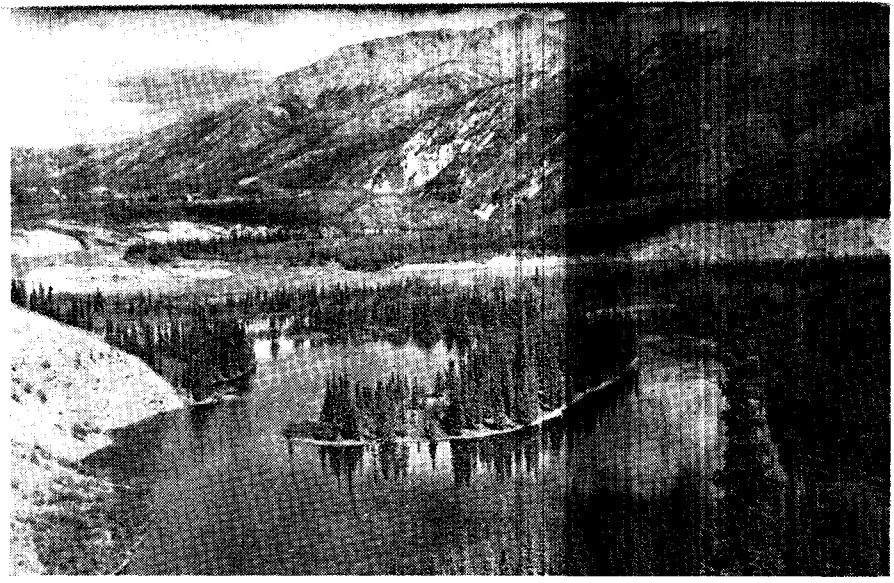
the point where the most coveted skins were almost extinct. There also was a more compelling reason: Quarrels with the British over trading rights threatened a war that Russia was most anxious to avoid. And the United States, with its rapid westward expansion, was already sounding belligerent; in 1823, John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State in the Monroe Administration, warned Russia that Americans would tolerate no colonial extensions on this hemisphere, a principle restated a few months later in the Monroe Doctrine.

Secretary Seward, the hero of the tableau, was playing whist in his parlor on the night of March 29, 1867, when the Russian Minister in Washington, Baron Edouard de Stoeckl, was announced. There had been some secret tentative discussions about the cession of Alaska, and now Stoeckl said he had received a message from the Czar consenting to negotiations. Pushing away the whist table, Seward cried: "Why wait until tomorrow? Let us make the treaty tonight!" Lamps burned late in the State Department. Seward had offered $5,000,000. Stoeckl asked $7,000,000. Stoeckl stood by his figure. Seward finally agreed and the draft treaty was signed at 4 a.m.

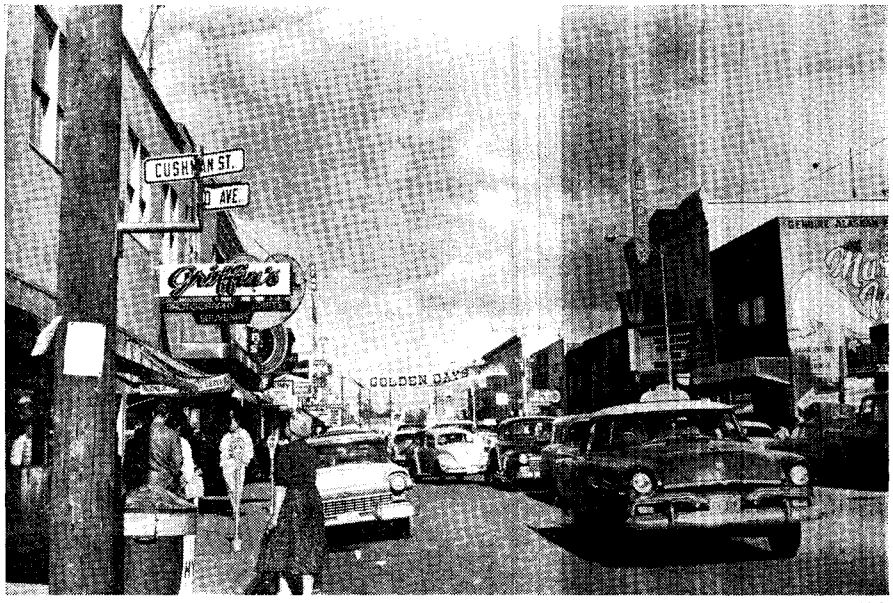
Unfortunately, the deal needed Congressional approval. Substantial opposition developed. Seward, instead of arguing the merits of the bargain claimed that rejection of the treaty would be an act of base ingratitude, a gauche rebuff to Czar Alexander II, whose friendly neutrality toward the North in the American Civil War some had considered to have checkmated British and French tendencies to support the South. Senate ratification was narrowly achieved on April 9, 1867, and the flag was raised over Sitka that October. But almost a year passed before the House of Representatives grudgingly voted the money. Baron Stoeckl reportedly helped grease the appropriation bill through the House by bribing a few key Congressmen and a section of the press. Not all the papers were helpful. "Russia has sold us a sucked orange," declared the New York *World*. "An ice house, a worthless desert," sniffed the New York *Herald*.

WAS Alaska really worth $7,200,000? Without robust infusions of federal defense spending, the 49th state probably would be bankrupt today. Alaska has never attained a stable economy. Alternate periods of boom and bust have marked its progress under the American flag. First there were decades of utter neglect. For years there were no courts. Not until 1884 was civil government formed. The Gold Rush revived interest in Alaska, but it was 1912 before the area was accorded territorial status. By that time the flush of gold fever was al-



—*Three Lions.*

Horseshoe Lake—part of the backdrop to Mt. McKinley.



—*H.S.*

Fairbanks—"The grandeur of the coast is not reflected in the inland towns."

Chilly harem—Bull fur seals and their mates are a leading tourist attraction.

—*Three Lions.*

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ready fading and fishing was replacing mining as the major industry.

World War II gave Alaska its biggest boom. When Japan grabbed two lonely outpost islands in the Aleutians, Attu and Kiska, the United States reacted in panic, diverting to Alaska men, materials, and shipping that could have been put to better use in other theaters. Washington's miscalculation that the Japanese were beginning an invasion of the whole Territory did produce one lasting benefit: the Alaskan Highway, a badly needed communication link between the Territory and the "lower 48," hurriedly built as a defense measure.

Construction of air defenses against Soviet Russia in the cold war era kept the territorial economy going. The coming of statehood in 1959, after years of agitation, spurred development. But the

—*Three Lions.*

Like mules in Missouri—A bear crossing the road is a familiar sight.

catastrophic earthquake of March 27, 1964, caused millions of dollars of damage in southern Alaska and required another outpouring of federal aid.

Tourism, stimulated by the Alaskan Highway, has been given another boost by the inauguration a few years ago of a comfortable car ferry system between Prince Ruppert, British Columbia, and Skagway, Alaska. These car ferries offer the best entry to Alaska: via the Inside Passage, the island-sheltered 450-mile route from Prince Ruppert to Skagway. It's a two-day trip ($99 per car, $30 per passenger), and cabins are available.

On a clear day, the Passage is beautiful. It weaves through the Alexander Archipelago, a maze of steep, forested islands that reminds one of the Dalmatian Coast. But these shores are far more rugged than the Adriatic coastline, and the towns are few and lonely. The channel is often so narrow that one has the illusion of sailing up a wilderness stream, an illusion sustained by the swift currents and floating logs. Beyond Juneau the mountains become higher. Fiords cut deeply into the Coastal Range; cataracts tumble down from lofty snowfields; and the glistening face of a tidal glacier is occasionally seen far up some lonely arm of the sea.

Unhappily, the voyage has a few jarring drawbacks. Someone in the Alaska Department of Public Works apparently thought that the grandeur and solitude of the scenery might oppress the tourists. So loud music, usually of the rock 'n' roll variety, is piped to every deck, salon, and corridor. There is no refuge; the insistent din riots through the stateroom walls. Also, this southeast panhandle of Alaska—called the "Banana Belt" because of its mild winters—is very very wet. The Kuroshio, the warm current from Japan that brings the mildness, also breeds the moisture-laden winds that dump excessive rainfall (150 inches annually at Ketchikan, 90 at Juneau) on this coast. Mist and fog often obliterate the scenery, and on such a day the tourist, plugging his ears against the frugging music, might just as well get loaded at the bar.

The grandeur of the coast seems not to have inspired Americans to build attractive communities there. Panhandle towns, especially Juneau, the capital, are as dismal as mining communities in Appalachia. One of the few interesting buildings in the whole state once was St. Michael's Orthodox Church in Sitka, a relic of the Russian era. But St. Michael's, a severely plain structure, painted white, with a green roof, steeple, and bulbous dome, was destroyed by fire last January.

North of the Panhandle and two time zones to the West are Anchorage and Fairbanks, the Nos. 1 and 2 cities of Alaska in population. Both boast a few runty skyscrapers, but generally they are flat, dusty, and unattractive. Anchorage offers some plush hotel accommodations, penthouse cocktail bars, and some reasonably good restaurants, one of them called, discouragingly, the Garden of Eatin'.

Fairbanks, deep in the interior, 150 miles below the Arctic Circle, has short, warm summers and long, brutally cold winters, with temperatures sometimes dropping to sixty-six below. The Alaskan interior is semi-arid—annual precipitation in Fairbanks is only about twelve inches a year—yet the country in summer looks green and lush. That is because the permafrost—the frozen subsoil—prevents any runoff, trapping the snowmelt so that the flatlands are dotted with thousands of lakes, ponds, and sloughs, all of them exhaling blizzards of mosquitos in June and July. Cans of insect repellent are a must. Between Fairbanks and Anchorage is the Mount McKinley National Park, reachable by the Denali Highway. This gravel road crosses prime moose and bear country, and tourists who have endured long, dull stretches of the Alaskan Highway without seeing even a snowshoe rabbit can usually observe some big game foraging near the highway.

MOST tourists turn back after visiting Anchorage and Fairbanks, disappointed because nothing they have seen quite fits the Frozen North stereotype. They have missed the Arctic area beyond the Yukon; they have not seen the Brooks Range, the least explored mountains on the continent; they have missed the endless tundras of the Arctic slope.

They could have flown by airliner to Nome, to Kotzebue, even to Barrow, the Eskimo town with the Arctic ice pack at its front door. There are now regular summer tours to these outposts, which, it must be admitted, already contain tourist traps. Acculturization of the natives is progressing at a dizzy speed. Teen-age Eskimos frug to juke box music in the tearooms. Eskimo business men display on their desks such examples of Rotarian wit as MY DECISION IS MAYBE AND THAT'S FINAL.

Outside the towns lies the empty wilderness. The best way to savor its rawness is to fly a bush plane. There are thousands of bush pilots in Alaska and they can put down almost anywhere in little single-engine planes equipped with floats in summer and

(*Continued on page* 100)

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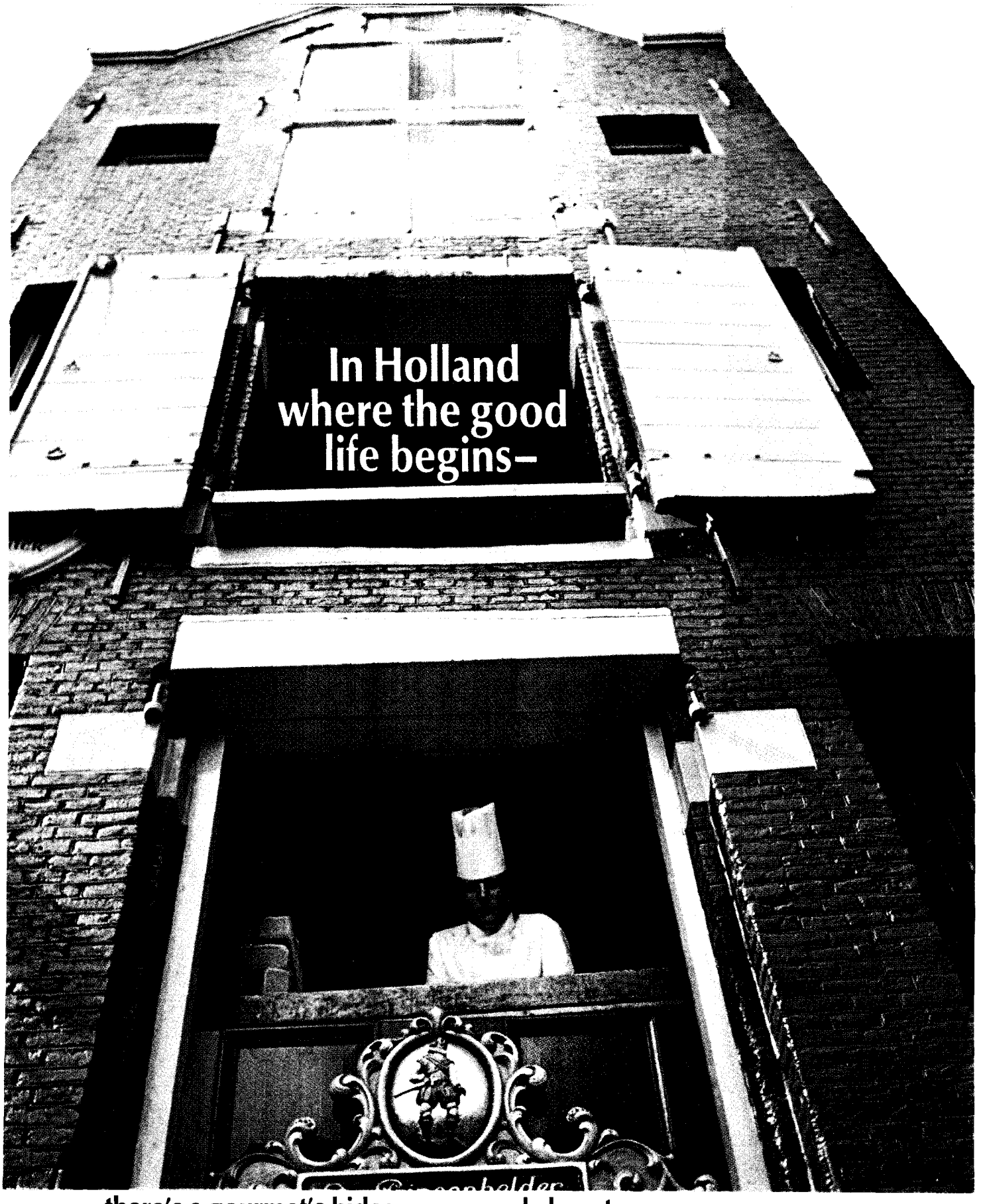

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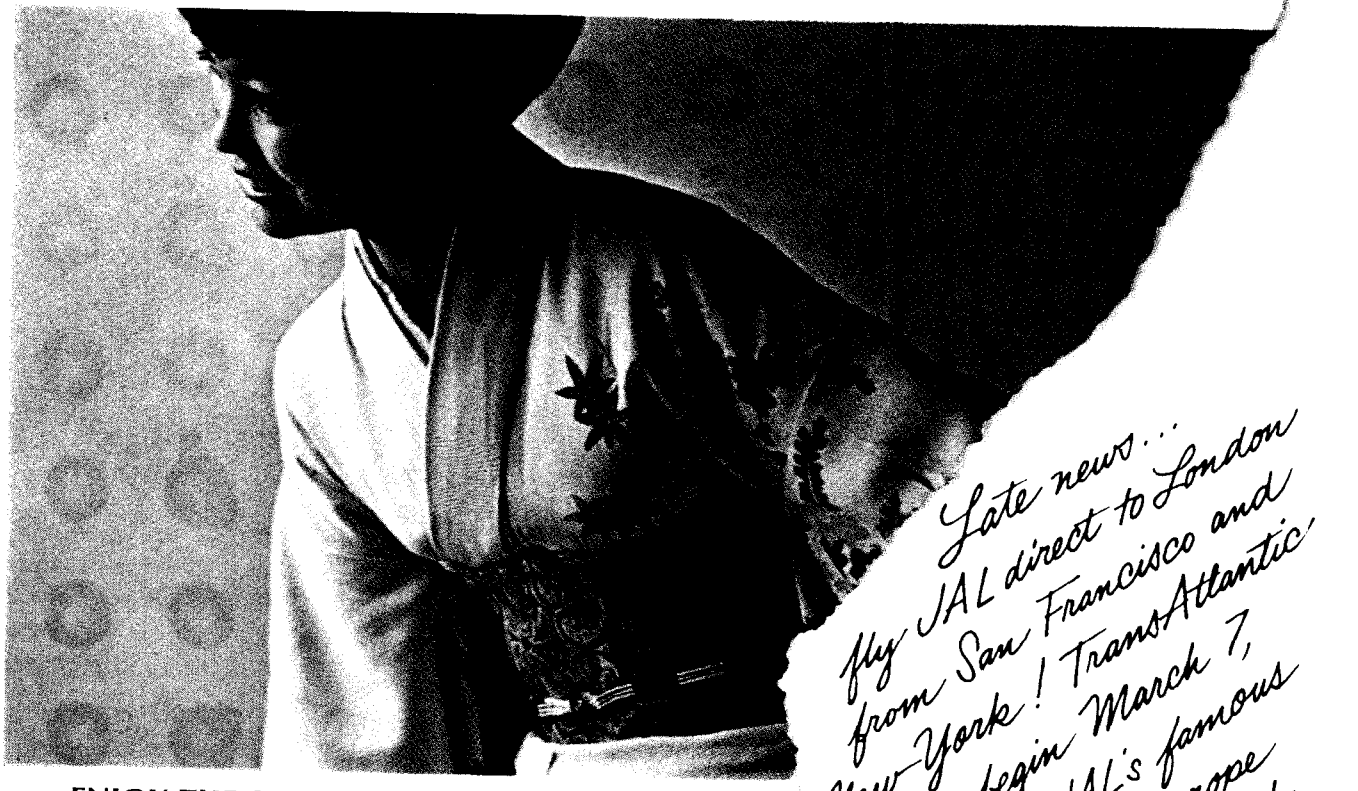

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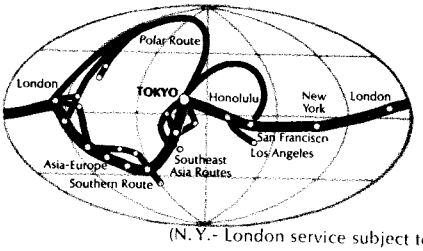

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—*H.S.*

St. Basil's—Built in the time of Ivan the Terrible, it is an outstanding monument of Russian national art.

SOVIET UNION'S 50th

IS RUSSIA A TOURIST COUNTRY?

By MARVIN KALB

This is a hard climate, and an American finds many things to try his patience, and but few that are capable of winning his affections.

THERE ARE days when I profoundly agree with Neill S. Brown's observation, even though it is 114 years old. He was the American Minister to the Czarist Court of Saint Petersburg in 1853. The climate is hard, even now, and the Russians have a perfectly magical way of trying your patience—in fact, tying it up in knots. Bolshevism only added ideology to an old Russian pastime. Besides, after you have enjoyed the Bolshoi Ballet, marveled at the Moscow Art Theater, and eaten caviar for breakfast four days in a row, what else is there? Comparatively speaking, the food is poor, the service is slow, the beds are lumpy, the language is impossible, the bureaucracy is maddening, and, yes, the system is dictatorial.

Is Russia tourist country? Definitely not!

Yet there are days when I disagree with Brown and myself. For even if Russia is not tourist country, it is a country which ought to be visited by tourists—as many as Russia's strained facilities and suspicious ideology will allow. There are several reasons for my seemingly contradictory opinion.

The Soviet Union is one of the most important, most powerful, and most fascinating countries in the world. For Americans it is especially vital to understand Russia because it is the only country on earth with the nuclear capacity to destroy the United States. It is the fountainhead of an ideology that remains hostile to the bourgeois world even though it is eroding within its own world. It is a cultural and geopolitical hybrid—a sprawling nation of 225 million people standing like a Goliath astride Asia and Europe, yearning for the West but pulled toward the East. It is a nation of vast contradictions. The wonders of space-age science, for example, are explored within the political confines of a nineteenth-century doctrine. Finally, Russia has become involved in a political romance with America. It is a romance both nations deny and both nations encourage.

As China grows more erratic, baffling the "barbarians" with political purges and revolutionary upheavals, the Chinese have slowly replaced the Russians in the American mind as the principal strategic threat to American interests, the larger problem beyond Vietnam, the "yellow menace" so infinitely more dangerous than the "red menace." China has become The Enemy. Russia has become a potential ally against China. Romantic rationalizations follow easily on the heels of strategic necessity. After all, Russia and America are essentially white nations, both products of the Judeo-

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—N. C.

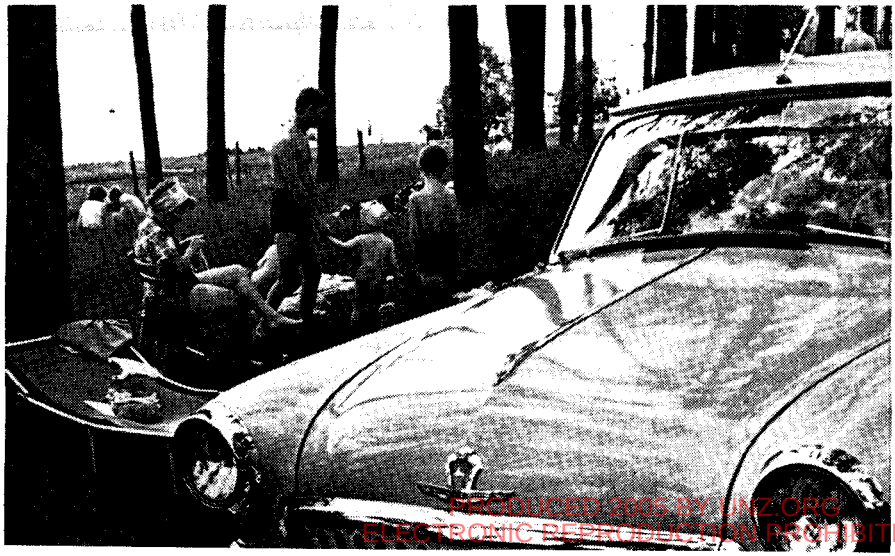
Along the Neva at Leningrad—All city dwellers love to look across a river.

—S. Hurok

Maya Plisetskaya—Russia does not always present such an attractive face.

Picnic near Moscow—Sometimes it's hard to tell Russians from Americans.

—Sovfoto.



Christian civilization. They share similar past experiences: America conquered the West, Russia conquered Siberia. They have fought common enemies. Both love to laugh at the same things. By comparison, China is beyond the pale, a snarling, thrashing dragon that cares little about the consequences of nuclear war.

It is a pleasing romance. I happen to think it is more fanciful dream than fact, but I welcome the chance to be convinced that I am wrong by Americans who have had the first-hand experience of a long Russian journey. A short journey, while fleetingly rewarding, will not do. It can leave you so enamored of the Bolshoi Ballet that you think all Russians have the talent and grace of a Plisetskaya; or it can leave you so infuriated at Intourist's bureacracy that you think all Russians are unthinking *chinovniki*. Neither impression is fair.

Russia is a complicated country, deserving deep study and long exposure. Generally it is not fun for an American. It is more like medicine: necessary sometimes and, who knows, it may even come cherry-flavored. I do not regret a single day spent in the Soviet Union, and I have lived there on and off for more than four years since 1956. It is an intriguing nation, which this year celebrates fifty years of Communist rule.

When the Bolsheviks seized power in the fall of 1917, Russia was a painfully backward country, suffocating emotionally and economically under an authoritarian Czarist government. In those days, it was certainly not tourist country. Russian armies were suffering substantial losses fighting the Germans on the Western front. Russian industry, small to begin with, was grinding to a stop. Russian peasants were exploding in angry protest against centuries of grievances. They burned down estates and seized lands. Soldiers began to desert the army to join in the looting. Czarist power cracked under the pressure. In March 1917, moderate Russian politicians, led by a young attorney named Alexander Kerensky, grabbed the banner of authority which had been dropped in despair by Nicholas II. Within seven months, Lenin had snapped it from Kerensky, and the red flag of Communism was raised on top of the bulbous domes of the Kremlin.

Every year, on November 7, the Communists celebrate this historic event. Soldiers and citizens march past a reviewing stand in Red Square. First Lenin and Trotsky waved to them, and they waved back. Then, after Lenin's death and Trotsky's banishment, Stalin mounted the reviewing stand. For the next twenty-nine November 7ths, the short, pockmarked Georgian acknowledged the applause of the masses with

(*Continued on page* 102)

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Hotel Europa, with tower of town hall in background—"Whether you spend a lot of money or a little, Denmark offers felicities you don't encounter elsewhere."

MAYORS, MORENO, AND A MARRIAGE

By MARC CONNELLY

THESE days if a stranger in Denmark merely murmurs that he would like to meet some Danes socially, he might receive invitations to lunches, dinners, and even weekends. Eight centuries ago the response to his overtures would more likely have been a poleaxe, especially if he was a Wend. The twelfth-century Dane had good reason to feel chilly toward Wends. For years they had been popping over from their island fortresses in the Baltic and making free with everything they encountered.

When Valdemar I became king of Denmark in 1158, a third of his realm had been depopulated and laid waste by Wendish freebooters. The Wends operated in the name of such pagan gods as the seven-headed Rügievit. Valdemar, a Christian, dispatched his friend, Bishop Absalon, to end both the devastation and paganism. Within a few years Absalon climaxed a thorough job when he entered Garz, the Wends' fortress capital, accompanied only by another bishop and twelve housecarls, and after passing through a double row of 6,000 Wendish warriors pulled the statue of Rügievit from its temple, had it hewn down, dragged forth, and burned. Following the bonfire he baptized the whole population of Garz and laid the foundations of twelve churches. Part of Valdemar's thanks consisted of the gift of that part of Zealand on which Copenhagen stands. The city sprang up about the castle that Absalon erected there in 1167.

This year Copenhagen is going to celebrate its 800th birthday. The party will begin officially on June 14, when the mayors of a hundred foreign cities—ten from North America—will be treated to banquets, torchlight parades, fireworks, and other high jinks. On June 16, down the middle of Strøget, the shopping street open only to pedestrians, there will be a mile-long table at which visitors can sit down for refreshments. Beer will be served in commemorative glasses shaped like ancient drinking horns. After you have paid for your beer you may take the glass home as a souvenir.

Heretofore the Tivoli, that lively grandfather of all amusement parks, has always closed for the season on the last Sunday preceding September 15. This year it will stay open a week longer so that visitors can enjoy added attractions which will include performances of a new ballet with Copenhagen's history as its theme. From August 20 to September 2, an athletic congress about as inclusive as an Olympiad will draw entrants from all over the world. The competition will be called a "Hafniad," *Hafnia* being the Latin name for Copenhagen.

While its capital will be the focal point, the jubilation will be general throughout Denmark. Even Greenland wants to be in on the action, and SAS is scheduling special jet excursions there

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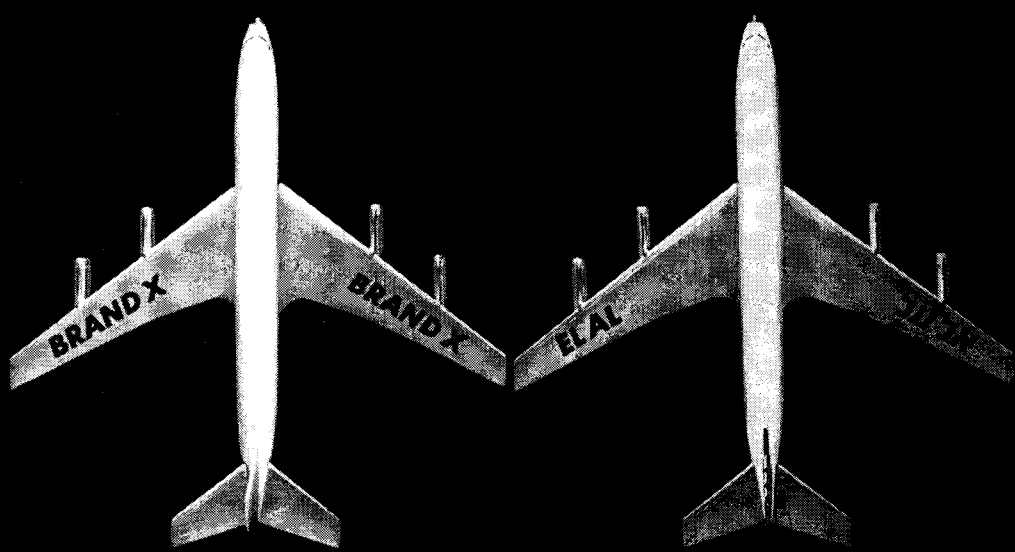

BOEING 707 BOEING 707

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—Covello (Black Star).

Ministry and parliament buildings —"Where except in Denmark can one see a taxi driver lift his hat as he opens the door for his fare?"

—Danish National Travel Office.

A Tivoli restaurant—"Hundreds of eating places will feed you appetizing lunches and dinners for a dollar or two."

from Copenhagen. The trippers will be quartered in the homes of selected Greenland families. The cost of the entire expedition, including a week or more of dogsled travel, is quoted at approximately $750.

Communities closer to home will all be in a gala mood. Aarhus, Denmark's second-largest city, will wind up a summer of extra activities in September with a festival week in its famous open-air museum. Odense, Hans Christian Andersen's birthtown on the island of Fyn, will have centennial entertainment programs from July 9 to August 6. Every afternoon they will be conducted in English and at night in Danish. This year motorists will be able to drive from Fyn to the attractive but little visited islands, Taasinge and Langeland, by means of two new bridges and a causeway.

One of the advantages of Denmark's Fairy Tale Tours that cover virtually every corner of the kingdom is their assurance of good hotel accommodations. The tourist seeing the countryside on his own can expect to pay modest prices at all hotels and country inns. I wish I could say the same for the hostelries in Copenhagen. A few years ago the rates at its finest hotels were the lowest in Europe. On each of three recent visits in as many years I met an increase in daily living costs. This year the deluxe hotels will charge as much as you would pay for comparable accommodations in London, Paris, or Rome.

However, it is possible to enjoy Copenhagen inexpensively and in comfort. The National Travel Association of Denmark, in the same building as the Central Railroad Station, will help you find good, cheap lodging and restaurants. Visitors young enough will be directed to youth hostels and student dormitories. Older persons will be steered to such places as the excellent Østerport Hotel in the heart of the city. For the food in Copenhagen's finest restaurants you will pay what you would for *haute cuisine* anywhere. On the other hand, hundreds of eating places will feed you appetizing lunches and dinners for a dollar or two. You will be surprised by the good food obtainable for a few kroner in the K.A.R. restaurants, which are run by a temperance organization and serve nothing stronger than beer. And all over town there are ABC cafeterias where you can buy sandwiches and drinks with no financial strain.

Convalescence from a night on the town may confine some celebrants to their hotels through Copenhagen's golden summer mornings. But people up and about early can have a foretaste of heaven by merely inhaling the smells of breakfast pastry — oven-hot — that waft through the doors of *fortov* restaurants, all of which open promptly at seven. There are at least a dozen such places on *Vesterbrogade* where you can breakfast handsomely at sidewalk tables while watching city workers flow past on bicycles.

Whether you spend a lot of money or a little, Denmark offers felicities you don't encounter elsewhere. The average Dane radiates good manners, unflagging cheerfulness, and other indications of a serene national ethos. Danish children are probably the happiest and best-behaved in the world. The sightseer in rural towns and villages may attract re-

—Danish National Travel Office.

***The Little Mermaid*, now fully restored, gazes out to sea—"While its capital will be the focal point, the jubilation will be general throughout Denmark."**

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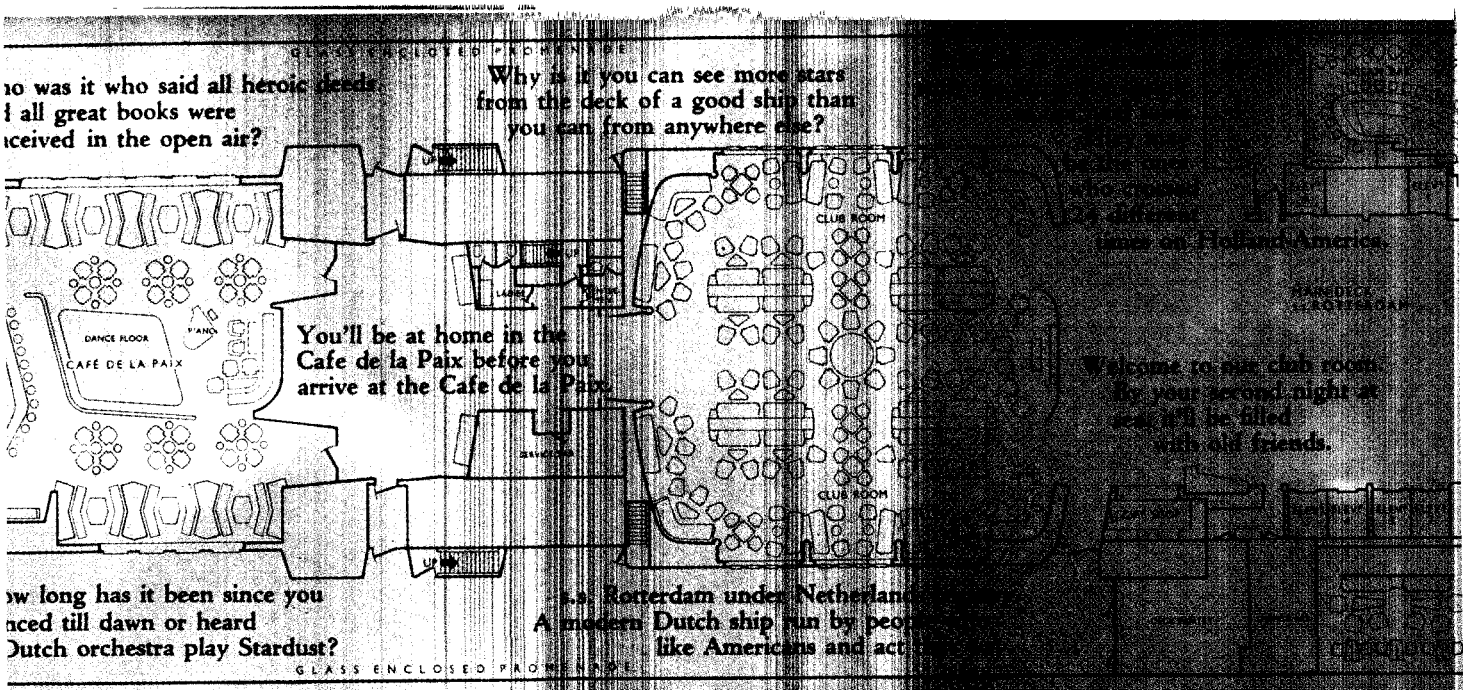
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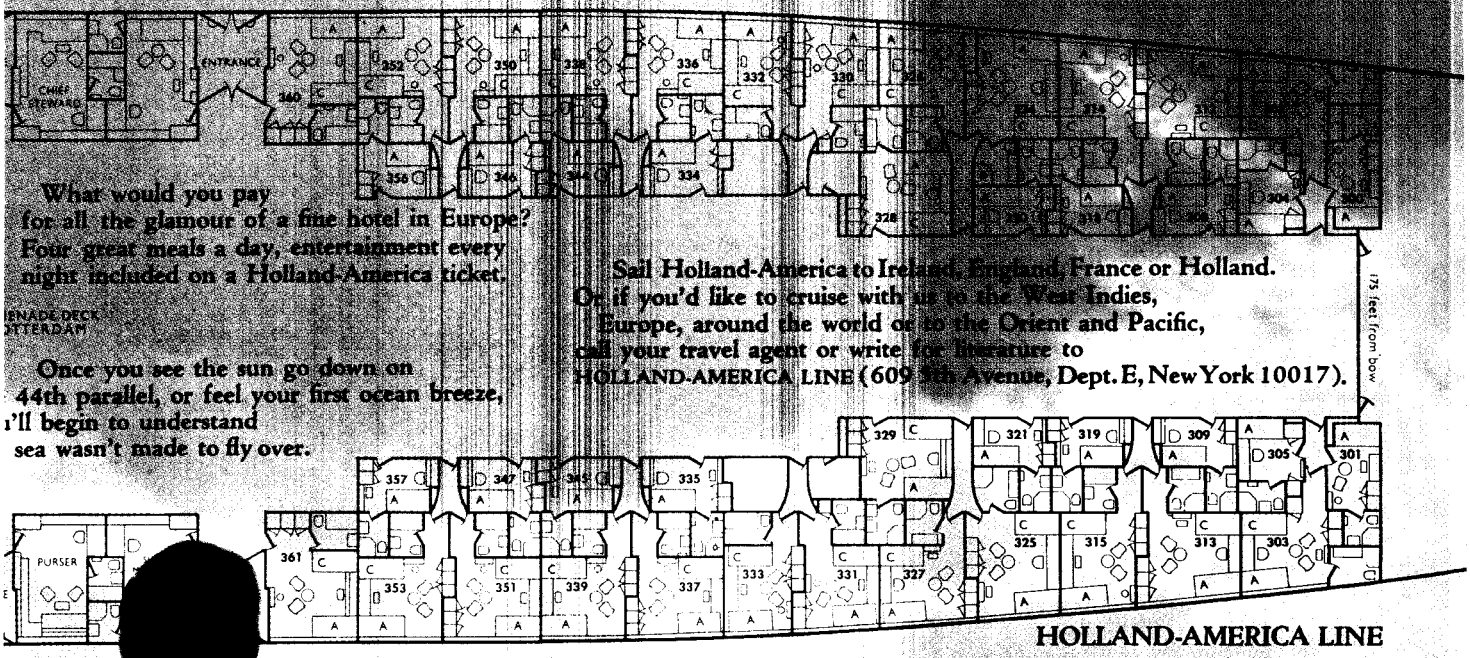

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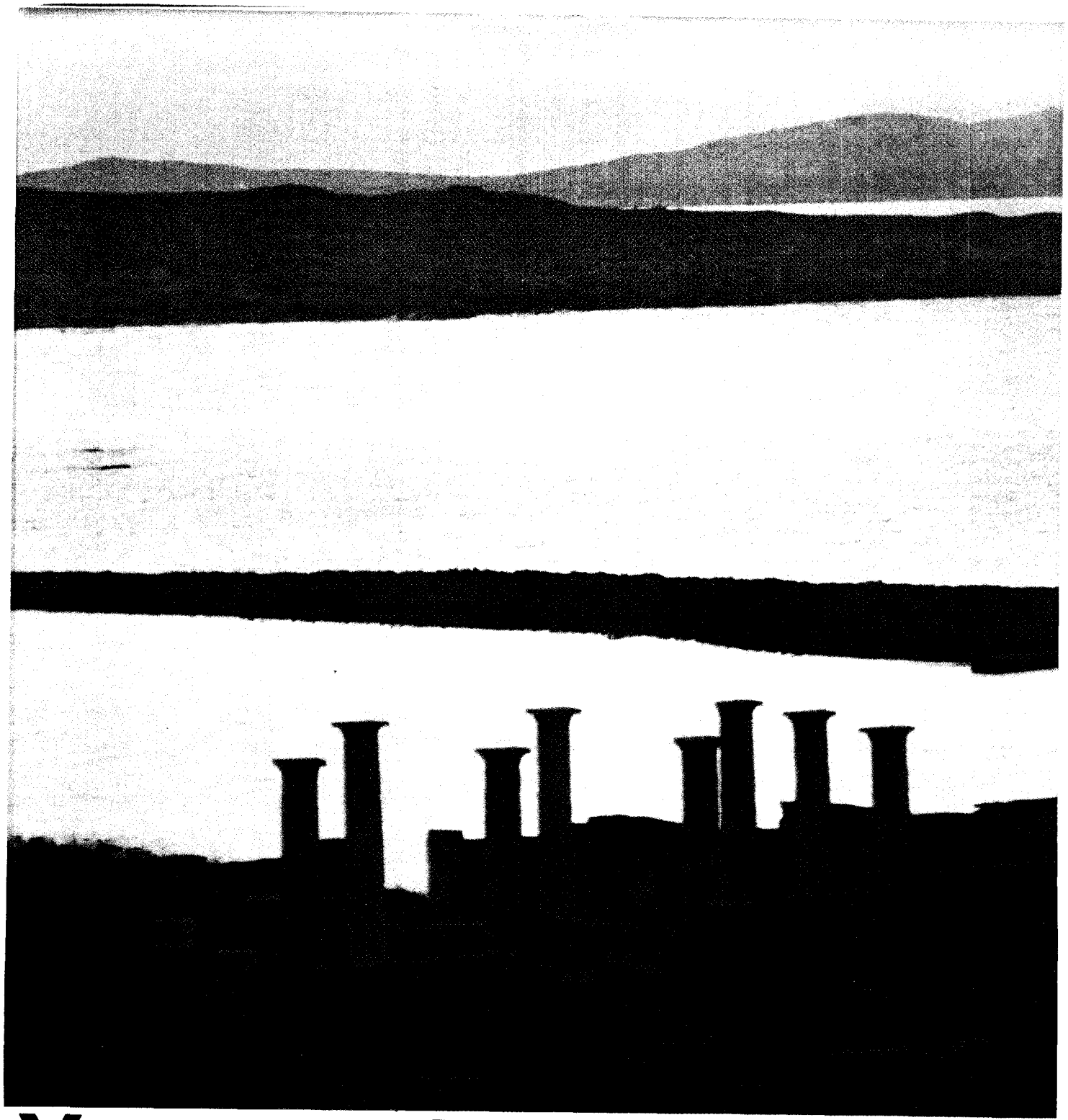

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We have a very civilized air.

spectful looks from kids, but he will never be stared at. I have never ventured a friendly smile without getting one in return. And where except in Denmark, on reaching his destination by cab, can one see a taxi driver climb down and lift his hat as he opens the door for his fare?

Before leaving home your travel agency or the Danish Travel Office in New York will brief you on things to do which can keep you busy for a month. I have a suggestion that I don't believe is included in many pamphlets: attendance at Denmark's circuses. Your brochures will most likely recommend that you see the summer Schumann circus on Axeltorv. I have in mind two others. They are small, one-ring outfits, and during the summer you find them playing in small towns throughout the land. If you are in the provinces, ask if the Moreno and Benneweis circuses are in the neighborhood. The Moreno star is Charlie Rivels, an endearing genius among clowns. His performance takes up the entire last half of the program and ends with his audiences weak from laughter. Perhaps one of the reasons Danish children are so well-behaved is their knowledge that if they're good they'll be taken to the Benneweis. Its own clowns make several hilarious appearances, but the Benneweis animal acts give it its greatest *réclame*; at least for half a century circuses throughout the world have been buying animals bred and trained by Benneweis.

SHARING the fun of a circus, the foreigner feels in close community with one Danish characteristic—an almost childlike appetite for wholesome pleasure. To the Dane the circuses are particularly cherished institutions, enjoyed by everyone from royalty to chimneysweeps. A few years ago the Benneweis circus made its annual one-day appearance in Graasten, the Jutland summer seat of Denmark's rulers. The evening performance began as usual with a parade of elephants, etc., around the ring. The audience was delighted but not overly surprised to see their monarch riding the first elephant, the Crown Princess Margrethe on the second, and Margrethe's two younger sisters on a third. All were beaming. The position they hold in the hearts of their countrymen was demonstrated by an explosion of affectionate laughter and applause.

Frederik IX is probably the world's most popular living monarch, not only because he does everything a king must do in fine fashion but because he is so likable as a human being. A few years ago I attended one of those summer revues Dirch Passer and his late partner, Kjeld Petersen, used to put on at Copenhagen's A.B.C. Theater. Knowing how discreetly comedians in other countries make public references to their rulers, I was startled when a sketch, dealing with a recent visit by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, included Dirch Passer as another familiar figure. His sport-shirt, disclosing the tattoos on his arms, identified him as Denmark's ruler. As Elizabeth's host he offered her a glass of Danish beer, Frederik's discomfiture at his guest's reluctance to drink had the audience in stitches. In Passer's dressing room after the performance I asked him if there had been any objection to the skit's subject matter. My question startled Passer to laughter.

"Objection? The king has seen it five times."

On June 10, King Frederik will play a minor role in another gathering of royalty which will be a highlight of the 800th year. On that date Princess Margrethe, heiress to the throne, will wed Count Henri de Monpézat, presently attached to the French Embassy in London. With his marriage vows the count will receive a change in name. From that moment on he will be Prince Henrik of Denmark.

Mexico's 450th: In 1517 the Spaniards, sailing in ships as big as houses, arrived in Mexico and, led by Hernández de Córdoba and Hernán Cortés, began probing inland. Their explorations marked the end of the Aztec Empire, a great society that was built in one century and lived on religion and war. Aztecs worshipped the sun in the personage of a symbolic young warrior who was born with each dawn and died with each night. He lived on human blood which the Aztecs provided him by slaying their prisoners of war and pulling out their hearts with their hands. Their emperor, Moctezuma, was powerful and his treasuries full. But when the ships appeared off Yucatán, their sails were a shadow of his coming defeat. The astronomers consulted the stars and told the emperor his domain would crumble by 1519, and it did.

Mexico is doing very little to commemorate the conquest of the Aztecs, which was carried on by Spaniards based in Cuba. It's not that the events aren't noteworthy—elaborate anniversaries have been staged with less grounds—but rather that Mexico is concentrating on the Olympics of 1968. It has already completed the main arena. Its name: Aztec Stadium.

—BETTY MOORE.

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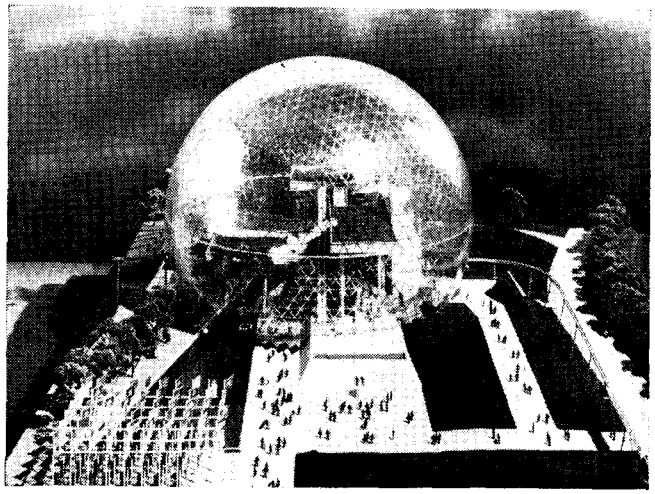
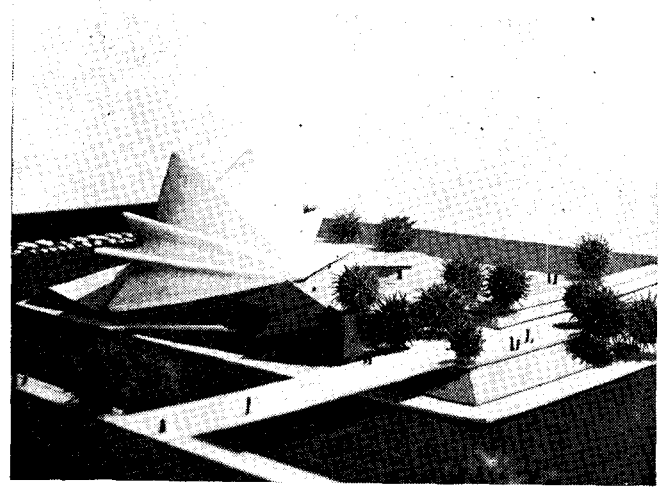


U.S. Pavilion at Expo 67—The geodesic dome, tallest structure at the fair, will glow at night like a fluorescent igloo.



The Mexican Pavilion—typical of the fair's complex of uninhibited architecture.

CANADA'S 100th

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY UPSTAIRS

By LORD THOMSON OF FLEET

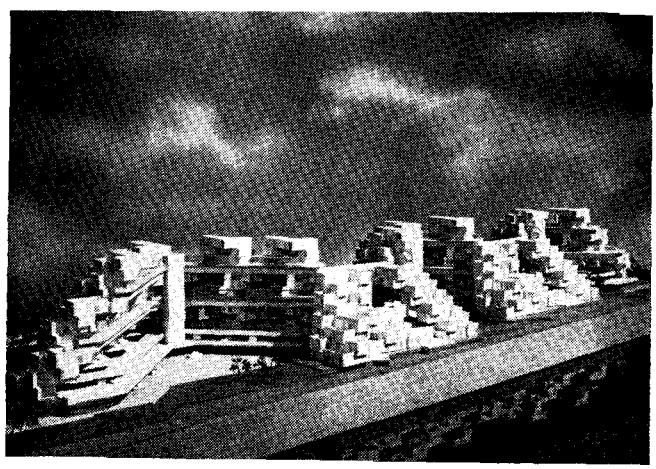
CENTENNIAL PARKS, Centennial libraries, Centennial fountains; would you believe a Centennial sewage disposal plant?

All these, the garbage dispenser included, are part of Canada's Centennial Year, a year of special projects of every conceivable kind, a year of celebration in every hamlet and town. It is just a hundred years since the confederation that brought together the scattered colonies of British North America and incorporated them into a single nation. With a becoming assertiveness, Canada is proclaiming 1967 as Canada's Year.

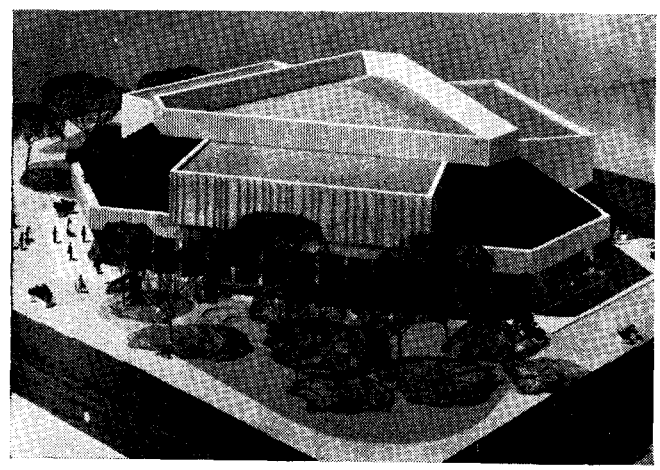
The keystone of Canada's year is Expo 67, Canada's World's Fair site on the banks of the St. Lawrence at Montreal. This great complex of uninhibited architecture will be, in many ways, perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most ambitious world's fair ever staged anywhere. But Canada's birthday will be celebrated in various ways and at various times throughout the year in every city, town, and village in the land.

Make no mistake about it, this hundredth birthday is a very real milestone in the life of this country, and to appreciate the Canadian mood of self-congratulation, one must first understand something of the origins and background of the century-old nation. It developed initially from the rivalry of France and England for the fur trade of the forested eastern half of the continent, with the French, who were first in the field, establishing a chain of fortified posts along the St. Lawrence from the Eastern Seaboard to the shore of Lake Huron. British traders pushed north from New England and then ever westward, in a scramble to outflank the French and tap the most lucrative trade of all, the rich traffic in beaver pelts from north and west of the lakehead.

In a series of murderous raids the British-supported Iroquois, an Indian confederacy based in what is now northern New York State, wiped out the equally ferocious Hurons and their French allies around Georgian Bay, and the French abandoned the westward race to concentrate on developing New France around the twin towns of Montreal and Quebec. Isolated by British seapower, New France fell in 1759 when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City, but a



Habitat 67—Built mainly of precast concrete units, this urban residential project will be a prime attraction for visitors.



The Garden of Stars—Designed by Max Roth, it will be a children's entertainment area by day, a night club after dark.

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There's a new kind of grand hotel in Europe these days. One that combines service and elegance and style with all the comforts of home. Where rooms are climate-conditioned and the water runs hot, cold, or icy—whichever way you want it, when you want it. Where you'll find true gourmet dining with a choice of international cuisine. Or local specialties. Or, whenever you develop a hunger for it, American food. And it's where the action is. Alive. Swinging. The "In" place to go for music, for dinner, for dancing and entertainment. Look around, did you notice how many people here aren't tourists? This new kind of grand hotel is a local social center.

At the European Hiltons you enjoy the best of two worlds: The old and the new. So in Europe, today's grand hotels are Hiltons.

London Hilton: At the London Hilton your room overlooking Hyde Park is like an apartment.

Paris Hilton: The biggest thing in Paris next to the Eiffel Tower is the Paris Hilton. We're right across the street.

Orly Hilton: Between stops, stop and rest at the Orly Hilton. On the doorstep of Paris at Orly Airport.

Berlin Hilton: East is east and West is west and you can see it all from your room at the Berlin Hilton.

Brussels Hilton: Certainly the most uncommon hotel in the capital of the Common Market and also the newest.

Rotterdam Hilton: After closing a deal or a day in the bargain-happy shops, the Rotterdam Hilton is so nice to come home to.

Amsterdam Hilton: Come by land or canal to the Amsterdam Hilton in the center of the "city of bridges."

For reservations call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

Everything about the European Hiltons is in the grand hotel manner except:

The phones speak English.
You get a choice of cuisine.
You control the weather.
The plumbing works.
And they're big with the local set.
In Europe, today's grand hotels are Hiltons.

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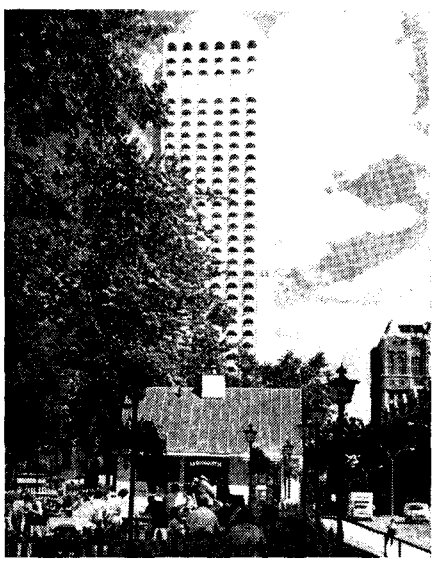
—Three Lions.

Manitoba wheat field—"the charm of the foreign with the security of the familiar."



—Montreal Municipal Tourist Bureau.

Dominion Square, downtown Montreal —"a swinging city by any standard."

—Three Lions.

Canadian wilderness—"nature in the raw mixed with good living."

Midwinter festival in Quebec City—"a Mardi Gras with snow."

—Canadian Government Travel Bureau.

generous treaty allowed the French to retain their own language, customs, and religion, provisions which led to the evolution of the largely French-speaking province of Quebec, which is today virtually a nation within a nation.

Canada as a distinct national entity really owes its existence to the American Revolution. The country grew as a parliamentary democracy in reaction to the republicanism of the United States. In it were enshrined traditional British respect for the rule of law, rather than the frontier justice of the American West, and the resolve to seek change through the reform and adjustment of established and proven institutions.

Canada has evolved, and is still evolving, within the framework of a parliamentary government in which power is exercised by the leader of the party commanding a majority in the House of Commons, with a hereditary monarch as head of state. Such a system, a reflection of the British institutions evolved over more than a thousand years, was a tradition shared by all the colonies scattered across the northern half of the continent, and it, like the infant United States republic south of the border, was sustained and sheltered from European intervention by the shield of British seapower.

The burgeoning strength of the struggling northern colonies' dynamic southern neighbor posed a threat to their continued existence. In 1867 they bound themselves together in a new Confederation of Canada; the tie that bound them was the transcontinental track of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Its construction was a condition of the union. At a stroke, the CPR—and later the transcontinental Canadian National Railway—altered the traditional north-south flow of trade and made possible a nation operating on an east-west axis. Western Canada was founded on, and has developed from, the transcontinental railroads, and a glance at a map will show that all Canada's major cities, and almost all its people, are located in a relatively shallow belt running across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, close to the United States border. Between this peaceful and undefended border, and the teeming, largely unexploited riches of a vast and empty northland, Canada has thrived and prospered, against all the odds of geography and power politics. To have survived, to have flourished, to have reached the century mark—is this not worthy of celebration?

What kind of people are we? To tell the truth, we are, generally speaking, remarkably like our counterparts to the south, with much the same general regional differences in attitude and outlook which have developed between East and West in the United States. Yet if we, too, are Americans, we are also Canadi-

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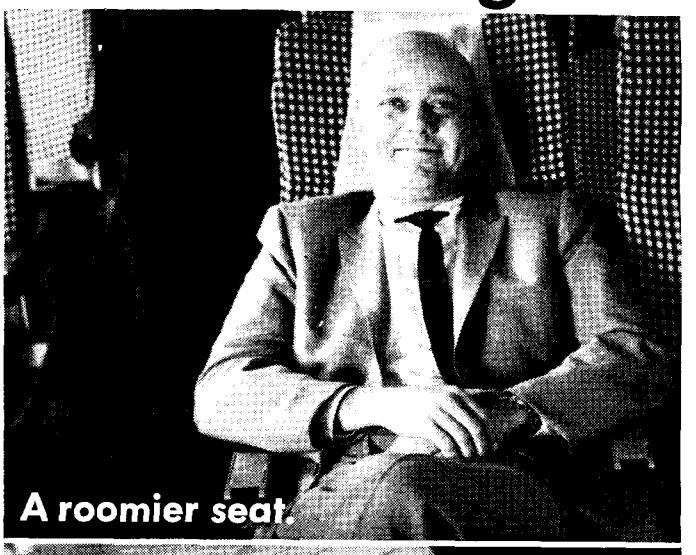

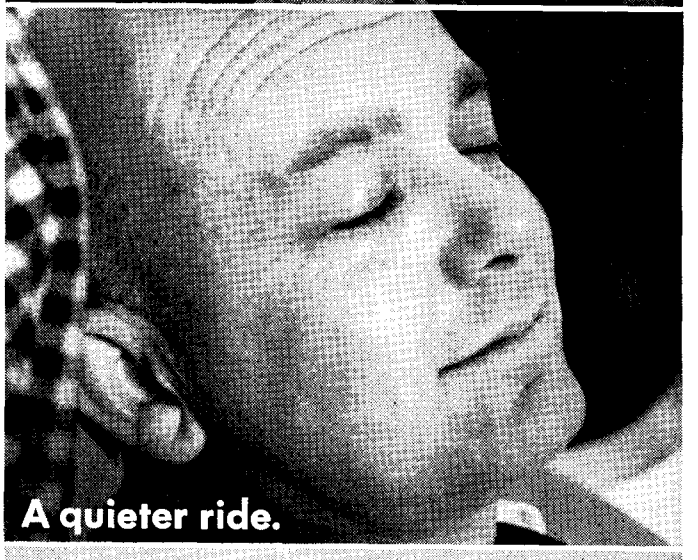

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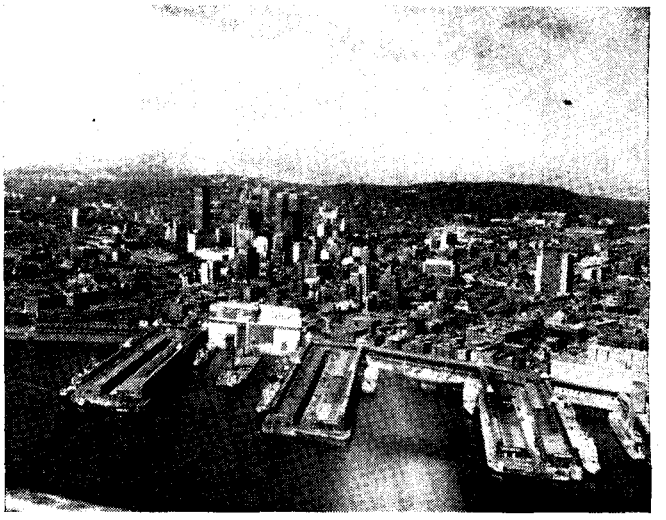
English Bay—Within minutes of downtown Vancouver, visitors may swim in the Pacific or sunbathe on a white sand beach.



—Canadian Government Travel Bureau.

Montreal harbor and skyline—"French cooking, North American plumbing, New World zest, Old World formality."

ans; we tend to be more conservative, more restrained, more sober than our U.S. neighbors. We are a proud people, too, sensitive to criticism, jealous of our institutions, aware of our virtues but overly conscious of our shortcomings, and we suffer from something of an inferiority complex because of the enormous strength and affluence of the United States so near at hand. We are like a quiet and comfortable family living on the floor above wealthy, noisy, friendly neighbors. We prefer the way we run our own home, but we are endlessly attracted by all the fascinating goings-on one floor below.

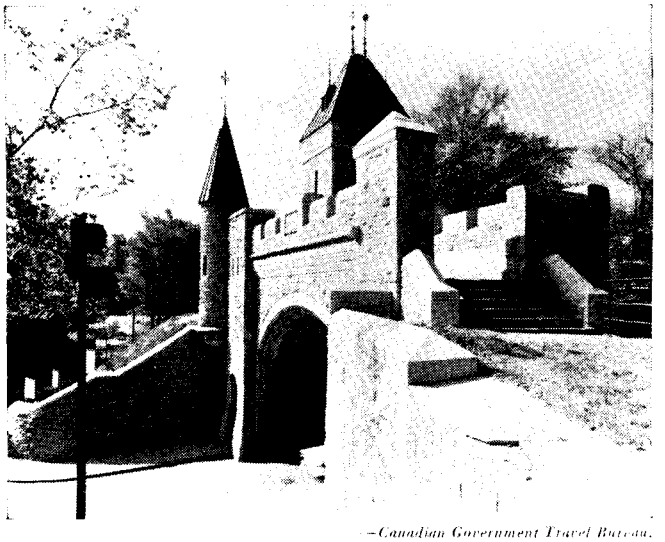
Upstairs we have what must surely be the most varied and magnificent attractions of any country in the world. Scenically, of course, much of Canada is breathtakingly beautiful, and it offers American visitors, particularly in French Canada, the charm of the foreign with the security of the familiar. Imagine French cooking and North American plumbing, New World zest and Old World formality, royal pageantry and frontier friendliness. Canada's big cities are the peer of those anywhere in the world; Vancouver and Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal are swinging cities today by any standard, while its well developed southern playgrounds and northern wilderness areas offer the visitor an unequalled choice of vacations.

Two things set Canada apart from other countries as a vacation area and impart a distinctive Canadian image to the visitor. One is the incredible number, size, and amenities of federal and provincial parks; they are simply unbelievable. Ontario alone has far more government-operated parkland than exists in all the United States, and these parks are integrated with a magnificent system of highways to provide the visitor with attractive stopping places in locales appropriate to the region, each a scenic gem and with a wide and varied range of amenities.

The second feature unique in Canada is the juxtaposition of luxury with nature in the raw. In many parts of Canada, it is possible to enjoy the highest standard of comfort amid surroundings virtually untouched by man. One can enjoy at Banff or Jasper, for example, mountain hotel- and chalet-living unsurpassed at Davos or Chamonix, yet still find elk browsing in the formal gardens or wild Canada geese resting on the golf greens. In the Maritimes, the St. Lawrence, the Laurentians, the wooded north country, the Rockies, one finds this marvelous combination of good living and unspoiled nature, while on the Pacific Coast one can loll in the deck chair of a miniature liner and cruise among the mountain goats and primeval glaciers of towering mountains. It is typical of the Canadian attitude toward proper standards of travel comfort that the railroad

Three Lions.

Canadian wilderness park—"Ontario alone has more government-operated parkland than exists in all the United States."



—Canadian Government Travel Bureau.

St. Louis Gate, Quebec City—The oldest walled city in North America, it contains many reminders of the historic past.

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Where to get a good night's sl

One of the popular misconceptions about our country is that there is a shortage of good hotels.

Good heavens, nothing could be further from the truth. India offers the visitor, not only a wealth of scenic wonders—the Taj Mahal, the Caves of Ellora, the great Himalayas, to list but a few—but some excellent places to spend the night.

Pictured above is the Lake Palace in Udaipur, once the home of a Maharana, and now—forgive our boast—one of the world's great hotels. Situated in the middle of Lake Pichola, it has spacious, air-conditioned suites, a lovely dining room, a swimming pool, and a cozy bar.

Up north in Srinagar, another converted palace awaits the visitor. The Oberoi Palace Hotel, with 76 magnificent rooms, original Bokhara carpets, and a private golf course.

In Bombay, there are several fine hotels, the best of which is the Sun-n-Sand, on Juhu Beach, and the splendid Taj Mahal. (Interestingly enough, the back of the Taj faces the Bay, and the front faces a back street. So don't ask for a front room!)

Down south, in Cochin, there is the Malabar Hotel, a small, but comfortable place overlooking the water, with large, airy rooms, a swimming pool, and an excellent Chinese restaurant.

In our capital, New Delhi, there is the splendid Ashoka, one of Asia's largest luxury hotels. And the sleek new Oberoi Intercontinental.

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KLM's surprising hometown is one of the four most popular cities in Europe.

And now, more and more Americans are *starting* their trips in Amsterdam—for reasons no other city can match.

Want to arrive in a dramatically foreign atmosphere? Start in Amsterdam. It's the one city whose architecture tells you *instantly* you've reached the old world. (Note perfectly preserved 17th-century houses above.)

Want a hearty welcome? Start in Amsterdam. It may well be Europe's friendliest city. The Dutch love to show off their surprisingly good *English*. They smile at you. Taxi drivers get out to open your door!

Want to begin with a splurge (that won't collapse your pocketbook)? Start in Amsterdam. Prices are amazing.

Sample: you can have a first-night fling for $6.50. For dinner. *And* drinks. *And* nightclub!

Want to meet Europeans? Start in Amsterdam. You've got a standing invitation to

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ımsterdam—where else!"

Good way to start your European trip: a canal cruise of KLM's hometown. (It has twice as many miles of canals as Venice!)

ɔnob with 245 Dutch families—at home.

Want to tour Europe by car? Start in Amrdam. Hertz and Avis rates are so much ver than in other cities that you can save to $100 on a month's tour.

Want a handy jumping-off place? Start in ısterdam—*hub* of Europe. Reliable KLM d the careful, punctual Dutch can whisk ı to 39 other European cities. You can ɔ strike off by bus, car, train, bike or boat.

ɔK? Get *started*—in Surprising Amsterdam.

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To tell the truth, you don't go to Israel to relax.

You go to Israel to open your eyes. To keep in touch with ancient realities. To see what's all this excitement about greenery in the middle of the desert.

And you go to Israel to have fun.

Just 3 hours from Rome, you can go to nightclubs carved into ancient Arab quarters where you hear folk songs that strike the heart.

You do the Jerk in Jaffa, the port Jonah set sail from on his rendezvous with the whale.

You go to an open air concert in the ancient Roman amphitheater at Caesarea.

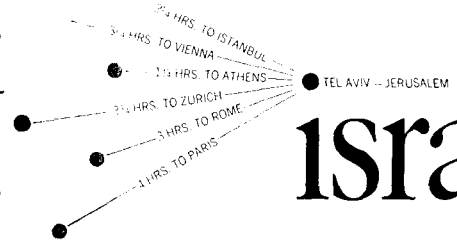
You go scuba diving in the Red Sea where red and black coral formations and Indo-Pacific varieties of fish and fauna will take your breath away.

You hold on to the seat of a jeep riding through the canyons of the desert, or the saddle of a horse racing through the grain-filled valleys of the Galilee

You can go to the ancient Roman baths in Tiberias and steep in the hot water until you feel the stiffness and the tired ness drained from your body (There you can relax.)

And you can go to an Israeli home for coffee and brandy and you will find the Israelis charm ing and engaging and the con versation stimulating and you will return to your hotel a lot later than you intended.

And when you return home from your vacation you can tell everyone how relaxing it all was.



israel

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that runs today from Skagway to White Horse over the White Pass in the Yukon, where so many gold-seekers toiled and suffered in the rush of '98, operates parlor cars only.

Virtually every part of Canada has winter attractions of its own to offer, ranging from skiing and tobogganing and fishing through the ice to harness meets and car racing on frozen lakes.

All this activity reaches a climax in a spate of winter carnivals across the land, the most notable being the midwinter festival at Quebec City, a Mardi Gras with snow. With its brightly lit toboggan runs and the skating rinks on Dufferin Terrace only a step from the blazing fires and baronial splendors of the Chateau Frontenac, with its ice palaces and snow queens, and costume balls, Quebec is at its best in winter.

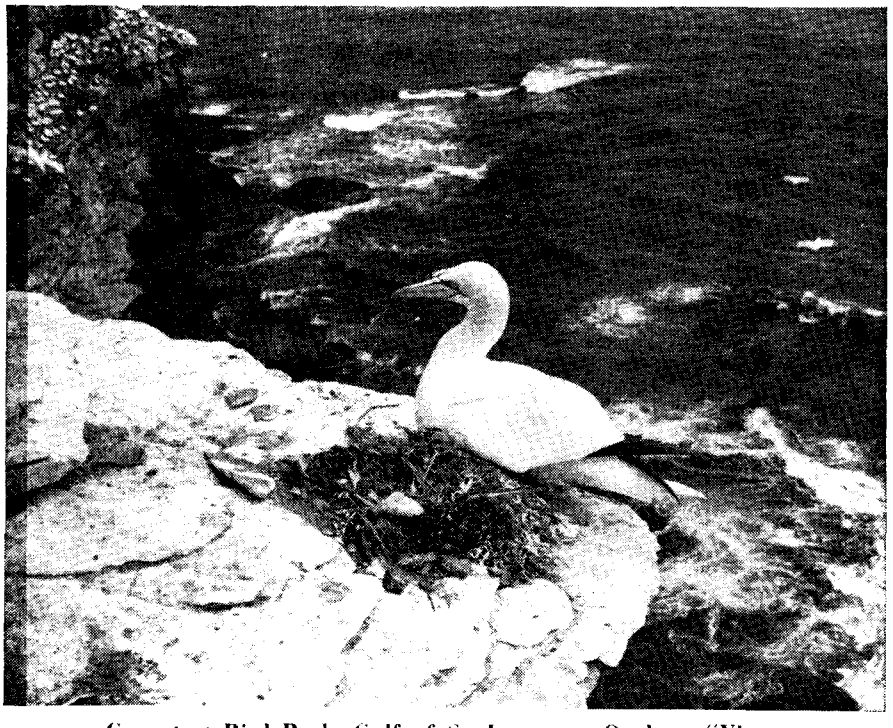
A rapidly developing feature of the Canadian winter is the miniature snowmobile, a Canadian invention. Powered by a small two-cycle lawn-mower engine which drives an endless belt, the snowmobile speeds over the deepest snow. Relatively inexpensive, seating two people, capable of speeds of more than thirty miles an hour and of towing skiers or small sleds, these snowmobiles have encouraged cottage owners to use their summer places as winter-sport chalets. People go picnicking to islands or to deep snow-covered woodlands on bright winter days by snowmobile just as they would do by boat in summertime. These little vehicles are the biggest thing to hit the winter sports scene since the invention of skis, and they are opening up whole areas of vacationland once isolated beneath deep winter snows.

But all that frosty activity, this year, is only an interlude until the snows melt. When the last floe has dissolved, the last toboggan made its slide, the last sap run, then it will be time for Expo 67. The great fair will open on April 28, occupying two man-made islands in the St. Lawrence River and the peninsula known as Cité du Havre, the whole thousand-acre tract linked by new fast subway to Montreal.

More than seventy nations are participating, and so are three states, New York, Maine, and Vermont. No fewer than 13,000,000 Americans are expected for this largest of Centennial parties. All of them are expected to be inspired by the lofty theme, "Man and His World," drawn from the works of Antoine de Saint Exupéry, the French aviator and writer. "To be a man is to feel that through one's own contribution, one helps build the world," he says in *Wind, Sand, and Stars.* Expo 67 will depict man as creator, explorer, producer, provider, and member of the community. All of those themes have been part of Canada's emergence during the first hundred years of its life.

—Photos by Three Lions.

Nova Scotia—Peggy's Cove, on the south shore, is popular with artists.



Gannet at Bird Rock, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Quebec—"Virtually every part of Canada has attractions of its own to offer."

Logs being hauled to the "booming ground," British Columbia—Each truck, powered by a 275 hp motor, can carry tons of logs.

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THE DAY THE SUN DANCED

By FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN

—*Photos by Three Lions.*

Fátima—"For half a century, pilgrims counted by the millions have traveled the rough macadam roads to this tiny place."

THERE IS LITTLE in Fátima that would attract the attention of a tourist, and I doubt that many mere tourists have ever gone there. It is a humble village in the west of Portugal, located in a countryside undistinguished for the beauty of its scenery. The land in the vicinity is poor, the living hard, the people as simple as you would find anywhere in the world. Yet, for half a century, pilgrims counted by the millions have traveled the rough macadam roads that wind their way into this tiny place which does not seem to be the destination of a journey, but rather somewhere to be passed unnoticed on the way to somewhere else. Fátima's importance is strictly a religious one. Those who go there do so not to look but to pray, drawn by a mysterious presence visible only to faith.

The village, some sixty miles north of the lovely city of Lisbon, took its name from a legend, and its fame from a vision. Its name is that of a Moslem maid of long ago whom a valiant knight, they say, won for his bride. But its fame rests on the belief that the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, appeared there with a message some fifty years ago.

ON May 13, 1917, the story goes, three children were tending their sheep in the Cova da Iria. The *cova,* or dale, is named for St. Irene. The names of the children were Lucia dos Santos, who was ten years old at the time (and who now lives in seclusion and prayer as a Carmelite nun in Coimbra, Portugal); Francisco Marto, who was nine and who died before he reached the age of eleven; and Francisco's sister, Jacinta, who was seven then and who died a few weeks before her eleventh birthday.

May is the month which Catholics traditionally set aside to honor the Blessed Mother, and these three simple peasant children had knelt together to recite the Rosary. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Fearing that a storm was about to break, they rose from their knees and started to gather their flocks, when a second flash of light made them halt and look upward. It was then they saw a lady, seemingly made of "dazzling light," who urged them not to be frightened. She smiled lovingly at them and told them to return each month on the same day, indicating that their last meeting would be in October, and promising to reveal to them who she was and what she wanted them to do. By the time of the third apparition, on July 13, the Lady's message was clear: Mankind must turn from sin, coming to God with sincere repentance, in order to avert the terrible disasters threatening the world. She urged the children to pray the Ro-

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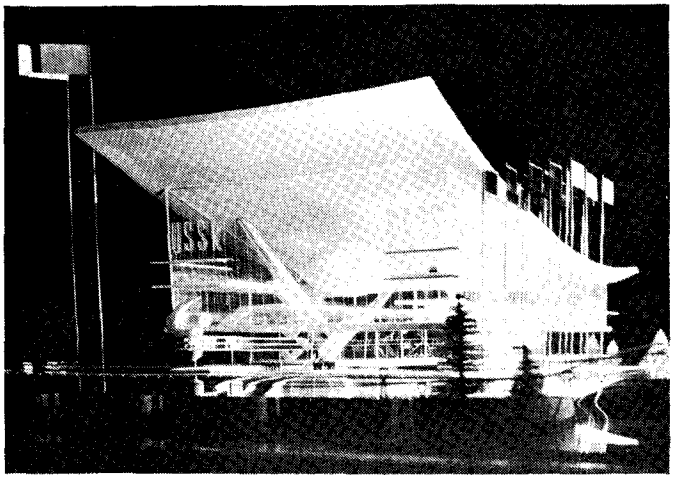
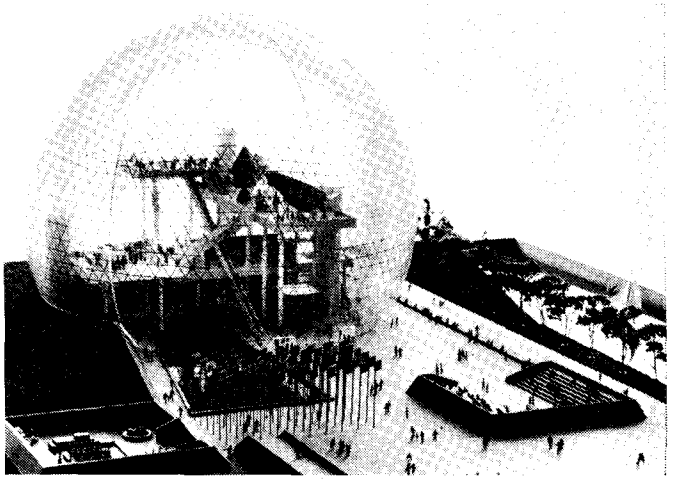
What do Russia and the U.S. have in common?



Artist's sketch of U.S.S.R. Pavilion . . . cantilevered structure with 600 seat theatre, terraces, restaurants.



Artist's sketch of U.S. Pavilion – a geodesic three-quarter sphere 275 ft. diameter and over 200 ft. high.

expo67 ©

Universal and International Exhibition, Montreal, Canada
April 28 – October 27, 1967

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Expo 67 is the first world exhibition of the First Category ever held in North America, with Russia, U.S., Britain and more than 70 other nations participating. Expo 67 will present the theme "Man and his World" – human achievement in science, exploration, industry and the arts.

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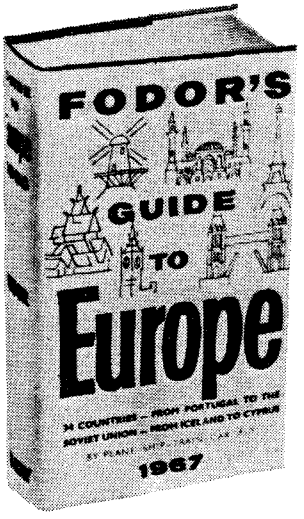

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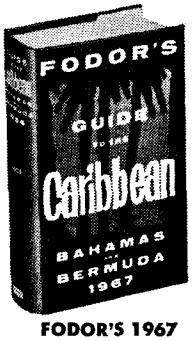

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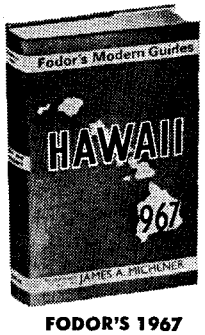

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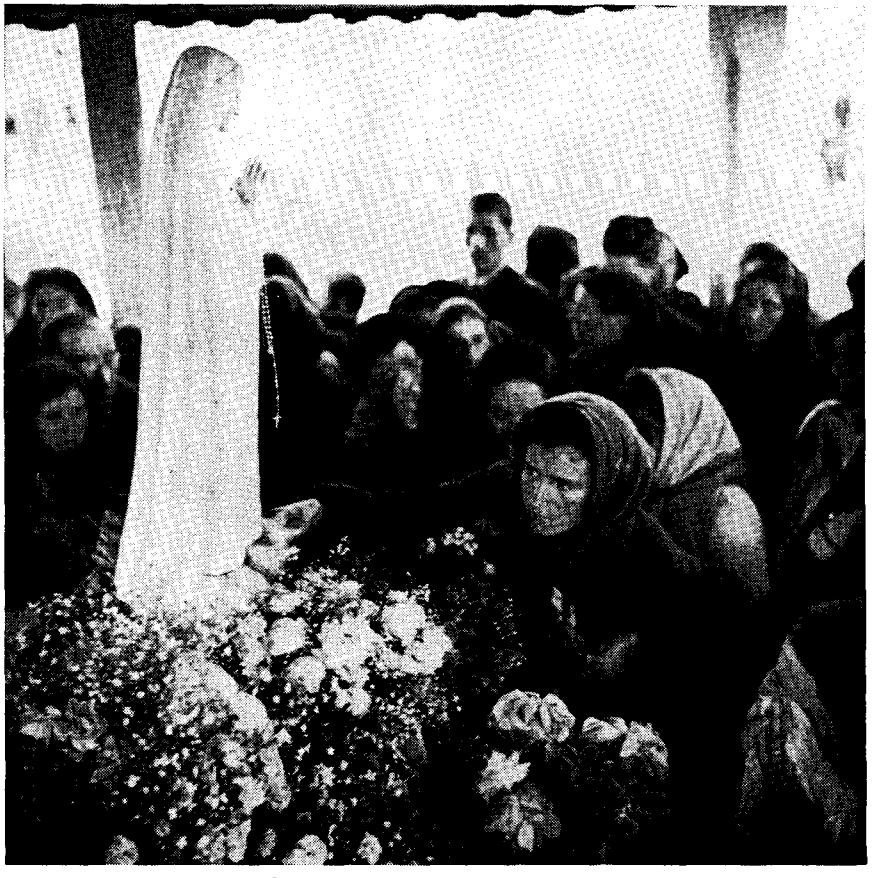
sary daily and to persuade others to do so.

The climax of the story came on October 13, 1917, the last day of the apparitions. The lady had promised that on this day a sign would be given. By now news of the strange happenings in the Cova da Iria had spread and a great crowd had gathered there to watch. Let Avelino de Almeida give us the description. Admittedly hostile to the Catholic Church, he was the editor of *O Seculo*, the left-wing daily published in Lisbon. This is what he wrote in the issue of October 15, 1917:

> Then we witnessed a spectacle that was unique, and incredible for one who did not see it. From the road above, where the cars were crowded together and there were several hundred persons standing, the immense crowd was seen to turn toward the sun which appeared at its zenith. It looked like a dull silvery plaque, as if an eclipse had occurred. Then a tremendous shout went up, and we could hear the spectators near us crying out: "A miracle, a miracle, a marvel!" To the astonished eyes of the crowd, whose attitude takes us back to biblical times and who, pale with fear, with bared heads, looked at the blue sky, the sun trembled and made abrupt movements never seen before and outside all cosmic laws. The sun "danced," to quote the term used by the peasants to describe it. . . .
>
> It remains for those competent to pronounce on the macabre dance of the sun which today at Fátima has drawn hosannas from the hearts of the faithful, and has naturally impressed—so I am assured by reliable witnesses—free thinkers and others not interested in religious questions, who had come to this spot which henceforward will be famous.

At this point I should remind those readers who may feel that Church officials welcome miraculous events that it was not until thirteen years later, on October 13, 1930, that the Bishop of Leiria, the diocese in which Fátima is located, accepted the apparitions as deserving of credence and authorized the devotion to Our Lady of Fátima. Most bishops have a little of doubting Thomas in them.

Precisely what happened in the sky that day nearly fifty years ago is hard to say. Did the sun really "dance," or did thousands of human eyes somehow all at once create that impression? However we may seek to explain the phenomenon, no ordinary powers evoked it. Some influence beyond the known flow of natural causes was exerted on the populace gathered there that day. The theory of mass hallucination of course suggests itself. But it leaves unexplained the fact that no one knew, or even guessed, what sign was to be expected to support the children's claims, and it gives no answer to the interesting fact that unbelievers



In the basilica—"One feels a presence there . . . one feels that one's prayers are heard."

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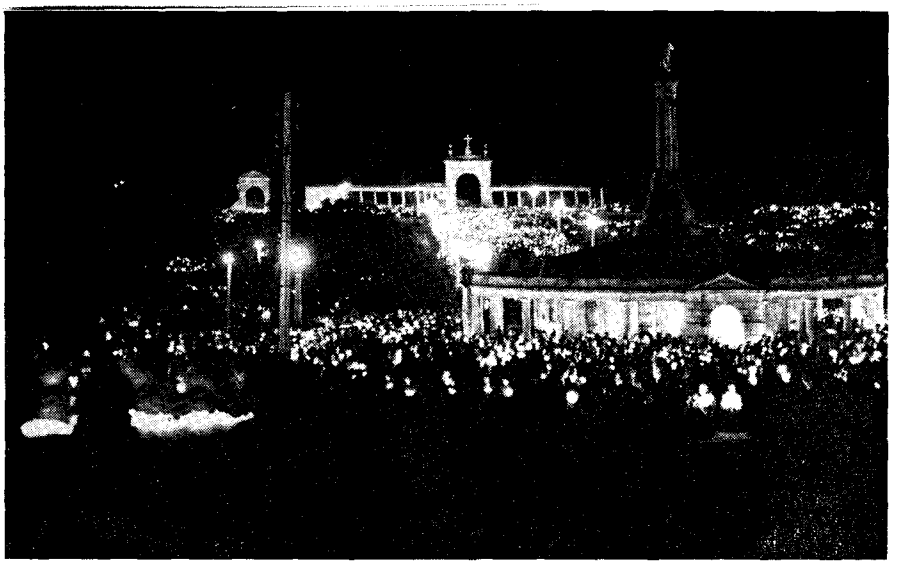

Basilica of Fátima—On the eve of the anniversary of the vision, a half million pilgrims gather. It is half a mile from the gate to the altar.

as well as believers gave witness of the marvel. Whatever we may think of it all, the fame of Fátima has spread throughout the world, and for hundreds of thousands every year it is a place of pilgrimage.

I have been there several times. The last was in March of 1963, when I led a large pilgrimage of Americans who were on their way to Rome for the ceremony in which Pope John beatified our own Elizabeth Ann Seton, a convert to Catholicism who founded the Sisters of Charity in Maryland in 1809. (Beatification in the Catholic Church is the last step before declaring that a person should be regarded as a Saint.) We made a brief detour in our journey to pay our respects to Our Lady of Fátima. On that day the Shrine was nearly deserted and we had it to ourselves.

Our visit was a hurried one—we arrived early in the morning and by late afternoon were on our way again. But, as each time before, I experienced a deep happiness during that visit. We gathered for Mass in the modest basilica which dominates the Cova da Iria—now nothing more than a vast paved enclosure. After Mass we recited the Rosary together at the spot where the Blessed Virgin is believed to have appeared. During the few hours which remained, all were free to walk about, to savor the wonder of the place, and to pray privately for relatives and friends, and for the needs and hopes which dwell in every human heart.

I assure you that, for those who believe, a visit to Fátima is a thrilling experience and one which lingers long in memory. One feels a presence there, the unmistakable presence of the Lady who was seen long ago by children and who somehow still remains to welcome those who come. Do not ask me to explain it. One feels that one's prayers are heard.

The message of Fátima is one the world sorely needs to hear in this troubled twentieth century. It is a message of repentance and it is a message of peace. Our Lady laid most of the world's woes at the door of mankind's sins, and that surely is where they belong. Is it not pride and lust and greed for power that are tearing the world apart? Will not the realization of peace find its origin finally in the reform and renewal of individual men?

Peace is perhaps the most elusive of man's dreams. Who is there who does not long for it, and yet, for all our longing, we cannot find it. Hatred stalks the world relentlessly, brother wreaks violence on brother, and despite all our efforts war continues to disgrace our common humanity.

Long ago as a boy I learned in my catechism that "God made us to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him, and to be happy with Him forever." Did He not make us also to know one another, to love and serve one another, and to be happy with one another, forever? Did He not make us to live together in peace?

Of one thing I am sure: Peace will not come without faith in God. It will not come without prayer. The plea of Our Lady of Fátima that Catholics say the Rosary for peace reaches out beyond the confines of Catholicism and invites every believing person to join in a crusade of prayer for this, the world's noblest and most needy cause.

Mankind has made astonishing progress, especially in recent years. Culturally and scientifically the peoples of the world have moved forward, so that succeeding ages have achieved improvements undreamed of in earlier times. Is it too much to hope that comparable progress can be made morally and spiritually? Is it too much to expect that men *can* rid themselves of the pestilence of war?

I do not believe it is, provided we desire peace ardently, strive for it earnestly, and pray for it with simple and insistent faith. Who is to say that the future does not hold some secret of peace which the hopes and prayers of good people will unlock—some moral device, some workable means which God will unfold to us on one of those bright tomorrows which yet awaits us across the mysterious horizon?

I do not expect that all will believe in Fátima. But I am confident that most will agree with the purpose of its message. Let each pray in his own way for peace. The cause of peace will not suffer if Catholics choose to make their way the Rosary, and to associate their prayer with the intercession of the Lady whom they regard as "our tainted nature's solitary boast."

I hope that some day I may visit Fátima again. To all who shall make the pilgrimage to this famous shrine, I wish the deep fulfillment which I have found there in the past.

Baghdad's 1,000th: The city of the Arabian nights is celebrating its 1,000th anniversary this year, but the reason is a Middle East mystery. The decision to build Baghdad was made in 762, which seems to indicate that the commemorative party perhaps should properly have been held in Washington's time.

Baghdad was always a great center of culture and trade, and what with Iraq's oil, it continues as a noisy, busy metropolis sheltering a million people, all of them clustered there in the intrigue and the dust, in the center of the Mesopotamian Valley, on the banks of the Tigris. The city is about dead south of Tiflis and Stalingrad, and dead east of Damascus, from which it could conceivably be reached by an all-night bus ride through the Syrian desert. Spring and fall are best; summers torrid; air conditioning a national passion. In place of smog they have a layer of dust that blows over from Arabia, and it is not uncommon to have a sandstorm.

It is a city of mud hovels and modern stone and glass hospitals, of oriental bazaars, all-night American drug stores, and tall, neon-decorated buildings. The cloak of night helps its appearance, especially when the lights come on along the Tigris, and its street sellers roast lamb and fish, and passersby in their banded headdresses swish by, their long robes flapping at their feet.

—Betty Moore.

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Odd that the laws that allow all this were made in some of Britain's most time-hallowed halls.

This picture, for instance, shows New Square, which was new in the 17th century. (Just out of the picture is the Old Hall, built the year that Columbus sailed for America.)

Around the corner is Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, where bits and pieces of all time lie jumbled together.

All of Britain, in fact, seems a sort of Old Curiosity Shop, with a New Curiosity Boutique attached. Legal bigwigs, pop singers flipping *their* wigs, the armor that made history, the gear that makes fashion. For here, *all* the centuries live at once, the old as lively as the new.

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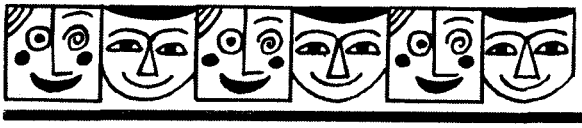
JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Canada Centennial, Finland Golden Anniversary, Copenhagen 800th Birthday Openings.	**2** Football Bowl Games. Pasadena, Miami and New Orleans.	**3** Alaska Centennial Observance opening. Juneau and all Alaska.	**4** Kandahar Junior Ski Championship, Muerren, Switzerland.	**5** International Fur Auction, Oslo, Norway. Through Jan. 11.	**6** "Blessing of Waters" ceremonies, Athens and all Greece. Similar Tarpon Springs, Fla.	**7** International Boat Show, Earl's Court, London. Through Jan. 14.
8 International Ski Meet, Adelboden, Switzerland. Also Jan. 9.	**9** Canada's Confederation Train opens Centennial. First Call, Victoria, B.C.	**10** 29th International Women's Ski Races, Grindelwald, Switzerland.	**11** King's Birthday Celebration, Katmandu, Nepal.	**12** Western Stock Show Ball, Denver, Colo.	**13** Stephen Foster Week Opening, White Springs, Fla. Through Jan. 19.	**14** Narcissus Festival, "Night in Chinatown," Honolulu, through Feb. 11.
15 New Zealand Surfing Carnival, Gisborne, N.Z. Jan. 12-15.	**16** European Bobsled Championships, Innsbruck, Austria Jan. 15 to 29.	**17** St. Anthony's Day, Blessing of Animals, Mexico City and all Mexico.	**18** Pizarro Founding Day, Lima and all Peru.	**19** Azalea Trails Festival, Queen's Coronation, Mobile, Ala.	**20** Ice-Racing Championship, Davos, Switzerland. Also Jan. 21.	**21** Hahnenkamm Ski Race, Kitzbuehel, Austria. Also Jan. 22.
22 Master's International Ski Jump, Lake Placid, N.Y.	**23** Chinese New Year's Celebration, Honolulu and all Hawaii.	**24** Quebec winter Carnival opening Quebec, Que. Through Feb. 7.	**25** Canadian Figure Skating Championships. Toronto, Ont. Through Jan. 29.	**26** Republic Day, New Delhi and all India. Through Jan. 29.	**27** St. Paul winter Carnival, St. Paul, Minn. Through Feb. 5.	**28** Mardi Gras Carnival, Nice, France. Through Feb. 9.
29 European Ice Skating Championships, Helsinki, Finland. Also Jan. 28.	**30** Norwegian Ski Championships, Rena, Norway. Jan. 29-Feb. 6.	**31** Ottawa winter Carnival, Ottawa, Ont. Jan. 29-Feb. 14.				

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			**1** Old Island Days Opening, Key West, Fla.	**2** Vienna Opera Ball and Social Festivities, Vienna.	**3** Winter Carnival, Vernon, B.C. Through Feb. 12.	**4** Winter Carnival and Parade, Aruba, N. W. I. Feb. 2 to 7.
5 Gornergrat Ski Derby, Zermatt, Switzerland. Starts Feb. 3.	**6** Street Urchin's Carnival, Shrove Monday, Copenhagen and all Denmark.	**7** Mardi Gras Carnivals, New Orleans, Mobile, Biloxi, Rio de Janeiro.	**8** Pageant of Sun's Return, Narvik, Norway.	**9** Chinese New Year Festivities, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Taipei.	**10** 57th Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N. H. Also Feb. 11.	**11** North American Figure Skating Championship, Montreal.
12 World Speed Skating Championship, Oslo, Norway. Also Feb. 11.	**13** Gasparilla Pirate Festival, Tampa and Ybor City, Fla. Through Feb. 18.	**14** Johann Strauss Centennial Week, Vienna. Through Feb. 20.	**15** Malaga Winter Festival, Malaga, Spain. Through March 15.	**16** Danish Souvenirs Fair, Copenhagen. Through Feb. 26.	**17** National Nordic Combined Ski Championships, Brattleboro, Vt.	**18** Chinese New Year's Celebration, San Francisco. Through Feb. 25.
19 Fur Rendezvous, Anchorage, Alaska, Feb. 17 to 26.	**20** Shrimp Festival, Blessing of Fleet, Fort Myers, Fla. Through Feb. 26.	**21** North American Bobsled Championships, Lake Placid, N.Y. Also Feb. 22.	**22** Swamp Buggy Races, "Mile-O-Mud Derby," Naples, Fla.	**23** Death of King Carnival, "Jour des Diables," Martinique, F.W.I.	**24** World Sled Dog Championships, Laconia, N.H. Through Feb. 26.	**25** National Alpine Ski Championships, Missoula, Mont.
26 International Spring Fair, Frankfurt, Germany. Through March 2.	**27** World Figure Skating Championships, Vienna. Through March 5.	**28** Kalevala National Epic Day, Helsinki and all Finland.				

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MARCH

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Independence Day Observance, Seoul, Korea.	2 Holmenkollen Ski Week Opening, Oslo, Norway. Through March 5.	3 Doll's Festival, "Japanese Girls Day," Tokyo.	4 NCAA Ski Championships, Kingfield, Me. Also March 2 and 3.
5 Vasa Cross-Country Ski Race, 55 miles, Salen to Mora, Sweden.	6 Magellan Discovery Day Observance, Island of Guam.	7 Canadian Curling Championship, Ottawa, March 6 to 10.	8 Spring Trade Fair, Utrecht, Holland, March 6 to 14.	9 37th International Motor Show, Geneva. Through March 19.	10 North American Ski Championship, Franconia, N.H.	11 Barrel Staves Championship Races, Killington, Vt.
12 "Fallas de San José," Opening of Bullfight Season, Valencia, Spain.	13 International Trade Fair, Vienna. Through March 19.	14 De Soto Landing Celebration, Bradenton, Fla. March 12 to 19.	15 Annual Beaver Roundup, Dillingham, Alaska. Through March 20.	16 National Junior Alpine Ski Championship, Stowe, Vt. Through March 18.	17 St. Patrick's Day Celebration, Dublin, New York, Boston.	18 World Ice Hockey Championship, Vienna, March 17 to 25.
19 Easter Music Festival, Salzburg, Austria. Through March 27.	20 Holy Week Observances begin Seville, Malaga, and all Spain.	21 Vernal Equinox Day, "Higan," Tokyo, and all Japan.	22 College Weeks Parties, U.S. Students, Bermuda, March 19 to April 8.	23 Maundy Thursday Service, Queen Attending, Westminster Abbey, London.	24 Good Friday Observance, "The Sanch," Perpignan, France.	25 Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, River Thames, England.
26 Easter Sunday Services, St. Peters, Rome; Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.	27 Irish Grand National Horserace, Fairyhouse Track, Dublin.	28 Easter Week Festival, St. Augustine, Fla. March 26 to April 2.	29 Festival of Lamps, "Mela Chiragan," Lahore, Pakistan. Through March 31.	30 Wine Fair, Grenmacher, Luxembourg.	31 Charleston Homes and Garden Tour, Charleston, S.C. Through April 9.	

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Grand Prix Auto Endurance Race, West Palm Beach, Fla.
2 International Dog Show, Berlin. Also April 1.	3 Governor's Bowl Tennis Tournament, San Juan, P.R. Through April 10.	4 National Cherry Blossom Festival, Washington, D.C. Through April 9.	5 King Neptune's Frolics, Sarasota, Fla. April 2 to 8.	6 Masters' Golf Tournament, Augusta, Ga. Through April 9.	7 Osaka International Festival, Osaka, Japan. Through May 7.	8 Steeplechase Horse Race, Aiken, S. C.
9 Canadian Armed Forces Tattoo, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. Through April 12.	10 Festival of States, St. Petersburg, Fla. April 3-14.	11 Baton Rouge Pilgrimage, Baton Rouge, La. April 3-15.	12 Merry Monarch Festival and Cruise, Hilo, Hawaii. Through April 16.	13 Cambodian New Years, "Chaul Chnam," Phnom-Penh. Through April 15.	14 Dogwood Arts Festival, Knoxville, Tenn. Through April 23.	15 51st. Swiss Industries Fair, Basel, Switzerland. Through April 25.
16 National Alpine Ski Veterans' Championship, Stevens Pass, Wis. Also April 15.	17 American Flag Day, Pago Pago, U.S. Samoa.	18 Seville Spring Fair, Seville, Spain. Through April 23.	19 Fiesta San Antonio, San Antonio, Texas. April 17 to 22.	20 40th International Trade Fair, Brussels, April 15 to 26.	21 Oklahoma '89ers Day, Opening of Lands, Guthrie. Also April 22.	22 Floral Pageant Week, Queen Crowned, Bermuda. Through April 29.
23 Sugar Creek Canoe Race, Crawfordsville, Ind. Also April 23.	24 Greek Orthodox Easter Week, Athens and all Greece. Also Tarpon Springs, Fla.	25 Anzac Day, Tribute to War Dead, Sydney and all Australia.	26 Kentucky Derby Festival. Louisville. Through May 4.	27 Wildflower Pilgrimage, Great Smokies, Gatlinburg, Tenn. Also April 28 & 29.	28 EXPO 67 World's Fair Opening, Montreal, Que. Through Oct. 27.	29 Emperor's Birthday Celebration, Tokyo and all Japan.
30 Queen's Birthday Festivities, Hague, all Holland and N.W.I.						

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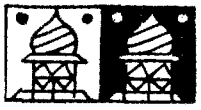
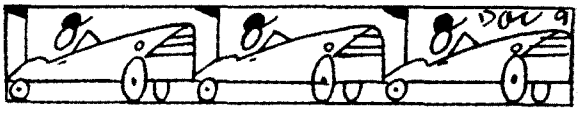
MAY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	**1** International Labor Day Parade, Moscow. Also Warsaw, Sofia, Belgrade.	**2** EXPO 67: Lincoln Center Music Concerts, Montreal. May 1 to 13.	**3** International Film Festival, Cannes, France. May 1 to 15.	**4** International Hanover Fair, Hanover, Germany, April 29 to May 7.	**5** Moroccan Folklore Festival, Marrakesh, Morocco.	**6** Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.
7 Apple Blossom Festival, Wenatchee, Wash. Also May 4, 5, 6.	**8** Prague Spring Music Festival, Prague, Czechoslovakia.	**9** Festival of Arts, Birmingham, Ala. May 5 to 21.	**10** Golden Spike Railroad Commemoration, Promontory, Utah.	**11** Tulip Time Festival, Pella, Iowa, through May 13.	**12** World Plowing Championships, near Christchurch, N.Z. Also May 13.	**13** Pilgrimage to Shrine of Our Lady, Fatima, Portugal. Also May 12.
14 Midnight Sun Celebration, North Cape, Norway.	**15** Memphis Cotton Festival, King Crowned, Memphis, Tenn.	**16** Dancing Parade, Echternach, Luxembourg.	**17** Cork Choral Festival, Cork, Ireland. Through May 21.	**18** Jumping Frog Jubilee, Angel's Camp, Calif. Through May 21.	**19** Walker Cup Golf Match, Sandwich, Kent, Eng. Also May 20.	**20** Preakness Horserace, Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.
21 Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Sussex, England. Through July 31.	**22** New Haven Festival of Arts, New Haven, Conn. May 21 to 30.	**23** Mozart Week, Cologne, Germany, May 18 to 25.	**24** Centennial Voyageur Canoe Race, start Rocky Mountain, Alberta.	**25** Gypsy Pilgrimage, Ste. Marie-de-la-Mer, France. Also May 24.	**26** Freedom and Constitution Day, Ankara and all Turkey.	**27** Alaska '67 Exposition Opening, Fairbanks. Through Sept. 10.
28 Kilkenny Beer Festival, Kilkenny, Ireland. Through June 4.	**29** Bulgarian Rose Day, Valley of Roses, Bulgaria.	**30** Memorial Day 500 Mile Auto Race, Indianapolis.	**31** Pablo Casals Festival opens, San Juan, P.R. Through June 14.			

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 June Week, U.S. Naval Academy Commencement, Annapolis, Md.	**2** International Trade Fair, Barcelona, Spain, June 1 to 20.	**3** Belmont Stakes Horserace, Aqueduct, New York.
4 Fiesta of Five Flags, Pensacola, Fla. June 3-12.	**5** Sun Fun Festival, Myrtle Beach, S.C. Through June 11.	**6** Swedish Flag Day, Stockholm and all Sweden.	**7** EXPO 67: British Royal Ballet, Montreal. Through June 10.	**8** Stratford Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Ont. Through mid-Oct.	**9** Portland Rose Festival, Portland, Ore. Through June 18.	**10** Queen's Birthday, Trooping the Colors, London.
11 Black Hills Passion Play, Spearfish, S.D. Through Sept. 3.	**12** Helsinki Day Celebration, Helsinki, Finland.	**13** EXPO 67: Hamburg State Opera, N.A. Premiere, Montreal. Through June 18.	**14** Copenhagen's 800th Anniversary Celebration, all Denmark. Through June 18.	**15** New York Summer Festival opens, New York. Through Sept. 5.	**16** U.S.G.A. Open Championship, Springfield, N.J. Through June 18.	**17** Le Mans 24-Hour Auto Race, Le Mans, France. Also June 18.
18 American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn. June 17-Sept. 4.	**19** Strasbourg Music Festival, Strasbourg, France. Through June 30.	**20** Royal Ascot Horserace, Ascot, Eng. Through June 23.	**21** June Music Festival, Albuquerque, N.M. June 15 to 28.	**22** Old Timers' Fiddlers Contest, Weiser, Idaho. Through June 24.	**23** "Lost Colony" Outdoor Drama Opening, Manteo, N.C.	**24** Epidaurus Festival, Ancient Greek Drama, Epidaurus, Greece.
25 Grand Prix de Paris Horseraces, Longchamps, Paris. To July 5.	**26** Wimbledon Tennis Championships open, London. Through July 8.	**27** "Cross and Sword" Outdoor Drama opening St. Augustine, Fla.	**28** World Athletic Games, Olympic Stadium, Helsinki, Finland. Also June 29.	**29** Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, England. June 28 to July 1.	**30** Tour de France Bicycle Race, start—throughout France. Ending mid-July.	

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JULY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Dominion Day Celebration, Ottawa and all Canada.
2 Palio Horserace and Pageant, Siena, Italy. Also Aug. 16.	**3** Athens Festival, Ancient Greek Drama, Athens. July 1 to Sept. 30.	**4** U.S. Independence Day, Rebild, Denmark, and Oslo, Norway.	**5** Laramie Jubilee Days, Laramie, Wyo. Through July 9.	**6** Fiesta of San Fermin, Running of Bulls, Pamplona, Spain. Through July 20.	**7** Star, "Tanabata", Festival, Tokyo.	**8** Pennsylvania Dutch Festival, Kutztown, Pa. From July 1.
9 Hans Christian Andersen Festival, near Odense, Denmark, Through Aug. 6.	**10** Dubrovnik Summer Festival, Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Through Aug. 24.	**11** National Cherry Festival, Traverse City, Mich. July 10 to 14.	**12** Windjammer Days, Parade of Schooners, Boothbay, Me. Also July 13.	**13** Bastille Day Fete, Papeete, Tahiti. Through July 20.	**14** Bastille Day Celebration, Paris, all France and territories.	**15** Feast of Lanterns, Honoring the Dead, Tokyo and all Japan. From July 13.
16 American Indian Exposition, Anadarko, Okla. Similar Browning, Mont. From July 12.	**17** Water Festival and Ski Show, Beaufort, S.C. Through July 23.	**18** Miss Mississippi Pageant, Vicksburg, Miss. Through July 22.	**19** Mormon Pioneer Days Celebration, Ogden, Utah. Through July 24.	**20** Munich Opera Festival, Munich, Germany. Through mid-Aug.	**21** Music and Drama Festival, World Assembly of Choirs, Tel Aviv, Israel.	**22** Fifth Pan-American Games, Winnipeg, Man. Through Aug. 7.
23 French "Cornwall" Festival, 1,000 Bagpipers. Quimper, Brittany. Also July 20.	**24** Simon Bolivar's Birthday Observance, Caracas and all Venezuela.	**25** Bach Week, Ansbach; Wagner Festival, Bayreuth, Germany. Through Aug. 24.	**26** Salzburg Music Festival, Salzburg, Austria. Through Aug. 31.	**27** Frontier Days, Cheyenne, Wyo. July 25 to 30.	**28** Lumberjack and Log-Rolling Championship, Hayward, Wis. Through July 30.	**29** Cowes Week of Yachting, Isle of Wight, England. Through Aug. 5.
30 Pack Burro Race, Leadville, Colo. From July 28.	**31** New Ulm Polka Day, Dancing in Streets, New Ulm, Minn.					

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 Boy Scout World Jamboree, Farragut State Park, Idaho. Through Aug. 9.	**2** Annual Craftsmen's Fair, Newbury, N.H. Aug. 1 to 6.	**3** Cup Match Cricket Festival, Bermuda. Also Aug. 4.	**4** Maine Seafoods Festival, Feasting on Half-Shell, Rockland, Me.	**5** Mountain Dance Folk Festival, Asheville, N.C. Aug. 4 to 6.
6 Peace Festival, Honoring Atomic Bomb Victims, Hiroshima, Japan.	**7** Royal National Eisteddfod, Merioneth, Wales.	**8** Dublin Horse Show, Ballsbridge, Dublin. Through Aug. 1-2.	**9** Schweizer Fest, all things Swiss, Tell City, Ind. Aug. 7-12.	**10** Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, Gallup, N.M. Through Aug. 13.	**11** Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo, Mobile, Ala. Through Aug. 13.	**12** National Sports Car Race, Montgomery, Ala.
13 Mystic Outdoor Art Festival, Mystic, Conn. Also Aug. 12.	**14** Independence Day, Karachi and all Pakistan.	**15** Independence Day, Red Fort, New Delhi, and all India.	**16** Nile Flood Festival, oldest in Egypt, Cairo, through Aug. 31.	**17** 64th Kentucky State Fair and Horseshow, Louisville, Ky. Through Aug. 26.	**18** Iowa State Fair, Des Moines, Ia. Through Aug. 27.	**19** Annual Soapbox Derby, Kid Races, Akron, O.
20 Edinburgh International Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland.	**21** 29th International Music Festival, Lucerne, Switzerland. Through Sept. 1.	**22** Fair of St. Bartholomew, Coimbra, Portugal, Aug. 20 to 30.	**23** Original Pennsylvania Dutch Days, Hershey, Pa. Aug. 22 to 27.	**24** Ohio State Fair, one of greatest, Columbus, O. Through Sept. 4.	**25** Indiana State Fair, Horse Racing, Indianapolis. Through Sept. 4.	**26** Luxembourg Fair, Luxembourg City. Through Sept. 10.
27 Grand Prix Horse Race, Deauville, France.	**28** Tennessee Walking Horse Contest, Shelbyville, Tenn. Through Sept. 2.	**29** Minnesota State Fair, St. Paul. Aug. 26 to Sept. 4.	**30** Victory Day Military Parades, Ankara and all Turkey.	**31** Malaysia Day, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.		

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SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 Royal Theatre Season Opening, Copenhagen, Denmark.	**2** Daphni Wine Festival, Free Potions, Daphni, Greece. Through Sept.
3 Venice Gondola Regatta, Venice, Italy.	**4** Old-Time Sourdough Celebration, Skagway, Alaska. From Sept. 2.	**5** Miss America Pageant, Atlantic City, N.J. Through Sept. 9.	**6** Atlantic Tuna Tournament, Galilee, R.I. Through Sept. 8.	**7** International Trade Fair, Salonika, Greece, Sept. 3 to 17.	**8** Our Lady of Pines Festival, Canary Islands, Spain.	**9** Bulgarian National Holiday, Sofia and all Bulgaria.
10 International Trade Fair, Vienna. Through Sept. 17.	**11** Trade Fair Brno, Czechoslovakia, Through Sept. 19.	**12** America's Cup Match Start, Newport, R.I.	**13** Pendleton Rodeo Roundup, Pendleton, Ore. Through Sept. 16.	**14** Royal Melbourne Agricultural Fair, Melbourne, Australia.	**15** Cherokee Strip Celebration, Perry, Okla. Also Sept. 16.	**16** Munich Oktoberfest, Munich, Germany. Through Oct. 1.
17 International Jazz Festival, Lugano, Switzerland.	**18** Chilean Independence Day, Santiago and all Chile. Also Sept. 19.	**19** Royal Horticultural Society Autumn Show, London. Through Sept. 21.	**20** Apple Harvest Festival, Jackson, O. Through Sept. 21.	**21** Kansas State Fair, Hutchinson, Kan. From Sept. 16.	**22** Ak-Sar-Ben Rodeo and Livestock Show, Omaha, Neb. Through Sept. 30.	**23** Goose-Calling Championship, Missouri Valley, Ia. Also Sept. 24.
24 All-Ireland Gaelic Football Championship, Dublin.	**25** EXPO 67: Martha Graham Dance Company, Montreal. Through Sept. 30.	**26** San Miguel Fair, Bullfights, Seville, Spain. Through Sept. 29.	**27** Persimmon Country Festival, Mitchell, Ind. Sept. 27 to 30.	**28** European Basketball Championship, Helsinki, Finland. Through Oct. 8.	**29** Pilgrimage to Mont-Saint-Michel Abbey, Normandy, France.	**30** EXPO 67: New York Philharmonic, Montreal.

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Arch of Triumph Grand Prix Horserace, Longchamps, Paris.	**2** Alabama State Fair, Birmingham, Ala. Through Oct. 7.	**3** Relief of Leyden Pageant, Leyden, Netherlands.	**4** Oktoberfest Carnival, La Crosse, Wis. Through Oct. 8.	**5** 54th International Automobile Show, Grand Palais, Paris. Through Oct. 15.	**6** German Industries Fair, Berlin. Through Oct. 15.	**7** EXPO 67: La Scala Opera of Milan, N. A. Premiere, Montreal.
8 Wild Turkey Calling Contest, Yellville, Ark. Through Oct. 14.	**9** Mississippi State Fair, Jackson, Miss. Through Oct. 14.	**10** Double Tenth Day, Founding of Republic, Taipei, Taiwan.	**11** Dublin Theatre Festival, Dublin, Oct. 2 to 15.	**12** Christopher Columbus Discovery Day, Mexico City and all Latin America.	**13** Maid of Cotton Contest, Montgomery, Ala.	**14** Pennsylvania Horseshow, Harrisburg, Pa. Through Oct. 21.
15 National 500 Stock Car Race, Charlotte, N.C.	**16** Aloha Week, Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Oct. 15 to 21.	**17** South Carolina State Fair, Columbia, S.C. Through Oct. 22.	**18** International Motor Show, Earl's Court, London. Through Oct. 28.	**19** Harvest Pumpkin Show, Circleville, O. Oct. 18 to 21.	**20** Louisiana State Fair, Shreveport, La. Through Oct. 29.	**21** Hobo Week, Brookings, S.D. From Oct. 19.
22 EXPO 67: Stratford Shakespeare Festival, Montreal. Oct. 16-28.	**23** Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, Oslo, Norway. Oct. 1 to 30.	**24** United Nations Day, United Nations, N.Y., and around world.	**25** National Horseshow, Madison Sq. Garden, New York. Oct. 24 to 31.	**26** St. Demetrios Festival, Athens, Salonika and all Greece. Through Oct. 28.	**27** Revolution Day, Karachi and all Pakistan.	**28** National Day, Military Parade past King, Athens and all Greece.
29 Republic Day, Founding of Republic, Ankara and all Turkey.	**30** Grand National Horseshow, San Francisco. Oct. 27 to Nov. 5.	**31** Nevada Day Celebration, Carson City, Nev.				

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Festival of Lights, "Diwali," New Delhi and all India. Also Nov. 2.	2 Emperor's Coronation Day, Addis Ababa and all Ethiopia.	3 Culture Day, Renewal of Past, Tokyo and all Japan.	4 Burgundy Gastronomic Fair, Lyons, France. Through Nov. 2.
5 Invitation Tennis Championships, Bermuda. Through Nov. 11.	6 Arizona State Fair, Phoenix, Ariz. Nov. 4 to 13.	7 50th Anniversary of Soviet Revolution, Moscow and all Russia. Also Nov. 8.	8 49th International Auto Show, Turin, Italy. Nov. 1 to 12.	9 Death Valley Encampment, Death Valley, Calif. Through Nov. 12.	10 192nd Marine Corps Pageant, Naval Base, Newport, R.I.	11 Lord Mayor's Procession, to Royal Courts, London.
12 5.5 Meter Yacht World Championships, Montagu Bay, Nassau.	13 Royal Canadian Mounted Police Musical Ride, Toronto, Ont. Nov. 10-18.	14 Antiques Exposition, Toulouse, France, Nov. 9 to 21.	15 Children's Shrine Visiting Day, "Schichi-go-San," Tokyo.	16 Buddhist Pilgrim Fairs, Bangkok, Thailand and elsewhere.	17 Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, Winnipeg, Man. Through Nov. 19.	18 "Les Trois Glorieuses" Wine Festival, Beaune and others, France.
19 Monaco's National Day, Monte Carlo.	20 Revolution Day, Mexico City and all Mexico.	21 Skindivers' Festival, Heron Island, Australia. Nov. 10-Dec. 1.	22 Annual Folklore Fair, Lagos, Portugal.	23 Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, New York City.	24 Duck Shooting Festival, Lake Abbasa, Egypt. Through Dec. 30.	25 Ste. Catherine's Day Parade, Single Midinettes, Paris.
26 International Livestock Exposition, Chicago Amphitheatre. Through Dec. 1.	27 Skansen Christmas Fair, Stockholm, Sweden.	28 18th Interstoff Fair, Frankfurt, Germany. Through Dec. 1.	29 Thanksgiving Service, St. Peter's, Leyden, Netherlands.	30 St. Nicholas Day, Curacao and N.W.I. Through Dec. 6.		

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 Canadian National Ballet, Edmonton, Alb. Also Dec. 2.	2 Grey Cup Football Classic, Ottawa, Ont.
3 Handel's "Messiah" Oratorio, Providence, R.I.	4 Duck Calling Championship, Stuttgart, Ark. Through Dec. 9.	5 King's Birthday Celebration, Bangkok and all Thailand.	6 St. Nicholas Celebrations, Hague and all Netherlands. Also Dec. 5.	7 Opera Season Opening, La Scala, Milan, Italy.	8 Feast of Immaculate Conception, Seville, Spain and all Catholic Countries.	9 Goodwill Golf Tournament, Bermuda, from Dec. 5.
10 Nobel Peace Prize Ceremonies, Oslo, Norway, and Stockholm, Sweden.	11 Santon Christmas Fair, Marseille, France.	12 St. Spyridon's Day Festival, Island of Corfu, Greece.	13 St. Lucia Day, Stockholm and all Sweden. Also Holland.	14 Christmas Toy Fair, Nuremberg, Germany.	15 Netherlands Kingdom Day, Aruba and Curacao, N.W.I.	16 Christmas Water Pageant, Long Beach, Calif. Also Dec. 17.
17 64th Anniversary Wright Brothers Flight, Kitty Hawk, N.C.	18 Las Posadas Festivities, Tucson, Ariz. Also Dec. 17.	19 Williamsburg Old Christmas Festivities, Williamsburg, Va. Through Jan. 2.	20 Christmas Posadas, Carol Singing, throughout Mexico. Dec. 16 to 24.	21 Vancouver Holiday Theatre, Calgary, Alb. Also Dec. 22.	22 Orange Festival, Jericho, Jordan.	23 International Surfing Championship, Makaha Beach, Oahu. Dec. 16-24.
24 Southwestern Sun Festival, El Paso, Texas, also Orange Bowl, Miami.	25 Christmas Services, St. Peter's, Rome Bethlehem, Jordan, Nazareth, Israel.	26 Sydney-to-Hobart Yacht Race Start, Sydney, Australia.	27 Feast of Lights, "Chanukah," Tel Aviv and all Israel.	28 Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Winnipeg, Man. Through Dec. 31.	29 Blue-Gray Football Classic, Montgomery, Ala.	30 Rizal Day, Honoring Philippine Hero, Manila.
31 Festivals of St. Sylvester, Funchal, Madeira.						

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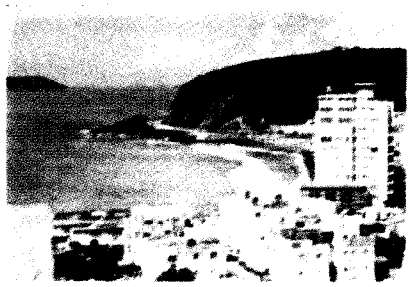

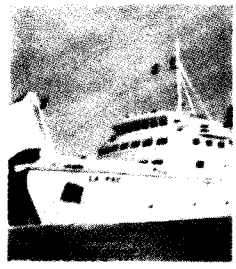

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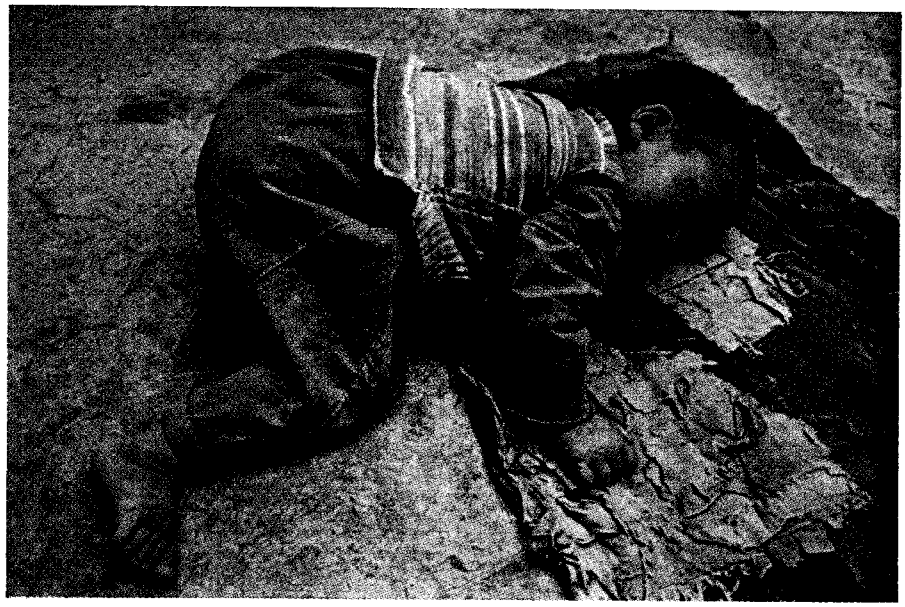
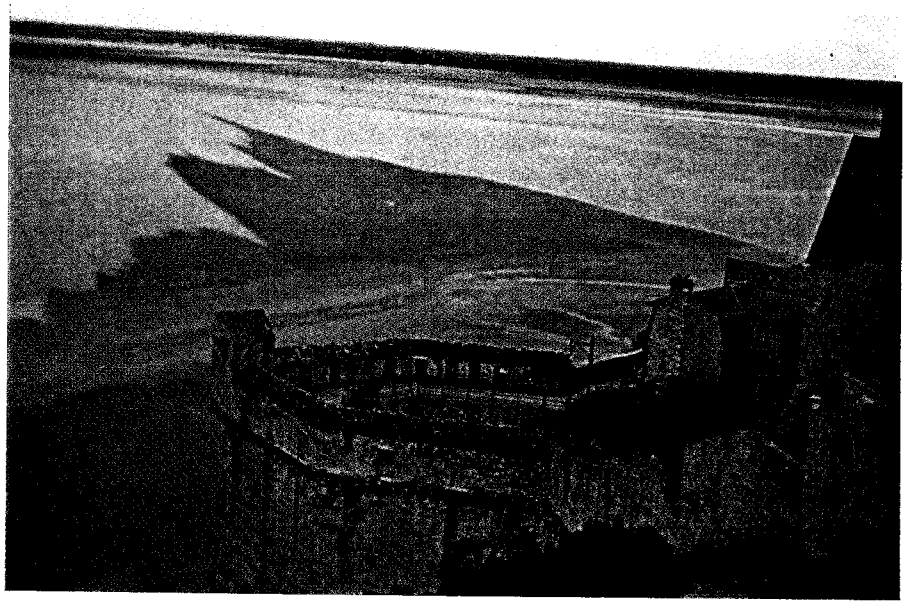


Grand Prize in Color—Antoinette Jongen, New York, N.Y. Bamiyan, Afghanistan. Minolta. Kodachrome.



Third Prize in Color—Stephan J. White, Cleveland, O. Mont-Saint-Michel, France. Pentax. Agfacolor.

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1966 Photo Prize Winners: *A Gallery*

No. 1 B & W—Manuel Carrillo, Mexico City, Mexico. Dolores Pantcon, Mexico. Rolleiflex. Plus X.

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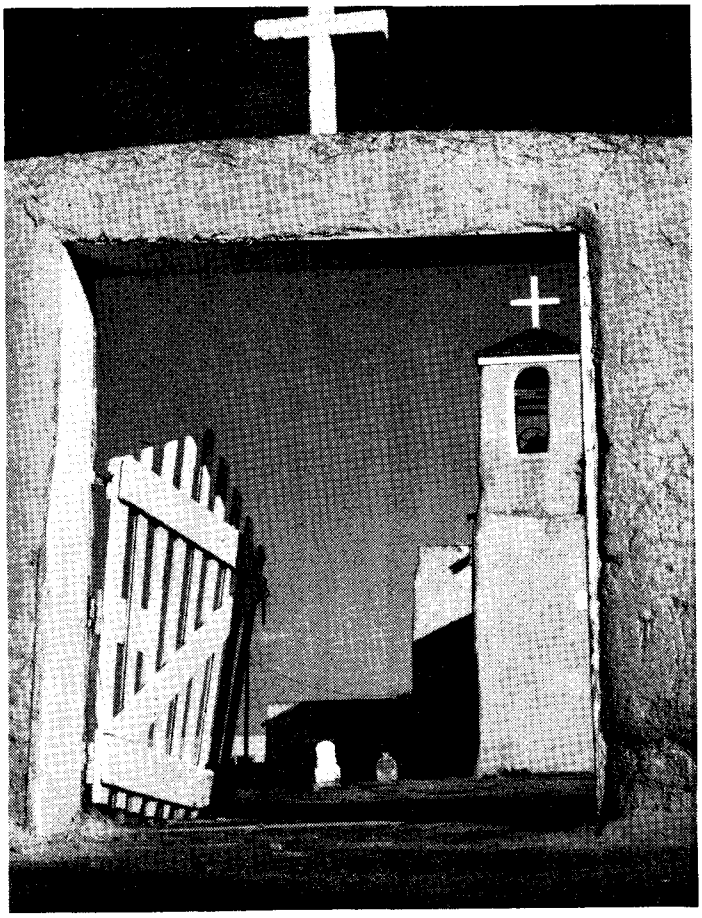
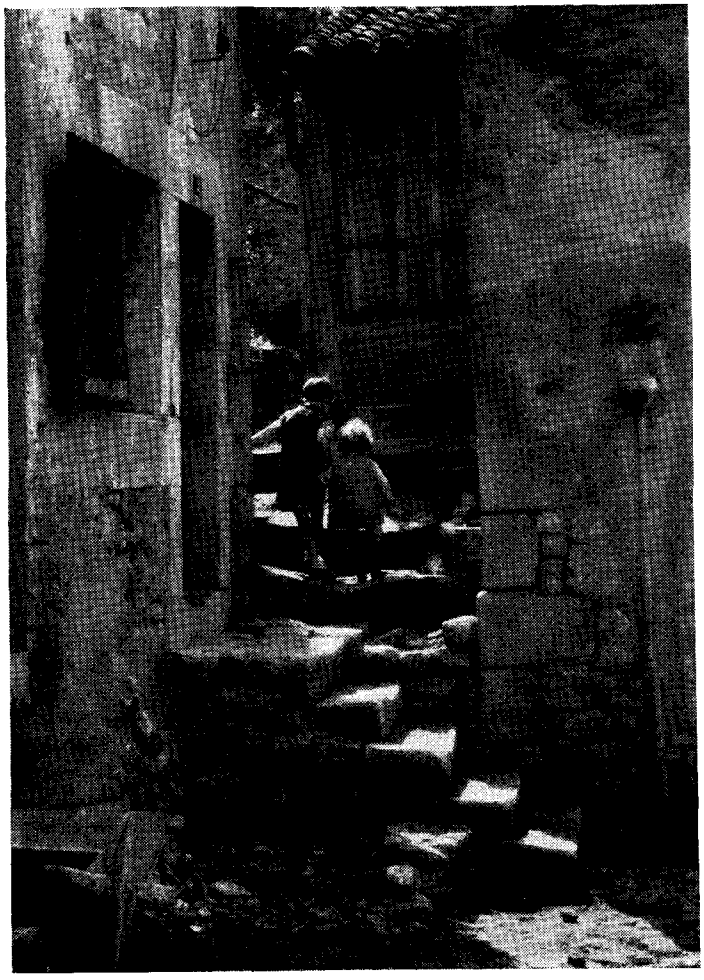


No. 2 B & W—Gaylord A. Morrison, Cleveland, O. Ranchos de Taos, N.M. Rolleiflex. Plus X.



No. 3 B & W—Robert Desmé, Lyme, N.H. Chauvigny, France. Mamiya. Verichrome Pan.

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No. 4 B & W—Michael Drissman, Detroit, Mich. Beersheba, Israel. Nikon. Plus X.

No. 5 B & W—Dr. James Wilkie, Columbus, O. La Paz, Bolivia. Hasselblad. Tri X.

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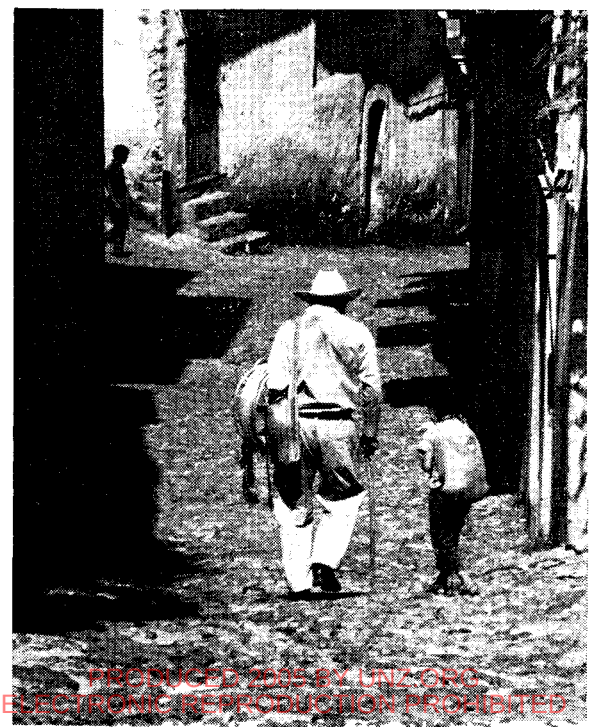
No. 6 B & W—Fred Scheel, Fargo, N.D. Carmel, Calif. Graflex. Royal Pan Sheet.

No. 7 B & W—Josephine D'Angelo, Chicago, Ill. Taxco, Mexico. Exakta. Plus X.



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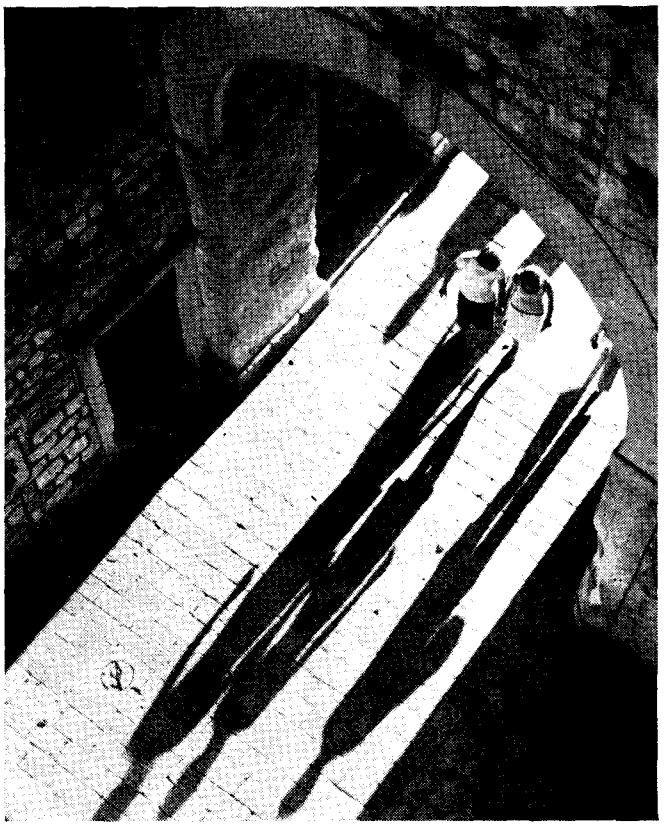
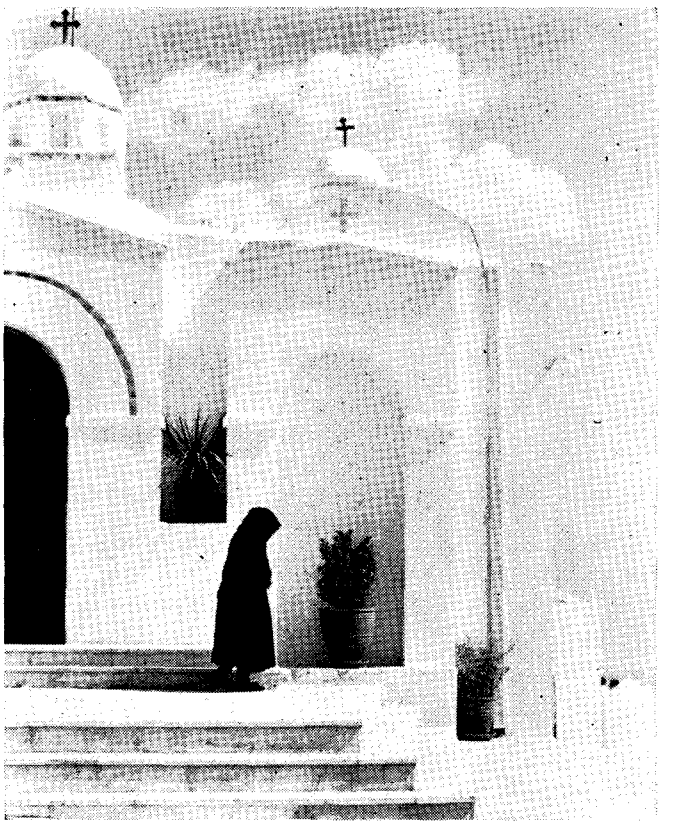
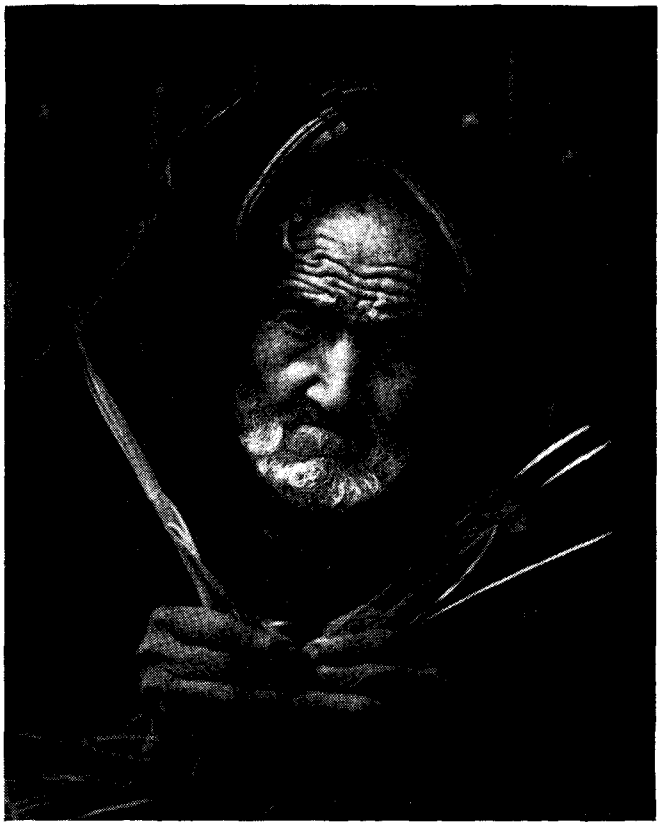


No. 8 B & W—Rhyna Goldsmith, Flushing, N.Y. Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Rolleiflex. Plus X.



No. 9 B & W—Stephanie G. Ocko, Alexandria, Va. Athens, Greece. Pentax. Plus X.

No. 10 B & W—Charlotte LaRue, New York, N.Y. Stockholm, Sweden. Yashica. Verichrome Pan.



Hon. Mention—Dr. Meyer Saklad, Providence, R.I. Mohammedia, Morocco. Hasselblad. Plus X.

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Hon. Mention—Irene Weidler, Silver Spring, Md. Rehoboth Beach, Del. Rolleiflex. Tri X.

WORLD EXPOSURE

THE TRAVELING CAMERA exposes the world, and the traveler seeks to expose to the world what he has seen. Should anyone doubt this, we offer as evidence our tally of entries in *SR*'s fourteenth annual World Travel Photo Contest: This year's pictures represented locales in 149 countries on all six continents; entrants from every sector of the nation and thirty-five foreign lands numbered in the multiple thousands.

As for the two entrants who took top honors, both are inveterate picturetakers and both are occupationally involved in travel—or, more precisely, in transportation. Antoinette Jongen, whose color entry netted a trip to New Delhi and another challenge for her nomadic camera, is a native of Holland. As a sales representative she came to Montreal in 1962, and later migrated to New York to become an executive secretary in an export agency. By then she had completed a course in photography and had bought the camera with which she made the shot of the sleeping child in Bamiyan—one of about 2,000 pictures recording her 1965-66 journey around the world.

Despite enervating August heat, hazards of donkey transportation, and a shoe lost to the swift current of the Bamiyan River, she still labels her experience there "a great day." "Not only did I succeed in getting some good shots of Afghan girls and women who usually flee or cover their faces when strangers approach, but I spotted the little figure peacefully asleep on a piece of coarse material. . . ."

Manuel Carrillo was en route to a Cuernavaca vacation when he shot his grand-prize black-and-white. But his travels usually are for business, since he is general agent for Illinois Central Railroad in Mexico. An amateur photographer since 1955, he reports, "I do my own developing and processing in my home darkroom. Recently I've won several local awards, and it was gratifying to be the first Latin American cited as 'star photographer' by the *1966 Photography Yearbook*, a British publication which featured seven of my prints."

Appropriately, his prints travel, too. Two exhibits of his work—*Mi Pueblo*, portraying rural Mexican life, and *The Inseparables*, documenting the interdependence of people and animals—have been circulated in the United States, Central and South America, Australia, and New Zealand. About the winning entry that will wing him to Madrid, he notes, "It best expressed what I saw—the solitude of the cemetery and the faithfulness of dog to master."

Exposures of the world made, exposure to the world sought—that is what makes a gallery of prizewinning travel photos grow.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

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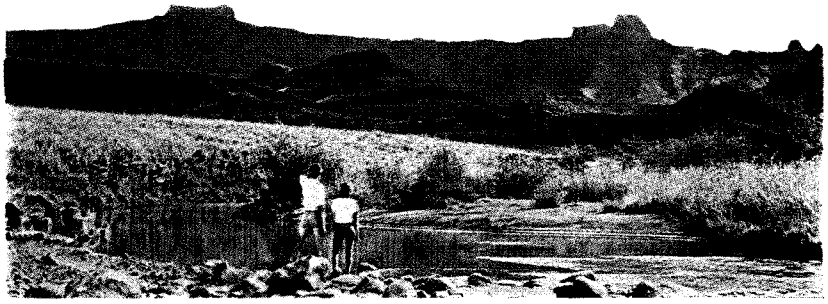

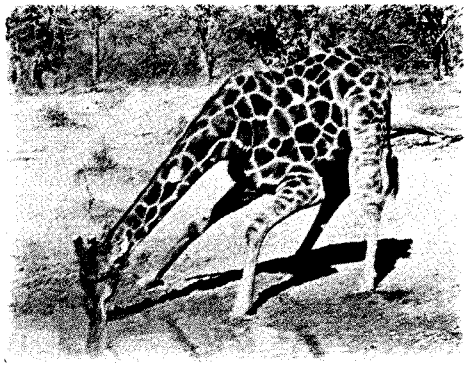

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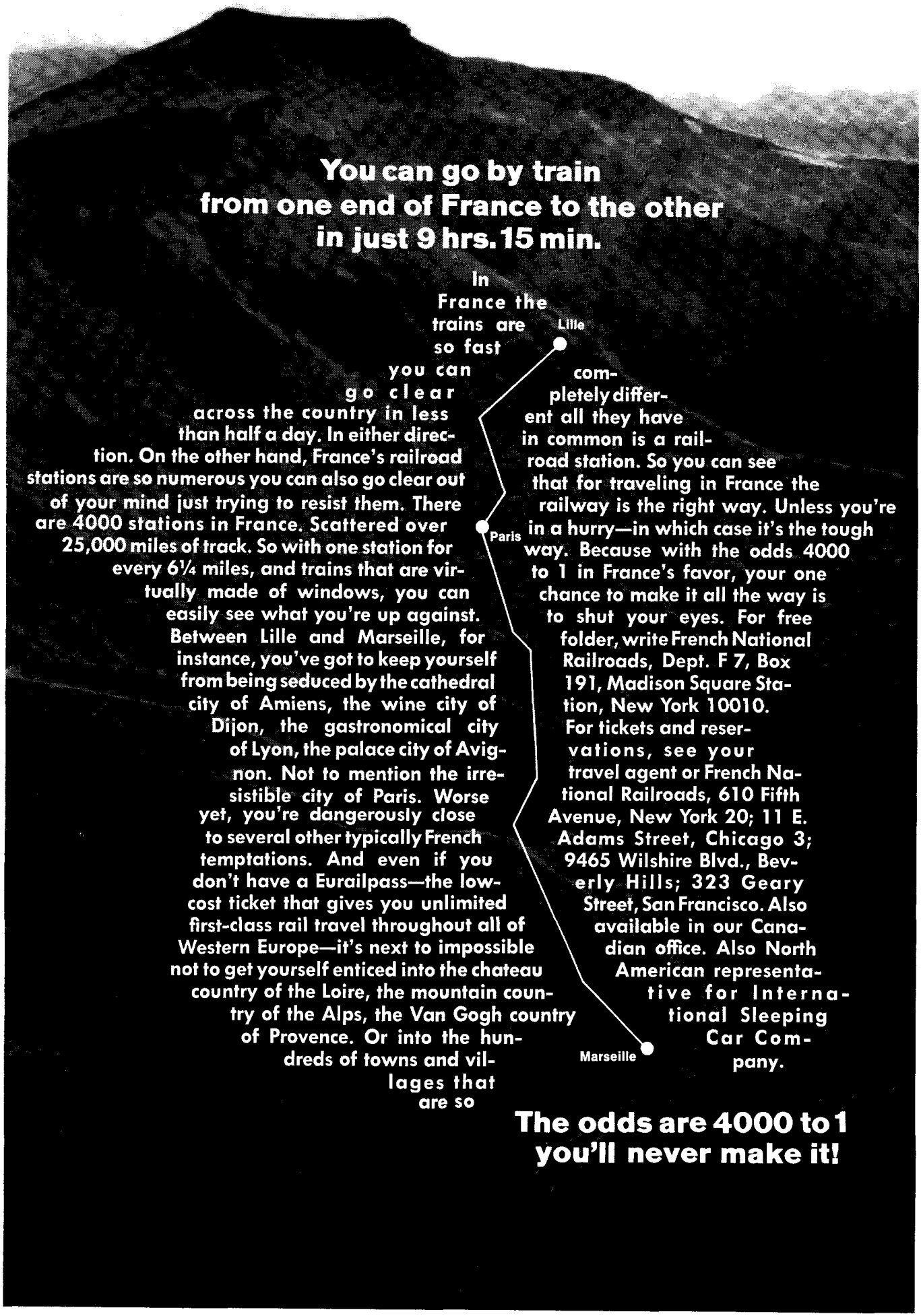
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In France the trains are so fast you can go clear across the country in less than half a day. In either direction. On the other hand, France's railroad stations are so numerous you can also go clear out of your mind just trying to resist them. There are 4000 stations in France. Scattered over 25,000 miles of track. So with one station for every 6¼ miles, and trains that are virtually made of windows, you can easily see what you're up against. Between Lille and Marseille, for instance, you've got to keep yourself from being seduced by the cathedral city of Amiens, the wine city of Dijon, the gastronomical city of Lyon, the palace city of Avignon. Not to mention the irresistible city of Paris. Worse yet, you're dangerously close to several other typically French temptations. And even if you don't have a Eurailpass—the low-cost ticket that gives you unlimited first-class rail travel throughout all of Western Europe—it's next to impossible not to get yourself enticed into the chateau country of the Loire, the mountain country of the Alps, the Van Gogh country of Provence. Or into the hundreds of towns and villages that are so
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Photo Prizewinners

GRAND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Round-trip flight to New Delhi)

ANTOINETTE JONGEN, New York, N.Y. Bamiyan, Afghanistan. Minolta; Kodachrome.

GRAND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Round-trip flight to Madrid)

MANUEL CARRILLO, Mexico City, Mexico. Dolores Panteon, Mexico. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

SECOND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize - $200)

JAMES N. WESTWATER, Columbus, O. Glacier Bay, Alaska. Retina; Kodachrome.

SECOND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize - $200)

GAYLORD A. MORRISON, Cleveland, O. Ranchos de Taos, N.M. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

THIRD PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize - $100)

STEPHAN J. WHITE, Cleveland, O. Mont-Saint-Michel, France. Pentax; Agfacolor.

THIRD PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize - $100)

ROBERT DESMIE, Lyme, N.H. Chauvigny, France. Mamiya; Verichrome Pan.

FINALISTS IN COLOR
(Cash Prizes - $50)

DOROTHY WARREN, New York, N.Y. Benfica, Portugal. Rolleiflex; Anscochrome.
SAMUEL SWEET, Brooklyn, N.Y. Kiev, USSR. Pentax; Ektachrome.
MRS. FRED W. S. MODERN, Long Beach, Calif. Redwood Highway, Calif. Exakta; Kodachrome.
BERTRAM ZIMET, Queens Village, N.Y. St. George, Bermuda. Nikon; Kodachrome.
GAIL SILVER, Providence, R.I. Bukhara, U.S.S.R. Nikon; Kodachrome.
HAROLD J. LOEVY, Springfield, N.J. Safad, Israel. Rolleiflex; Agfachrome.
KLAUS EBELING, Adams Center, N.Y. Syracuse, N.Y. Voigtländer; Agfachrome.

FINALISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prizes - $50)

MICHAEL DRISSMAN, Detroit, Mich. Beersheba, Israel. Nikon; Plus X.
DR. JAMES WILKIE, Columbus, Ohio. La Paz, Bolivia. Hasselblad; Tri X.
FRED SCHEEL, Fargo, N.D. Carmel, Calif. Graflex; Royal Pan Sheet.
JOSEPHINE D'ANGELO, Chicago, Ill. Taxco, Mexico. Exakta; Plus X.
RHYNA GOLDSMITH, Flushing, N.Y. Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Rolleiflex; Plus X.
STEPHANIE G. OCKO, Alexandria, Va. Athens, Greece. Pentax; Plus X.
CHARLOTTE LARUE, New York, N.Y. Stockholm, Sweden. Yashica; Verichrome Pan.

HONORABLE MENTION

DOROTHY ALBRIGHT, Malibu, Calif. Queen Elizabeth Park, Uganda. Topcon; Kodachrome.
ELI BARD, M.D., Denver, Colo. Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. Kodak; Kodachrome.
MERRITH BETHG, Chicago, Ill. Machu Picchu, Peru. Mamiya; Ektachrome.
LOU BLOCK, Louisville, Ky. Bernal, Mexico. Leica; Pan X.
JULIA BOOTH, Bridgeport, Conn. Between Colombo and Kandy, Ceylon. Retina; Agfachrome.
D. J. CAMPBELL, Brooklyn, N.Y. Tahiti. Pentax; Kodachrome.
LINDA DAVID, Baltimore, Md. Figueira da Foz, Portugal. Rolleiflex; Kodachrome.
J. L. DICKSON, Williamsville, N.Y. Brussels, Belgium. Argus; Kodachrome.
STEVE FITCH, Ukiah, Calif. Ajijac, Mexico. Nikon; Plus X.
BOB HIGBEE, Santa Barbara, Calif. Joensuu, Finland. Argus; Kodachrome.
GERTRUDE KNOTT, Great Neck, N.Y. Italy. Pentax; Kodachrome.
NANCY MCCLURE, Woodland Hills, Calif. Bogazköy, Turkey. Pentax; Kodachrome.
MARIE METCALF, Orange, Calif. Corona del Mar, Calif. Topcon; Tri X.
IRVING J. OLSON, Akron, O. Como, Italy. Hasselblad; Ektacolor.
ALVIN I. RUDNICK, Queens Village, N.Y. Le Sentier, Switzerland. Beauty-Lite; Kodacolor.
DR. MEYER SAKLAD, Providence, R.I. Mohammedia, Morocco. Hasselblad; Plus X.
IRENE WEIDLER, Silver Spring, Md. Rehoboth Beach, Del. Rolleiflex; Tri X.

JUDGES

IVAN DMITRI—Director, Photography in the Fine Arts
LEOPOLD GODOWSKY—Co-inventor of Kodachrome
NORMAN COUSINS, Editor, *Saturday Review*
NORRIS HARKNESS—Past President, Photographic Society of America
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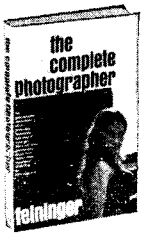

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—*Three Lions.*

Simon Bolivar Monument, Caracas—"vitality, vastness, and enormous potential . . . a community of contrasts."

CARACAS'S 400th

BOLIVAR AND BULLDOZERS

By TEODORO MOSCOSO

FOR A CITY founded in 1567, Caracas, capital of oil and iron-rich Venezuela, has very few landmarks to remind one of its Spanish colonial origins. Bulldozers and demolition balls have left only a small number of the old buildings intact and, with a single exception, which my wife and I visited, restoration of those remaining has been sparing.

Caracas *is a modern, sophisticated* metropolis of more than 1,500,000 inhabitants, in which the skyscraper is predominant, having become a sort of national status symbol. It is a community of contrasts—as is all of Venezuela. Surrounding this conglomerate of modern multi-storied structures clustered in the narrow valley of the city, where intricately intertwined superhighways carry as heavy a traffic as any parkway in Long Island, is a crown of slum shacks or *ranchitos* which clamber up the hillsides enclosing the city.

The early Spanish settlers of Caracas *quite intelligently chose as its site a high* valley about ten miles from the sea on the northern coast of South America. Not only did this protect them from pirate incursions but it blessed them with a year-round spring-like climate. Maiquetía, the port and airport area serving the city, is warm and humid; its shore line toward the east, however, is superb. One can easily compare it with the Grande Corniche in the French Riviera, and some of the hotels along the narrow shore, crowded by the hills, are as luxurious as any you may find in the Côte d'Azur. One of them, the Macuto, has probably more marble per square foot of floor area than any other hostelry in the world. Only a spendthrift and not-too-honest dictator, such as former President Pérez Jiménez, could have built such

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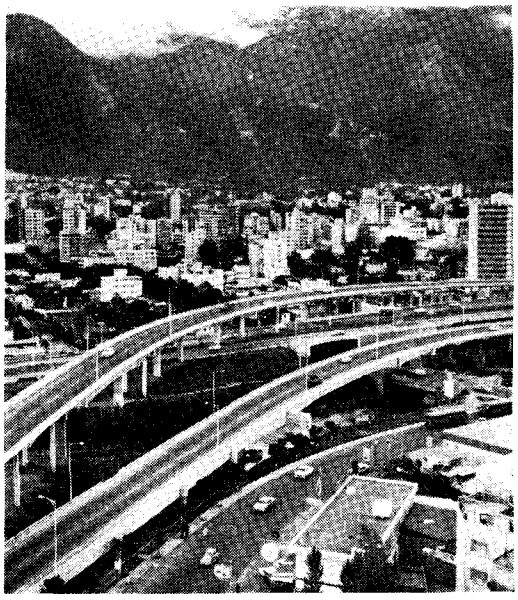
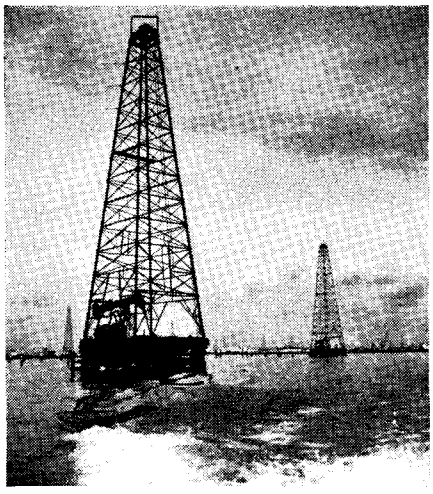


—Dieter Grabitzky (Monkmeyer).

San Antonio section of Caracas—"The skyscraper is predominant, having become a sort of national status symbol."



—Elizabeth Hibbs (Monkmeyer).

Lake Maracaibo—"As capital city of a country immensely varied geographically, Caracas is a fine take-off point for excursions."

palatial lodgings. No one really knows how many millions it cost; Mr. Pérez Jiménez languishes now in jail.

One of the finest vistas of Caracas is to be seen from the American Ambassador's residence at the foot of Mount Avila. During the early 1960s, when the democratic regime of former President Rómulo Betancourt was fighting for its life, the sight from this vantage point at times seemed too cluttered with Venezuelan police and National Guardsmen; in those hazardous days one never knew from one day to another whether the government was going to outlive the next twenty-four hours. Street action by both extreme right-wing and left-wing groups was commonplace at the time. A favorite "sport" of these two extremes was the placing of plastic bombs in strategic areas of the city, although noise and property destruction rather than the taking of lives seemed to have been the primary objectives. Guests at dinner parties at the residence had to be forewarned —unless they were old Caracas hands— that any explosions they might hear during the evening were not as dangerously close as they sounded. Upward drafts from the city below and the narrow sound-reflecting walls of the valley were responsible for the amplification of the noise from the exploding plastics. It was almost funny to see some of our Stateside guests jump out of their chairs, in spite of the prior warnings, when the first explosions of the evening began to be heard. Today, however, this type of annoyance is much less frequent as Venezuela begins to enjoy the fruits of the institutionalization of its democratic life. Betancourt became the first president in the history of the country to finish out his full term of office.

Perhaps nothing gives Caracas its cosmopolitan air as much as the presence of large groups of European and North American residents, a very active cultural life which includes much dialogue in the local press and lively musical, plastic arts, and theater movements, and, of course, café life, particularly of the outdoor variety. For sheer relaxation nothing can match the enjoyment of an excellent meal at one of Caracas's outstanding French or Italian restaurants (we preferred Hector's and Chez Abadie), an evening of experimental theater or foreign films, and a leisurely cup of coffee and cognac at one of the sidewalk cafés along Sabana Grande Avenue near Plaza Venezuela. My wife and I particularly liked Café Piccolo, whose chairs resembled those of the more popular sidewalk spots in Via Veneto (why can't we make comfortable sidewalk café chairs in the United States?).

Aside from these more sedentary and rather public social activities, most of the evening life was evenly distributed between diplomatic receptions or dinners, which my wife and I thoroughly abhorred, and small dinner parties at the home of Venezuelan friends, which we fully enjoyed. Nightclubs with floor shows hardly exist in Caracas, but there are intimate *boites* with small but excellent dance orchestras. Saturday night at our favorite spot—La Potinière—in the company of the Finance Minister and his lovely and eternally happy, smiling wife, was a fitting climax to any week. The Cold War, the disarray at NATO, the state of health of the Alliance for Progress, the Southeast Asia crisis—all of these had a tendency to recede before the euphoria of good music, charming company, and small talk.

As capital city of a country immensely varied geographically, Caracas is a fine take-off point for excursions into the Andes toward the west, the Guayana and Orinoco delta toward the east, and the great *llanos* – plains – toward the south. No one should visit Caracas without arranging side trips to these three magnificent areas in the southern tier of the Western hemisphere.

Mérida is the principal Andean city. As a backdrop it has the immense Pico Bolívar and Pico Espejo (more than 15,000 ft. high), covered with eternal snows. That one should be able to travel from the humid tropical lowlands with their exuberant foliage to an Alpine environment in a few brief moments is a source of continuous wonder. Meandering over the old Andean road to Mérida through lush wheat-covered valleys reminiscent of the most beautiful Swiss-like landscapes is an unforgettable experience. At the highest point in this road, Pico del Aguila, in the Páramo Mucuchíes, some enterprising European migrants have built a small inn with a welcoming fireplace and good plain food. Freshly caught trout, bred in the chilly waters of the melting Andean snows, is a specialty of the area. An industrious *Caraqueño* has developed a trout farm in which a million fish are always available in huge pools carved from the sides of the mountains and con-

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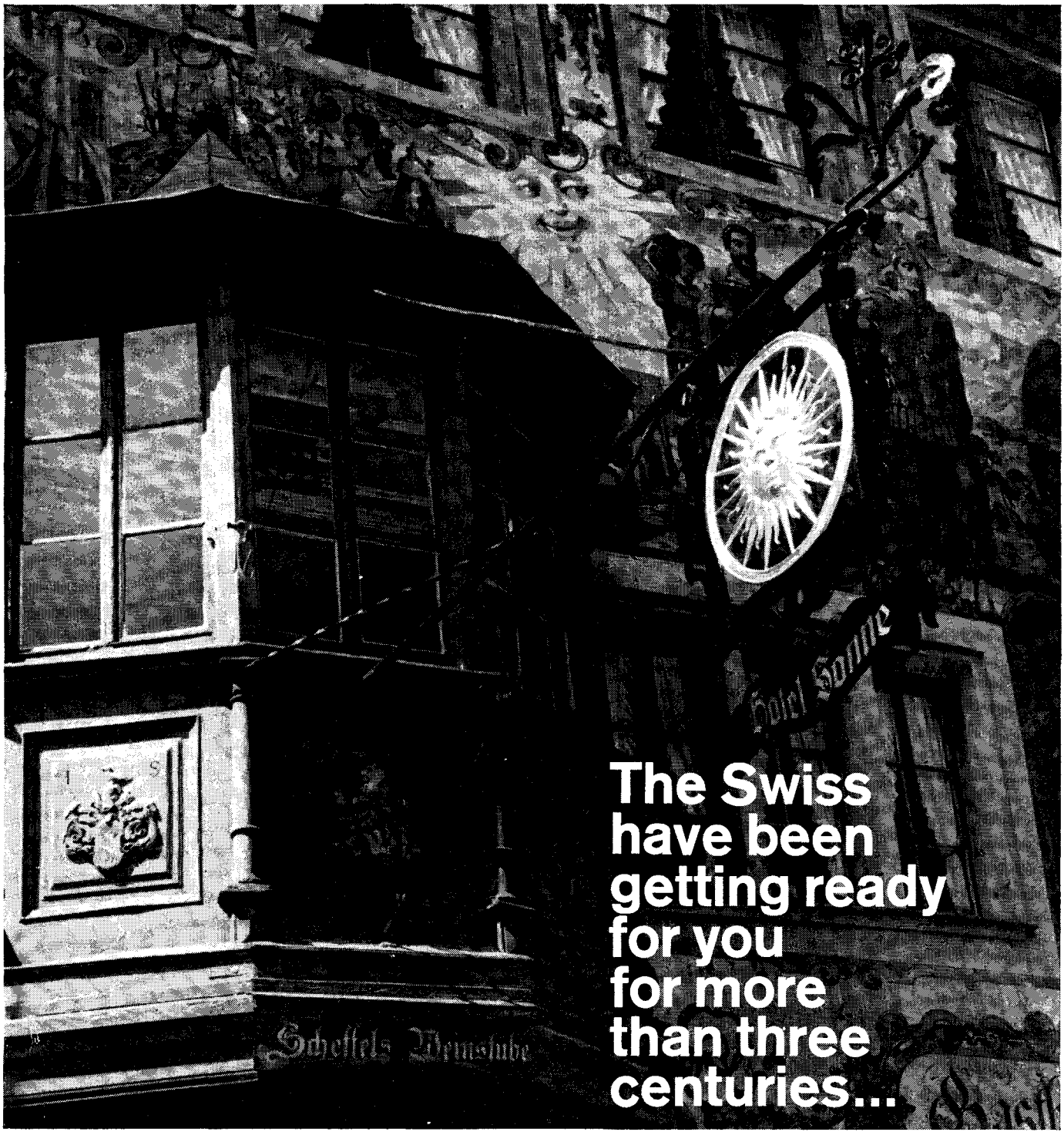

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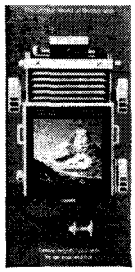

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tinuously fed by icy streams. As the trout grow and fatten, they are transferred from one pool to the next. You may pick for size the one you want and with a quick dip-and-grab, transfer it directly to the frying pan. Henri Soulé couldn't have improved their taste!

Venezuelans are prone to put a funicular into service wherever they find a likely spot, and Mérida has one to lift you all the way to the top of its highest mountain, Pico Bolívar, where you may enjoy winter sports and a most spectacular view of the Mérida Valley. Back in the city you may want to stay at a small but comfortable hotel owned by the government; and of course, a visit to the University of Mérida is a must. The flight back to Caracas should be by way of Maracaibo so that you may witness the incredible sight of many thousands of oil wells arising from the waters of the lake like a flooded forest of Christmas trees. A most spectacular bridge of unique design crosses the lake at Maracaibo and connects this oil city—second largest in the country—with the eastern part of Venezuela.

BACK in Caracas, if you like to fish and hunt, you may arrange for a trip to the *llanos,* those immense stretches of flatlands southwest of the city. To get to the heart of the *llanos,* air travel is recommended, but only experts should attempt it during the rainy season when most of this area is flooded. This is cattle country, but game of many species is to be found. Several varieties of wild duck are so abundant as to take some of the fun out of the sport. There is also an abundance of fish, particularly in the many rivers which feed the upper Orinoco—including, of course the voracious piranha, or Caribe fish, which can strip a full-grown steer to the bone in minutes. Dotting the *llanos* are isolated slaughter houses which dress the local-grown beef for shipment by airplane to Caracas. When the rains come and the area floods, you can see thousands of head of cattle squeezed together in a few high spots, peacefully sharing this dry bit of ground with many varieties of game animals. I would suggest to the adventurous that they try to headquarter themselves in one of the many ranches near Puerto Páez, and get experienced guides to accompany them. The expense and effort will be well worth it.

Caracas looks to the east for its future. Mention the Guayana region to a Venezuelan and his eyes light up, because there, at the confluence of the broad, mighty Orinoco with the narrower but swifter Caroní river, important things are happening. Harvard and MIT are jointly helping the Venezuelans plan the development of an area blessed with oil, natural gas, rich iron ore, and hydroelectric potential matched by few places in the world. Already a gigantic steel mill operates there. Millions of tons of iron ore move down the Orinoco to feed the blast furnaces of Norristown and Sparrows Point. On the Caroní, the first hydroelectric dam has been built and further upstream the Guri dam, one of the largest in the world, is under construction. To service the thousands who will man these installations, a new town fully planned by the Harvard-MIT group is gradually emerging —Santo Tomé de Guayana. Even its name evokes dreams of pioneering adventures and frontier days.

Following its policy of sowing its oil wealth, Venezuela is plowing immense sums into the Guayana red soil in the hope of making it eventually into a Latin Ruhr. The sheer scope of the plans and the magnitude of the various projects create a feeling of pride and hope

Minsk's 900th: This city of half a million on the Svisloch River is first mentioned in Russian literature in the eleventh century, so it may be safe to say it is 900 years old this year. At least that's what they're saying in Minsk, and they are saying it with Moscow's approval. Situated relatively near Poland and the West, it has always been handy for invaders: the Tartars in 1505, the Russians in 1508, and centuries later by the Swedes, again by the Russians, by Napoleon, by the Germans in both World Wars, by the Poles between them.

There is not much that would interest the traveler, even with the anniversary, for the only relics of the ancient times are a tower from the middle of the eighteenth century and a Catholic cathedral built in 1615, in Minsk's more religious days. Its many Jewish shopkeepers were put out of business by the revolution of fifty years ago, and many were resettled elsewhere in the country. Most of those who were left by 1941 were killed by the Germans.

The Botanical Garden of the Academy of Sciences keeps 15,000 species of plants, and there is both a Minsk opera and a ballet theater. It is less than ten miles to the lakelands, which are replete with beaches, and that's where the Minskniks are when they are not laboring for the good of the state.

—Betty Moore.

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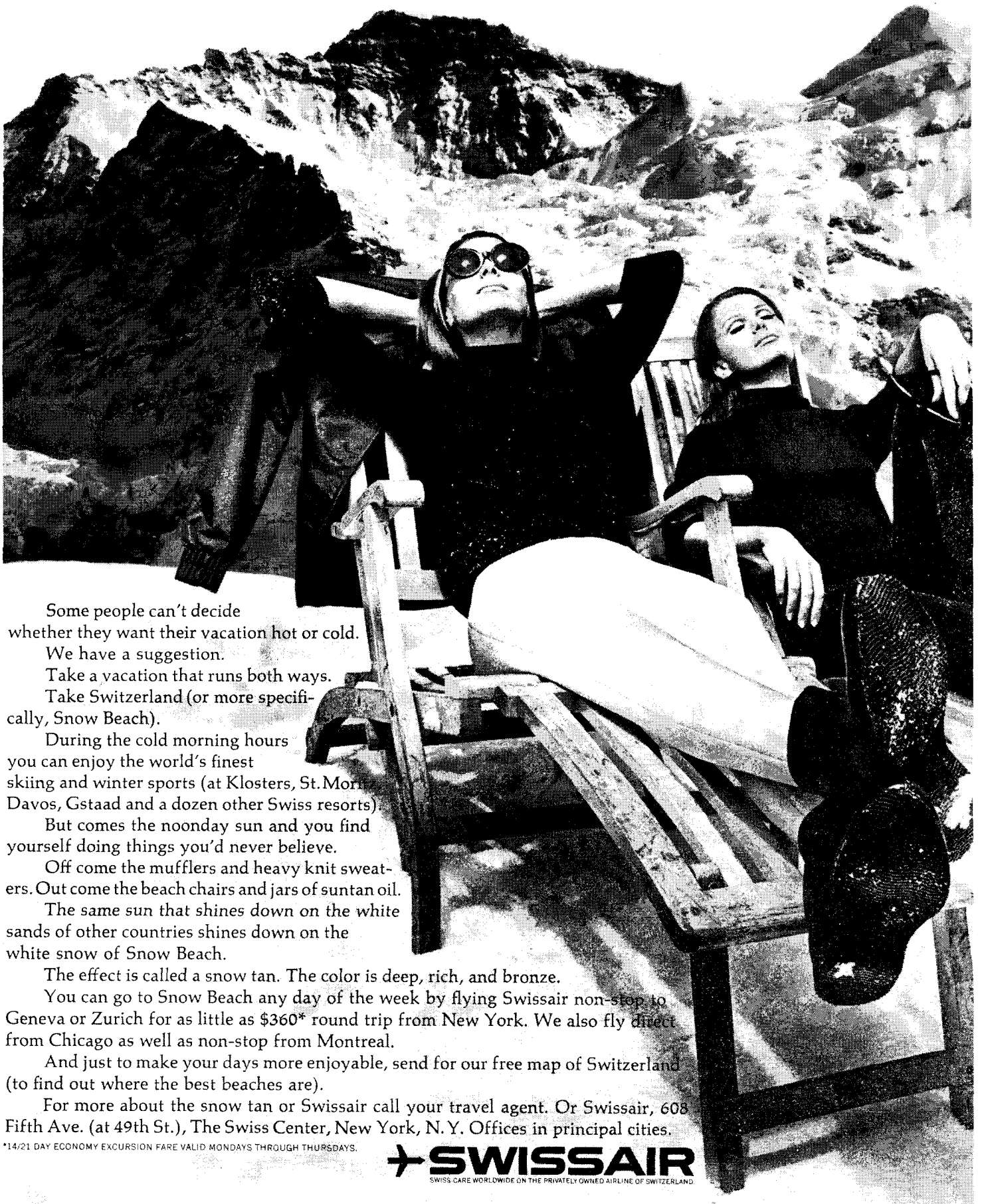

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in Venezuelans of all socio-economic levels. Just as Egypt has its "spectacular" in the High Dam at Aswan, so Venezuela has its Guayana.

About 200 miles from its confluence with the Orinoco, the Carrao River, where it meets the Caroní, dresses at its best for the spectacle of the falls of Canaima. Viewing Canaima from a downstream vantage point is a breathtaking experience. A small inn serviced by a light-plane airstrip can provide overnight accommodations. If you are a nature lover, you had better plan to stay a few days. Canaima has inspired poets and novelists;Venezuela's great novelist Rómulo Gallegos named one of his better known works *Canaima.*

If Canaima represents the untamed forces of nature unleashed, Angel Falls, fifty miles to the south, is by comparison a blithe spirit. Falling vertically for a kilometer from the top of an eroded flat-top sandstone mountain in the middle of the immense lonely forests of the Gran Sabana, the water from "The Angel" is so thoroughly atomized by the time it reaches the bottom that a cloud of vapor visible many miles away is all that remains of this gushing stream. Since the only practical way of seeing these falls is by plane, be sure your pilot has been there before.

Flying south of Angel Falls for another hour into the deep vastness of the Gran Sabana and beyond the majestic flat-top mesa with the lyrical Indian name, the Auyán Tepuí, will bring you with surprising suddenness to a most incredible edifice—a three-storied Capuchin convent and school, enormous in size and beautifully proportioned, standing by itself in this jungle hundreds of miles from any civilized settlement. There, a group of friendly clerics bring Christianity and the three R's to savage Indians who, under their guidance, have already built a small town, Kabanaye, at the foot of the convent and who even generate their own electricity with a water wheel and a generator propelled by one of the innumerable streams which rush down the hillsides of the mesa where this bit of civilization is ensconced. Adventurous souls can continue an hour or so further south to the Brazilian border, where, from a jungle airport, you may visit the diamond mines.

Back in Caracas next evening, with the warming glow of the first martini sharpening your imagination, you will suddenly realize that those innumerable blinking multicolored neon signs which proliferate everywhere in the city are but superficial manifestations of the vitality, vastness, and enormous potential of this country, so rich in resources and in history, and birthplace of Latin America's great hemispheric hero, Simón Bolívar. Yes, I have been in love with Caracas ever since we first met.

Alaska

Continued from page 48

skis in winter. Because bush planes are slow and don't fly sky-high they let you see the land in all its convolutions, not flattened out as it would appear from a lofty air liner. Flying in a bush plane north of Fairbanks, a traveler is soon struck by the total absence of roads in the wilderness below. Soon a bare, rugged range appears. These are the White Mountains, and you fly so close to the granite domes that herds of wild sheep—the native Dall Sheep with their curled horns and snow-white coats—can be seen grazing near the summits. Beyond the White Mountains sprawl the Yukon Flats. This vast basin stretches for 200 miles, with a width in places of 100 miles, and through its heart flows the Yukon—the River of Gold—now empty of the stern-wheel steamers that carried an army of fortune hunters up to the gold fields seventy years ago. In all this trackless desolation there are only a half-dozen small settlements with a combined population of perhaps 1,100, mostly Athabascan Indians and a handful of whites.

Senator Ernest Gruening, a Rampart Dam advocate, wants to see the Flats buried under hundreds of feet of water, drowned by a lake bigger than Lake Erie. To Gruening the Flats are an eyesore—"a mammoth swamp . . . scenically . . . zero. In fact, it is one of the few really ugly areas in a land prodigal with sensational beauty." One might agree with the Senator's observation that the Flats are "as worthless from the standpoint of human habitation as any that can be found on earth." But they hold a strange exhilaration for lovers of wilderness. Here is a bit of the New World miraculously preserved in its primeval state through the centuries. And conservationists maintain that the thousands of shallow ponds, potholes, and sloughs, the ox-bow lagoons that trace the myriad abandoned paths of the shifting Yukon, form a unique nesting ground for migratory waterfowl.

THE clash between developers and conservationists over the Rampart Dam project is only one aspect of the broader struggle for control of the land, a struggle that beclouds Alaska's centennial year. When the statehood law was enacted, 99.8 per cent of the land was still owned by the federal government. Under provisions of the statehood act, Alaska was given twenty-five years to select more than 104 million acres from the federal public domain. Now Eskimos and Indians are attempting to block the state selection by pressing their aboriginal rights to vast tracts of

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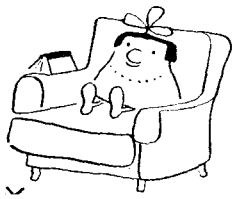
Alaska, including the Arctic Slope and the Yukon Flats. (The 1867 Treaty of Cession failed to define the entitlement of natives to the lands they were using and occupying, and Congress to this date has ducked the issue.)

In their claim to the Arctic Slope and its potential oil wealth, the Eskimos use an argument that should appeal to all conservationists. Noting the white man's proclivity for despoiling the land and polluting the rivers, the Eskimos warn that the oil explorations might kill fish and disrupt the migration of caribou.



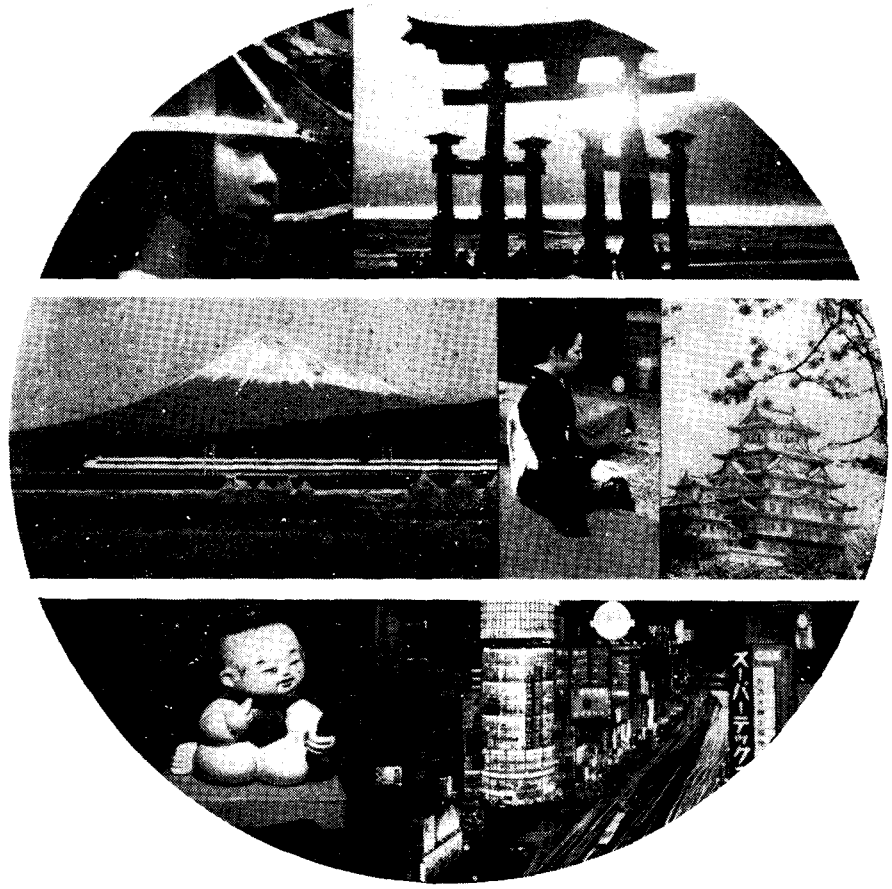
Sam Taalak, president of the Arctic Slope Native Association, told a visitor to Barrow last summer: "Let me be blunt. We must prepare for the day when our children may have to live by hunting again. I tell you, this is harsh country. We run out of game animals and we will hit the relief rolls pretty hard."

Turning Alaska back to the Eskimos and Indians may seem an engaging idea, but it's highly probable that the natives will have to settle for less. Meanwhile, tourists who want to see a piece of the continent as God made it had better come to Alaska fast.

Evan's Bandaid

By Doris Holmes

EVAN'S bandaid is coming off;
The skinned ankle, red, is glistening cream in the center
Where having felt the slice it must now fight germs,
But the dirt I'm trying to rub away around it
Is partly bruise of an earlier contusion.
"Ow, ow!" he screams, "You're killing my athlete's foot,"
And yes, between the toes I note the painful crack.
I lean back to catch my breath
And see his hands, dark around the bitten nails,
Two knuckles scabby,
Callous on one palm which he now lifts
To get the pinky to his mouth
Where so much supper clings above the braces
I think I'll speak about that
But
Hitting my head on the bathroom cabinet
I screech "God dammit"
Thinking I am helpless, trapped,
And those brown eyes I frown up at
Whatever I do to them
Are free.



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Russia

Continued from page 52

increasing aloofness. He withdrew into the Kremlin, as Russia stepped out into the world.

In 1927, Stalin ordered the industrialization of the Soviet state. Two years later, he collectivized Soviet agriculture. In 1934, after the mysterious death of Sergei M. Kirov, he launched a massive purge against former colleagues and suspected "enemies of the people," resulting in a reign of terror that lasted until his death in March 1953. In 1939, he stunned his sympathizers by reversing ideological fields and signing a nonaggression pact with Nazi Germany. The pact bought time. The Germans did not attack the Soviet Union until June 1941.

Quickly Stalin joined Churchill and Roosevelt in a grand wartime coalition against Fascism. He then eased up on his campaign against religion and reopened many Orthodox churches. He boosted the glory of Russian nationalism and played down the importance of Communist ideology. In short, he changed his image from bloody purger to embattled leader. Western hopes that the wartime alliance could presage postwar cooperation skyrocketed. Surely Russia needed Western help. Its lands were as deeply scarred as the souls of the people, who yearned for peace and friendship (not the slogan but the fact) with genuine eagerness.

But, within a year after Hitler's defeat, the Iron Curtain clanked down upon Europe, smashing hopes for East-West cooperation and giving birth to the cold war. When Stalin died in 1953, there was little doubt in the American mind that Russia was Enemy Number One in foreign policy, and Communism was Enemy Number One in domestic policy. Then a pudgy politician, Nikita Khrushchev, bounced dramatically into the Kremlin limelight, which he managed to dominate until his sudden ouster in October 1964—and, just as dramatically, he changed the Soviet way of life.

He traveled to foreign lands and he pump-primed the Russian space program, producing startling successes which turned Russia's image from that of a lazy, backward, unsmiling nation to one of an advanced and aggressive nation with world-wide commitments and interests. He encouraged economic development and thereby raised the Soviet standard of living. He eliminated terror as an instrument of state policy. He moved cautiously toward better relations with the West by emphasizing peaceful coexistence, the ideological justification for the nuclear stalemate between Washington and Moscow. War had become foolish; the Cuban missile crisis hammered this home and helped

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produce the partial nuclear test-ban treaty.

In this spirit of whirlwind change, the Kremlin opened its giant portals not only to ordinary Russians but also to foreign tourists. This was a new development. Earlier tourists were generally sympathetic types who were so honored to be in the birthplace of Lenin, experiencing the "thrills" of a "great social workshop," that they gladly put up with inadequate accommodations and poor service. In a way they even welcomed the idea of poverty and gloried in the lack of conveniences. It was proof of revolutionary success.

To Khrushchev, a peasant who had learned to wear a Stetson, this was fallacious reasoning. Proof of revolutionary success was to be found in rising economic indices, greater military strength, and lasting political stability – not in dirty spoons and filthy bedsheets. In the mid-1950s, a bureaucratic relic known as Intourist was removed from a dusty and forgotten shelf, added as a footnote to the 1958 edition of the Great Soviet Encyclopedia, and then given a modest budget in order to perform the immodest political task of encouraging foreign travel to the Soviet Union and supervising Russian travel to foreign countries. Intourist has had much greater success with the first job than the second. This was a deliberate political decision. The Kremlin sends its citizens abroad for business, rarely for pleasure.

Intourist offices opened in major Western capitals. Travel posters popped up in odd corners, conveying the impression of a gay tourist trap—Communism's answer to Las Vegas. Hundreds, and later thousands, of foreigners bought Intourist tours along carefully supervised routes. The cost was $35 a day for each tourist —each first-class tourist, that is. Less expensive tours for second- and third-class tourists could be arranged. The irony of different classes for tourists in a classless society never impressed Intourist, part of whose job was the accumulation of hard currency. Russia's ruble is considered "soft," meaning it cannot be used in foreign exchange; it cannot be converted. All Intourist tours have to be purchased with hard currency. Dollars are just fine. Soon tourism in Russia became big business, reaping big dividends and big headaches.

From 1956, the year of Khrushchev's famous de-Stalinization speech, until 1962, the year of the missile crisis, tourism in Russia rose. The Soviet Union was a novelty; if the food was only adequate, it was still Russian food, and worth eating, even if it cost $35 a day. A Russian journey could provide fetching stories and slides for months, even years. No self-respecting hostess would dream of holding a cocktail party with-

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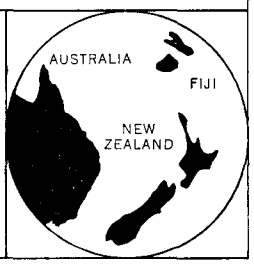

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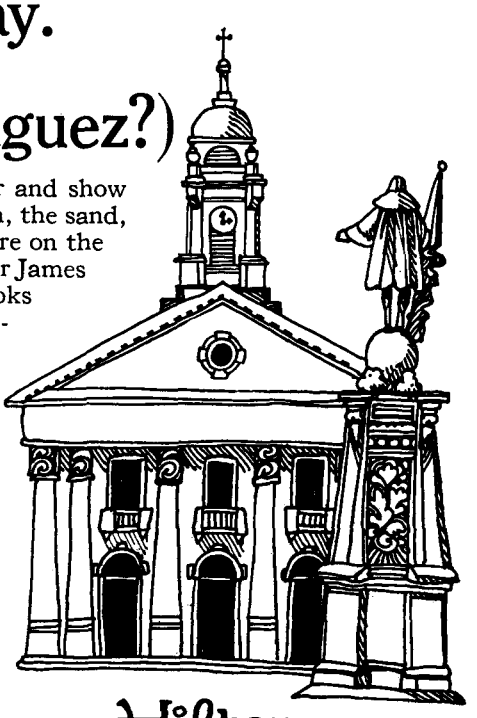

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out inviting a friend who had been to Moscow. After all, Paris was passé, and Russia was real. I remember the first time I returned from Russia in 1957: I could choose from any of six cocktail parties a night for the first few months. One story I told quickly made the rounds. Soon it cropped up in the memoirs of others—without attribution.

On my first day in the Soviet Union, in January 1956, I was tailed by a Russian cop. Wherever I went, he went. After an entire afternoon of togetherness, I stopped at an ice cream stand in the GUM department store in Red Square. I bought two cones. Without so much as glancing back at my "tail," I handed one back to him. He took it. (It's a good story even now!)

MORE Americans came. Facilities were improving. There were several new hotels, a little faster service, a few more smiles. For the Russians, there were also political rewards. Foreigners who once had thought of the Soviet Union as a terrible tyranny changed their minds. Russia was difficult but hardly tyrannical. Many Americans arrived, actually expecting to be tailed by the secret police from morning until night, or to see starving, sullen children stalking the streets. They left with the mistaken impression that Russia was well on its way toward becoming a democracy simply because they were never stopped by the police and they saw many smiling and apparently satisfied children. Their previsit view of Russia had been as one-dimensional as was their post-visit impression. Still, as Khrushchev had hoped, tourism helped to change his country's image. Russia had come of age.

Nevertheless, as tourist spots go, Russia never did make it. Las Vegas can rest easy. A sufficient number of critical foreigners returned from Soviet journeys with hair-raising stories about the inefficiency of Intourist and the suspicion of the bureaucracy to convince friends to skip Russia next time they went "around." Moreover, Russia is very far away. It is a dictatorship, and even starry-eyed travelers enjoy poking through the dark alleys of a nation without fear of being accused of espionage. Not everyone has forgotten the case of Newcomb Mott. It is an interesting country for the politically conscious tourist, but it is not a comfortable country, which prides itself on gracious dining, excellent hotels, and leisurely excursions. In Russia, no one is footloose —not really. Therefore, the annual increase in the number of tourists going to Moscow has leveled off in recent years.

The Vietnam war has served only to raise additional considerations about any projected Russian trip. What happens if the war suddenly expands? Is this the right time to go to a Communist

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country? Brezhnev is not Khrushchev; can he be trusted?

I do not know what will happen to American tourists if the war should expand; I suspect very little. I do not know if Brezhnev can be trusted any more than Khrushchev should have been trusted. But I profoundly believe that any time is a worthwhile time to visit the Soviet Union. A Russian trip opens many minds to the realities of Soviet life; it helps shed illusions born more of hope than fact. Equally significant, a Russian journey educates the Russians. It provides them with greater opportunities to meet Americans and measure their impressions against *Pravda*'s.

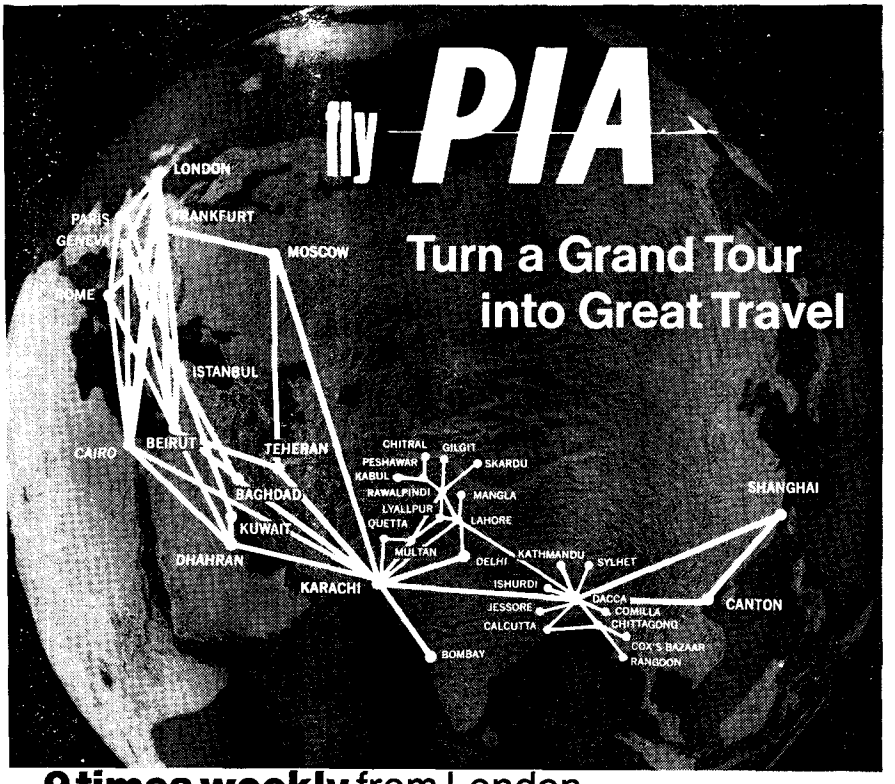
For this reason, I am delighted that the commanding officer of the Soviet submarine *Sprut* managed to catch a glimpse of America, even if it was only of the island of Gloucester. And, seriously, I would be delighted to pay for a month-long Intourist tour for the American Legion commander who was so upset at the thought that "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming."

I say, let them come!

The Townsend's Japanese Rock Garden

By David Posner

THIS speckled granite,
bare except for pachysandra
banking the base of it,
is Fujinojama, Fujisan.
A piddling fountain
satisfies invisible
sheep, a
wandering ghost or two, the
dabbling hands of
the boys Jackson and Rhys
who rest in shadow as if
they did not dare to move
where light and dark contain
an equal wisdom.
Mosaics fall
in droplets against the curb.
A few strips of bark
are folded into wings.
Moss gathers perfume
perhaps for birds.
You can touch stonecrop,
a fleshy herb with cymose
yellow buds hot
like the sun. The eye
observes green matching green,
variations on
a possible flute:
clipped bushes above myrtle,
sand beside mowed grass;
a branch pokes the edge of
the sky
as if to pry it open.
Whatever the willow
does
it does not mourn.



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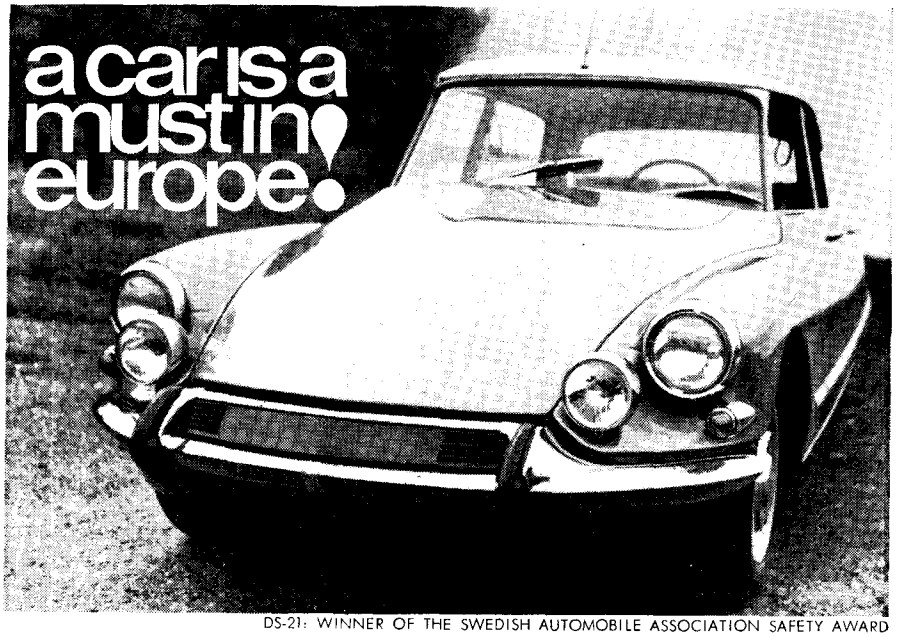

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The Tourist

Continued from page 45

de Gaulle's contentious attitude, nor for that matter was the ministry moved to do anything to alleviate the walloping tax which France continues to levy on departing passengers in lieu of a fond *au revoir*. Years ago at a meeting in Washington, Denmark's able tourist director in the United States stood four square against the tax which Copenhagen levies on its tourists, but the impost continues to go up, and the face of the shrew who collects it seems more sour with each passing year. India cries out for tourism. It has all the attractions and heaven knows it needs the foreign exchange, but the formalities of getting a visa and the tiresome inspections on the way in and on the way out are enough to persuade visitors to opt next time for a visit to the Asian wing of the nearest museum and a curry dinner at Schrafft's.

The problem is not only with other nations; it is our problem, too. America has attractions of a different kind, though just as compelling to people of other cultures. And we, too, need the foreign exchange. Yet attempts to put the United States in the tourist business with all burners flaming have been met by key Congressmen as some sort of secret boondoggle, a conspiracy to bilk the government.

It has been painfully clear, ever since the gold drain began back when Luther Hodges was the Kennedy Secretary of Commerce, that the sensible way to rectify the dollar imbalance was not to levy a tax to keep Americans home, but to wage a massive sales campaign to bring foreigners here. Now Harold Gray, president of Pan American, has laid out a five-point program that would remove many restrictions on travel to the United States and invite a flow of foreign tourists who could add $4.7 billion to our balance of payments in the next ten years. Gray has asked for the abolishment of visas for nationals of friendly European nations which long ago stopped asking Americans for visas. He has asked for a new look at the rigorous customs search inflicted on travelers entering our ports, for a reduction of the language barrier and the high-cost barrier, and for the creation of a new and friendly host attitude in the United States.

These ideas, long in practice by European countries seeking tourist dollars, have hitherto been judged too radical by our lawmakers. So far the influence of the United States Travel Service on the Congress has not exactly been apparent. It is disheartening and disappointing to realize that in our own country, so civilized, so advanced, so dedicated to the U.N., we have not been able to

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implement the U.N. principles that would bring us, through foreign tourism, both economic relief and cultural exchanges infinitely more powerful than any broadcast or any written word.

The U.N. looks to tourism to create a better socio-economic balance, to disarm controversial outlooks. The U.N., in the spirit of IUOTO's program, asks for the abolition of barriers between nations, encourages the freedom of individual movement, acknowledges the effects of healthy tourism on economic, social, and educational plans. Travel helps to "disarm controversial outlooks," the U.N. says, "helps to wipe out prejudice," and "promotes the general awareness of the essential brotherhood of man." Tourism is good for you, the U.N. has discovered. But it had better tell the governments that without some self-disciplinary stifling of immediate hates and without some self-control of desires that lead to conflict there will be no tourists to dispel the prejudices, dissolve the controversy, and promote the brotherhood of man—all essential timbers to construct a tranquility that will last.

Halfway

By Jeannette Nichols

WE lived
on a hill
halfway
so
it was
up to school
and down to swim
gravity
the friend
of choice.
Winters
we went up
to come down
all the way
sliding
by home
as if it were
a port
and summers
we bicycled down
no-hands
turning our bodies
like wands
before we hit the sea.
We lived
halfway between
growing up
and calming down
there
on a hill
amid heats of disaster
and chills of dare
halfway here
halfway there.

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Actually, we have lots of company in horn-blowing. Everyone returning from Germany joins the band. They praise the scenery. They love the music. They're fascinated by the art and architecture. They enthuse over the food, the wines, the service. They're proud of the bargains they've picked up. And, best of all, they rave about the friendly, warm-hearted welcome they received everywhere they went.

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Editorial

Continued from page 24

and financed a visit to this country of 500 leading European travel agents and thirty foreign journalists to study U.S. tourist attractions at first hand. The visitors returned to their home offices last month enamored of the United States as a friendly country filled with scenic and cultural wonders that can be enjoyed on surprisingly inexpensive tours. Many U.S. firms with large staffs abroad have begun to promote holiday tours and home visits here to earn dollars for the United States. During 1967 the travel industry, including foreign as well as U.S. flag carriers, plans to greatly expand individual and joint promotion of travel to the United States.

There is still another area which should concern the travel industry. That is the impact of tourist promotion and development on the geographical and cultural integrity of destination areas. Unless care and common sense prevail, as Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall said recently, serious "cultural erosion"—despoliation of natural beauty, native culture, and indigenous charm—can result.

"Specifically, I could mention the 'Gold Coast' of Ashford Avenue in San Juan, Puerto Rico," Udall told an audience of influential travel executives in Washington, "because Puerto Rico, as a tourist target, was 'created' by the travel industry. This blazing strip of vulgarity and tastelessness was promoted into being. It might be anywhere on the face of the earth, lacking as it does any relationship whatsoever to either the history or the topography of the land on which it is inflicted. . . ."

Tawdry attractions and tours, supported, created, or encouraged by the industry, eventually will debase the industry itself, the Secretary argued. The travel industry would be most unwise to ignore this warning, for Puerto Rico is only one of many famous tourist areas being polluted by success. It is good to report that the highest officials in San Juan are now working with industry leaders to protect the classic charms of the island and correct the damage done by excessive, often ill-considered zeal to develop this tropical city into the spectacular destination area it has become.

Peace is essential to tourism and yet tourism, given a chance, can also reinforce peace. The amicable ties now binding Italy and Yugoslavia have been significantly woven by the volume of two-way tourism flowing between these two former enemies. It can also be hoped that the growing atmosphere of rapprochement between the United States and the Soviet Union will be further nourished when the new direct air service between Moscow and New York is finally inaugurated later this year. Despite our grave differences over Vietnam and our vestigial twitches of ancient ideological passions, it seems reasonable that, in the spirit of accommodation ITY symbolizes, this new bond between these two powerful nations will prove to be a force for peace and understanding.

Perhaps, during International Tourist Year, the motto of ITY—"Tourism, the Passport to Peace"—will prove to be not merely an empty phrase but a kind of marching song under whose banner world travel can make its own special contribution to progress, prosperity, and peace for all men.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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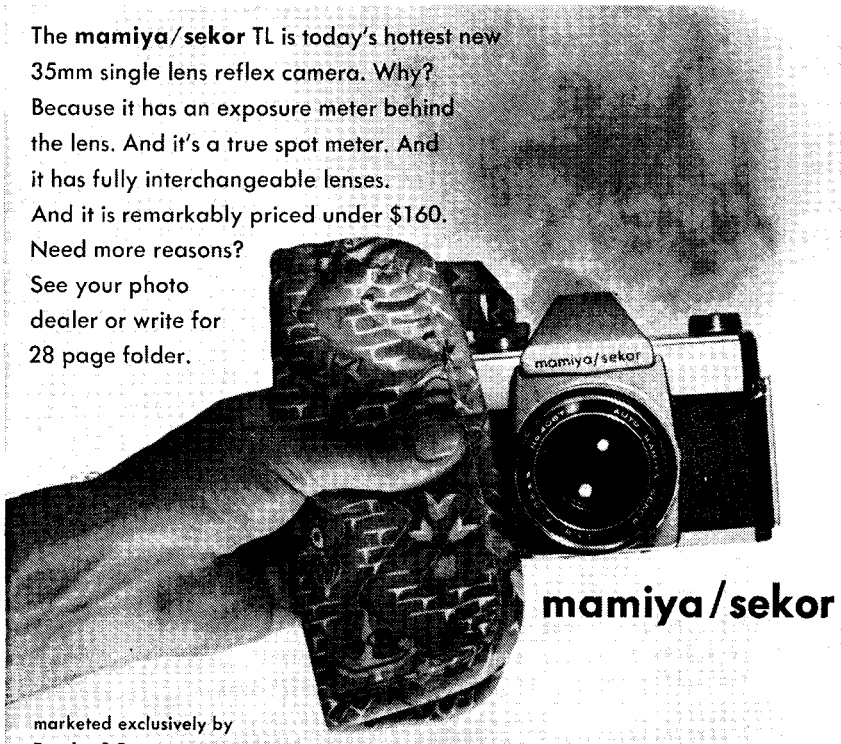

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ancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. st a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Ko- village of Ku Am there are a dozen young, still-tender mul- trees growing on a small hill. neday these trees and their suc- ent leaves will be the heart of a village industry—a silk raising . That day is still many months but it doesn't stop the village from making daily inspection s up the steep hill, just in case. in case something miraculous happened since yesterday. After it wouldn't be the first miracle appen in Ku Am. Everyone in village knows the story of Chang k, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's nces of survival were as slim as was. Her father had disappeared ing the family's flight from th Korea. Her mother, a seam- ss, worked a backbreaking day most of the evening to earn a month. Barely enough to keep from starving.

But today that's all changed be- e an American couple named tti are sharing a little of their fortune with a girl to whom a e means everything. Nancy, and five-year-old Alexandra tti are New Yorkers. They're not lously wealthy as the villagers u Am believe. But, they're not either. *Comfortable* probably cribes them best. They have ything they really need, but them ten minutes and they'll e up with ten things they want $15 a month would buy. Luck- hey thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children eration, the Seletti's $15 a th is doing a remarkable num- of things. First, Chang Sook's ediate needs and future school- are being taken care of. The fam- s getting help, too: Enough to le Chang Sook's mother to start all knit shop.

And with all this, there is still e money left over. This money, ther with money from other nsors, was borrowed by the vil- to start its precious mulberry . Someday silk raising will n a permanent increase in the ge's income and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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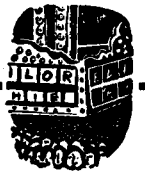

Very Mod Mood

JUST SUPPOSE that instead of Hitchcock as the director of an interesting suspense idea you had a man with the eye of a painter, the literary gifts of a superb novelist, a mature and highly individual cinematic style, and a brooding sense that disorientation is the prevalent psycho-social disease of our time. What would you get? You'd get Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow-Up,* of course. And this is said not to denigrate Hitchcock, whose exercises in suspense have been lively and influential over the years, but to point up a difference between the concocted and the genuine, between a director concerned mainly with effects and one attempting to remain faithful to his artistic conscience.

Hitchcock, one imagines, would have been vastly intrigued with the notion behind *Blow-Up*: a successful young photographer in London is snapping pictures for a book which will show the life he does *not* limn for his living. He has wandered into an almost deserted park where a man and a woman, seemingly oblivious to anyone else who might be in the vicinity, are abandonedly embracing. The photographer snaps away, hoping to catch the spontaneity of the blissful moment and later, when he develops what his camera has caught, he for the first time sees something quite different. Instead of bliss and love, he has caught the evidence of cold, calculated crime. Each succeeding blow-up of the negative makes it all the more clear that the unfeeling lens has recorded something that his own consciousness had missed. And meanwhile he has become fleetingly involved with one of the parties to the plot, a beautiful stranger who badly wants that incriminating film.

One can also imagine the paths that Hitchcock might have taken from there. Eventually the identity of the beautiful stranger would have been revealed; the crime committed in that park might well have had something to do with the security of England; and the unwitting photographer would have been in danger of his life. Forget it, for Antonioni is not merely being more subtle, he is after something that is not only different in degree, but in kind. We never do find out who the beautiful stranger is, nor do we ever discover why the crime was committed, or why it should concern us. Instead we become concerned with the photographer, the shock the strange event causes to his sensibilities, the illumination it throws on his way of life.

This alone would make *Blow-Up* relatively unique, but there is also more to the picture. For one thing, it has been filmed with Antonioni's exquisite sense of color values, first revealed in his previous film *Red Desert*. From the frame to the shot to the scene to the cut we are given the feeling that only Antonioni could have done exactly this. It's as though he had found a park and then, after immersing himself in the atmosphere, he had said: Here is where we will place the camera, and now the viewfinder, please, and the lighting must be exactly so. The scene is not invented, it is discovered, and the actors don't act—they, too, are discovered.

BUT there's more. This is today's London, after all, and the photographer is very much a part of its evanescent whirl. And there are the accoutrements of his profession: the studio, props, fashion models, his agent, his girl friends, including the one he just might possibly be able to live with if only she didn't belong to his friend. Antonioni, the Italian, finds the symbols he needs in this London, and, remarkably, he catches the city more vividly than anyone who has tried it before. In *Darling*, certain of these aspects were satirized. For Antonioni, it is more a matter of specimen slides: the psychedelic marijuana party, a couple of goony girls hoping to be photographed by a famous photographer and getting only a pathetic orgy for their pushy pains, a posing session in which the photographer uses his model in the manner of an aggressive seductor forcing a female subject into total abandonment. The eroticism is chilling in its bleakness.

As the photographer, David Hemmings behaves as though to the camera born. Vanessa Redgrave appears all too infrequently as the lady in the park, but she casts a haunting shadow; and Sarah Miles is almost too incidental as the girl Hemmings might have loved. But Antonioni is not one for easy explanations. Life doesn't provide them always, and all that he wants to say is said by what his own camera has unveiled. Yet, oddly, the one artificial note in the film seems to be due to his own desire to tie an artistic knot. A scene at the very end gives the impression of having been inserted for its symbolic value only. The film would have seemed nearly perfect without it. True enough, Antonioni is expressing what he has already expressed in other films, but the variation this time is the most striking of all.

A far more orthodox exercise in suspense is provided by *The Quiller Memorandum,* which takes us to West Berlin and unravels a duel between secret British and Americans agents and the menacing leaders of a nasty neo-Nazi movement. All the usual features of such a yarn are here. There is the handsome American agent (George Segal) completely lacking in background and risking his life out of some tepid anti-Nazi conviction. There is the beautiful young woman (Senta Berger), a most sensually disturbing neo-Nazi herself. Or is she? There are Alec Guinness as a friend and Max von Sydow as an enemy. There is a bombed-out mansion being used as a nefarious headquarters. And there is a cat-and-mouse game of espionage and counter-espionage, played in the fashionably weary style made popular by John Le Carré. The yarn is colorful enough, although not particularly mystifying, and it might well have turned out a little more successfully if George Segal had been persuaded into a more convincing portrayal of a free-lance agent—the fictional kind, that is. The whole thing seems made up not only from a book called *The Quiller Memorandum,* but from a bunch of other books and movies. Surprisingly, Harold Pinter wrote the script.

Gambit, on the other hand, while it also is derived less from life than from a thriller plot-book, has considerably more novelty, even though it bears a suspicious resemblance to one of the very best of the category, *Topkapi.* The innovation has to do with the fact that it tells two stories, both participated in by the same people, and I purposely am being a trifle vague here, for some of the fun of the picture would be spoiled if too much about it were known in advance. What can safely be told is that a pleasantly nefarious and basically good-hearted Englishman (played by Michael Caine) has developed a plan for lifting an almost priceless piece of ancient sculpture from the collection of one of the world's richest men—perhaps getting the idea after seeing both *Topkapi* and *How to Steal a Million*—and that for its success he requires a young woman who bears an amazing resemblance not only to the sculptured head of a young woman but to the rich man's dead wife. Obviously, the only place to find such a girl is in a Hong Kong girlie joint, and obviously, the girl must turn out to be Shirley MacLaine.

MACLAINE and Caine make an engaging couple, after he has hired her to pose as his wife, and the novel twist—the gimmick, so to speak—works very well. Ronald Neame has directed it all very smoothly, and if some of the twists and turns are familiar, the note of continual humor keeps it perking along.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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End as a Woman

PHILADELPHIA.

THERE ARE those who contend that the resident professional theater movement should be more daring and more adventurous than Broadway. This audaciousness can be expressed in violently unorthodox productions of classics and established modern plays. Or it can result in the presentation of unusual new works by unproven playwrights. Either way, the box office almost invariably suffers.

One answer to their problem seems to be the endowing of a few organizations whose express purpose is working with new playwrights. The New Dramatists, Albee, Barr, and Wilder's Playwrights Unit, The American Place Theatre, The Eugene O'Neill Memorial Foundation, the ANTA Matinee Theater Series, Cafe La Mama, and the Judson Poets Theatre have all proved their value in performing this function.

The same impulse is felt by those who run the resident professional theaters outside New York. The Dallas Theater Center, the Theatre Company of Boston, and New Haven's Long Wharf Theater immediately come to mind as organizations that have recently ventured into this area. And Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage; Abingdon, Virginia's Barter Theater; Waltham, Massachusetts's Brandeis University Theatre; Ann Arbor, Michigan's Professional Theatre Program; and Yale University Drama School have all just been awarded $25,000 matching grants by the National Council on the Arts for the purpose of developing experimental play projects.

The farthest-out resident professional theater production to date is currently on view at Philadelphia's Theatre of the Living Arts. There, director André Gregory has launched the world premiere of *Beclch* (pronounced Beckleck), by a young American writer, Rochelle Owens. Because the play is an uncharted excursion into violence and sensuality, the playhouse itself has been appropriately turned into a jungle. While the program tells us we are in Africa, the strange events that ensue defy geography.

Amid African tribal doings vigorously supplied by the Afro-American Dance Ensemble, we meet Beclch, a fortyish woman who, like the Marquis de Sade, has an apparent compulsion to assert her cruelest instincts as a true extension of her vitality and sexuality. In the beginning, she assaults the satisfactions of motherhood, by forcing one matriarch to immure herself in a pile of old bones. Then she kills a boy in front of his mother, ostensibly because the mother is taking vicarious comfort from her offspring. A little later we see Beclch meet a handsome young man whom she indoctrinates to love by forcing him to watch a cockfight. When it sickens him, she pushes him into the cock pit so that she can have the pleasure of caring for his resultant wounds.

This is gruesome stuff, and Mr. Gregory has relieved it with a couple of humorous interludes in which a female impersonator, an effete crooner, and a Playboy bunny vapidly sing "Can't We Be Friends?" and "Something to Remember You By." The device also suggests that the phony bloodlessness of our artificial civilization is *Beclch's* real target.

Nevertheless, the first act seems shapeless and unfocused. It is only in the second act that Beclch really interests us with her project of destroying her impotent husband in order to be free to express her deepest sexuality by falling into a pure animal love with a young man whose eventual abandonment of her will lead to her suicide. Beclch does this by persuading her husband to contract elephantiasis in one leg, which will make him a king in the eyes of the natives. But after he has done this, she chides him for his lack of masculinity in having let himself be persuaded.

There is much more ruthless and horrifying detail in the play, and it is a tribute to the director, the performers—particularly Jerome Dempsey as the husband and Sharon Gans as Beclch—and designers John Conklin and Eugene Lee that the events emerge with a sense of the poetic. For Miss Owens is not the poet Jean Genet is. Nonetheless, the fact that she works with the same sense of subconscious totality commands our highest respect. Philadelphians probably will loathe and reject *Beclch*, but the whole resident professional theater movement gains new size from such a production. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

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MAIL CALL

Each of the passages in the first column is from a letter written by someone in the second column to someone in the third column. Elizabeth Breazeale of Philadelphia begs you to untangle the correspondence. Zip-code on page 126.

I've not written or published for other people but to satisfy myself, just as a cow gives milk. ( )	1. Agrippa.	A. Duke of Milan
Tell me, why should I plot against your life? To plunge myself into a worse fate? That is not likely. ( )	2. Anne Boleyn.	B. President of France
The arrearage of the wines will pay my debts. And howsoever you do, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. ( )	3. Pierre Curie.	C. Henry VIII
It would be a fine thing, in which I hardly dare believe, to pass our lives near each other, hypnotized by our dreams. ( )	4. Héloïse.	D. Josephine
Let me have a lawful trial, but let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. ( )	5. Leonardo da Vinci.	E. Elizabeth his wife
As to the men I accuse, I do not know them. I have never seen them. . . . For me they are only entities, emblems of social malfeasance. ( )	6. H. L. Mencken.	F. Abélard
Your heart is excellent; you feel wonderfully, but you don't reason well. ( )	7. Napoleon.	G. Will Durant
As the occasion requires, I can supply infinite means of attack and defense. ( )	8. Sir Walter Raleigh.	H. Her son Nero
Others in despair and envy have reproached me that I had no charms but what your wit bestowed on me. ( )	9. Emile Zola.	I. His future wife

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Moses

Continued from page 21

design of cars and incompetence of drivers rather than speed, that air pollution can be completely eliminated by drastic ukases, crackdowns, and official pronouncements rather than painful, long-range, step-by-step realism.

The same logic must rule earnest, honest attacks on pollution of streams and shores, noise, school integration, slum clearance, and the substitution of high modern residential buildings on small coverage of land. Hardly any other field of reform has been as grossly misrepresented as comprehensive slum clearance and few other officials as recklessly maligned as those in charge of it. The extension of the supreme power of eminent domain and huge write-downs in the cost of land acquisition were declared constitutional because of the paramount public interest in the entire elimination of housing ghettos. Slum clearance as such was the objective to be followed by whatever best suited the neighborhood. There was no requirement that all or part of the cleared area was to be devoted to the lowest income housing. In fact this would have been wholly unacceptable in the case of an area like Lincoln Square, keeping in mind the loss of taxes due to tax-exempt cultural lessees. It should be noted in passing that the fight for the new Fordham University campus for colleges of social sciences and law, largely replacing a Puerto Rican slum—as nasty and bigoted a performance as I can remember—was carried all the way to the United States Supreme Court on the issue of using public funds for a private religious institution.

IT would take too long and invite too much misunderstanding to attempt to characterize the attitude of the modern press, and the communications, advertising, public relations, and image-projecting professions. The lesson I have learned, especially at the World's Fair, is to expect little steady, reliable press and air support, but much concern with "angles," sensational disclosures, fomenting controversies, and accentuating the negative. In journalism, in Gogarty's words, "Oh, boys, the things we have seen, the things we have seen." We have seen one big metropolitan newspaper after another fold, readers forming new habits, viewers not too happy with telescoped air news, and the old gossipy weeklies still flourishing.

A Wisconsin weekly I see now and then, going into its second century, has always carried the banner headline IT'S THE GLAD TYDINGS WE AIM TO BRING TO YOUR HOME. Where shall the conscientious official who is not a headliner find his news media and his support? More and more he must depend on readable, illustrated reports. The price of first-rate reports is lost in the cost of the tremendous sums we spend on design, administration, and building. No public official has a right to immunity from criticism. A certain amount probably does him good and reduces swellings. But snide, captious criticism terrorizes the weak, reduces the attractions of public work, and drives the strong into the comparative quiet of private business.

I have learned that critics build nothing. They did not deserve a World's Fair. The fault-finders denigrated the city, aggravated the malaise which affects the world, intensified differences, and fomented disorder. They made the tasks of management tougher, but we succeeded in spite of them. Over 52,000,000 visitors testify to it. The critics arm their blowpipes with lethal arrows dipped in curare and shoot in all directions. Regardless of the victims, they are happy as long as there are fatalities.

I have learned to be ready to admit that higher education for every youngster is a dream of the future. Our colleges become too large, the teachers too far away, and the talent to profit by cultural as contrasted with practical courses beyond high school or junior college instruction is too limited. A college degree should not be the open sesame to earning a good living any more than a Ph.D. should be indispensable to a teacher. Almost every president of a small college wants, as the social workers say, to "eventuate on a larger scale," that is, to spread, create a university, add graduate schools, recruit football and basketball stars, a large hockey goalie, and a good baseball battery, and to have a huge silver mace carried in front of him in the academic processions.

I would settle in the immediate future for any educational system through high school and junior college which teaches pupils how to read, write, and speak simple English. We need not inculcate style or knowledge of the tyranny of words and the trickiness of metaphors—just a respect for simple unlatinized English. I would also require students to read music, not write or play it. I can't read a note myself but have learned to mark time.

AS government proliferates and Parkinson's Law becomes more and more provable and less and less an amusing, farfetched academic witticism, public officials turn to Washington for contributions to the arts, performing and static, and the amenities, incidental and prevailing. Manifestly philanthropy cannot foot the bill for all the fringe benefits of public works and all the rising demands of a public clamoring for the good things of life, for self-expression, for new manifestations of the eternal verities, and for cultivation of increasing leisure. No wide-awake official can afford to be against such things if he expects to keep abreast of the times, not to speak of remaining in public favor; but must it all come from the Santa Claus at the White House? The conservative local official wants to go easy, remembers that there are unresolved wars with frightful threats of annihilation, and that you can't have a truly great society in a torn atomic world.

THOSE of us who function at the lower government levels, viewing Washington from afar, learn that we are only pawns in a cosmic chess game. In international affairs we live in a continuing crisis. We don't know whether to step up containment in distant disturbed danger spots regardless of future repercussions or to go on with almost superhuman patience to cultivate and aid those who march to a different drum. And with this puzzle goes another—whether to continue to assume that huge, generous investments in a Great Society and picking up the tabs for every municipal need and adventure are consistent with prudent, audited foreign aid and foreign military containment.

I have had some responsibility for several major self-supporting public works, each costing a billion dollars, and have some notion of the difficulty in spending so much legitimately, effectively, and economically. Our professional almoners, the Commissioners of Bread and Circuses, compete today for federal gifts in no sense self-liquidating, beyond the fondest imaginings of the prisoner in the Chateau d'If, who later became the Count of Monte Cristo. This abandoning of home rule and municipal and state responsibility and begging the federal government for every variety of handout to meet every local problem, has become known as creative federalism, surely one of the trickiest, most dangerous slogans of our time. We humble ditchdiggers suspect that the diagnostician or gynecologist with the glad hand, cheerful smile, and professional bedside manner may not be a better doctor than the old-fashioned general practitioner who frankly reports that the illness is serious and the outcome doubtful.

Here endeth the lesson. The local builder who has the nerve to say these things will probably be ridiculed, if not stoned, and suffer considerable hardship before time, native common sense, and decency come to his rescue. I verily believe that in the end the truth is mighty and will prevail, but the end sometimes seems a long, long way off.

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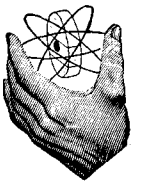
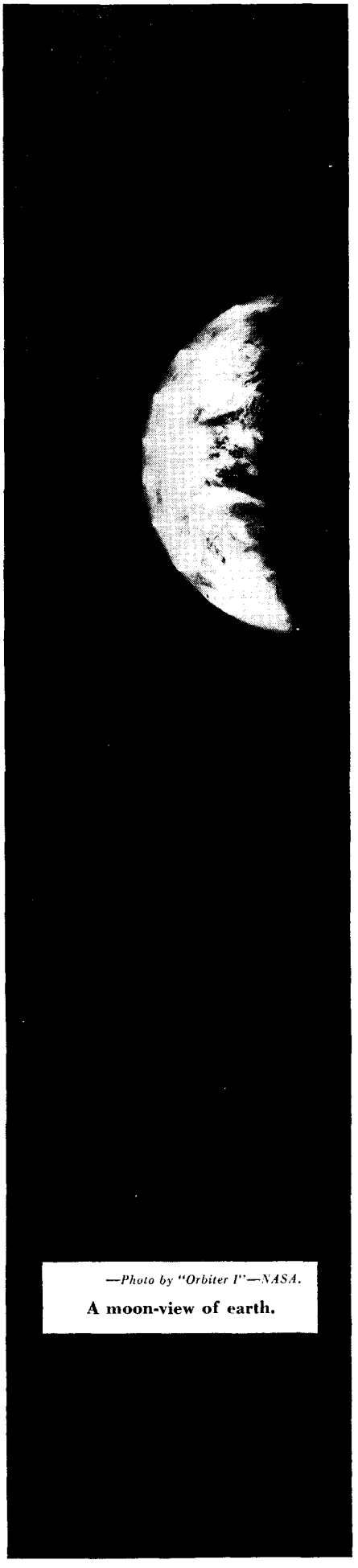


DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Defining the New Physician



—*Photo by "Orbiter I"—NASA.*

A moon-view of earth.

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MEN, MOONSHIPS, AND MORALITY

THREE HUNDRED and fifty-eight years ago Johannes Kepler—the great German mathematician who figured out how the earth and its sister planets orbit the sun—wrote the first scientific treatise on the problems man must solve in traveling to the moon. He considered the perils of the solar wind. He correctly described the influence of gravity in both the earthly and lunar phases of the voyage. He anticipated the use of inertial power. And he predicted that when earth was finally seen from the moon the geographical features of the planet would be recognizable.

At the time Kepler wrote that manuscript, in the year 1609, the very idea of going to the moon so unsettled his superstitious contemporaries that his mother (who had been named allegorically in his script) was imprisoned as a witch and put on trial for her life.

By the end of the month of September in the year 1967, the inertial power that Kepler foresaw will have been in use for ten years. Moonships designed to carry a crew of three men are already built and christened with the name *Apollo*. Considerably smaller and lighter craft have been rocketed to the moon's surface, and others have been placed in orbit around the moon. One of the latter, called *Orbiter I*, has photographed both hemispheres of the moon: the one earth never sees as well as the one that is continually in earthlings' sight. While pursuing its course around the moon, *Orbiter I* has also photographed the earth. The first of those pictures, reproduced on this page, confirms Kepler's prediction of 358 years ago. Although not clearly distinguishable by the untrained eye, features discerned in the crescent image of the planet by photo-analysts of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration at Langley, Virginia, include the eastern coast of the United States (in the upper left portion of the crescent), southern Europe (near the margin of earth's darkened portion), and Antarctica (bottom of the crescent).

The appearance of the earth from the moon, then, at 4:35 P.M. Greenwich Mean Time on August 23, 1966 (the date of the photograph), was not vastly different from what Kepler had expected from looking at the moon in 1609. But three and a half centuries of technological change had to intervene before confirmation of his vision became possible. During that interim, the art of transportation has undergone several successive revolutions. People today are able to move over long distances at speeds that would have been thought incredible in Kepler's day. Their political inventions have not kept pace with their growing mobility, but in the main kings have given way to popularly elected agents of the people, empires have crumbled into independent states, and nations have banded together in free associations of free individuals.

WHAT has been the fate of moral wisdom meanwhile?

Dr. Robert S. Morison, director of Cornell University's Division of Biological Sciences, commented on this most fundamental of all human questions at the public celebration of California Institute of Technology's seventy-fifth birthday two months ago.

"Compared to our views on the nature of matter, the origin of the seasons, the control of the weather, and even on the creation and nature of man himself," he said, "our views on private property, murder, rape, and adultery have changed very little since the time of Moses."

Casting a long look backward into history, he continued:

"In earlier times, the repositories of knowledge, wisdom, and morals were inextricably intertwined. The high priests of the early riverine societies were the astronomers, the biologists, the phil-

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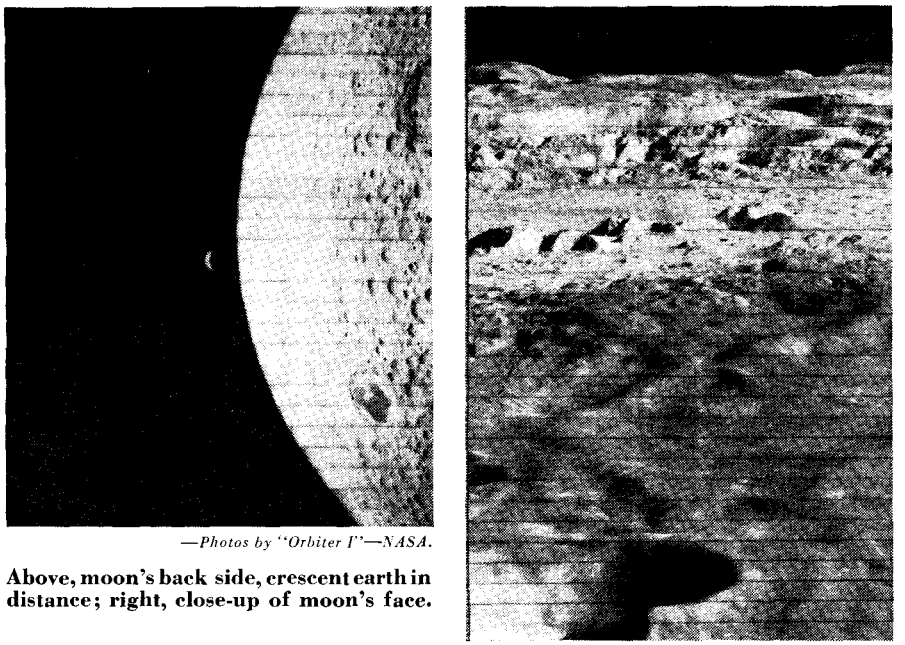


—*Photos by "Orbiter I"—NASA.*

Above, moon's back side, crescent earth in distance; right, close-up of moon's face.

osophers, the lawyers, and the religious leaders all wrapped into one. To a large extent, scientific and theological knowledge coincided.

"The rapid growth of scientific knowledge in our time has resulted in a greater and greater gulf between natural and theological knowledge and a considerable decline in interest in the latter. Ethics and morality occupy an uneasy position somewhere in between."

NOTING that the explosion in technological information in recent decades has left many parents unable to pass on to their children the practical knowledge the children need to confront the future confidently, Dr. Morison went on:

"The astonishing thing is that the decline in respect for fathers, mothers, and priests as repositories of expert scientific knowledge has not been accompanied by more of a decline in respect for their moral influence."

ONLY the first five pages of Dr. Morison's message at Caltech were concerned with the past and present state of morality, however. The remaining eleven pages spelled out a warning of impending change, "the social consequences of which are not easy to see." At the end of his remarks an inescapable question loomed:

Can the family survive as the fundamental reproductive cell of the great and sprawling body of civilization?

Without going so far as to enunciate a flat negative answer, the Cornell biologist suggested three reasons for expecting at least a diminution in the family's social role:

1) While it is "a fine mechanism for transmitting conventional wisdom in a relatively static society," the family "is relatively poor at assimilating and transmitting new knowledge essential to survival" in a rapidly altering environment.

2) Birth control—now deemed necessary to give all earth's peoples enough food to eat, water to drink, and air to breathe—and growth of knowledge about genetically transmitted disease are together separating "the phenomena associated with sexual attraction and those involving reproduction *per se*."

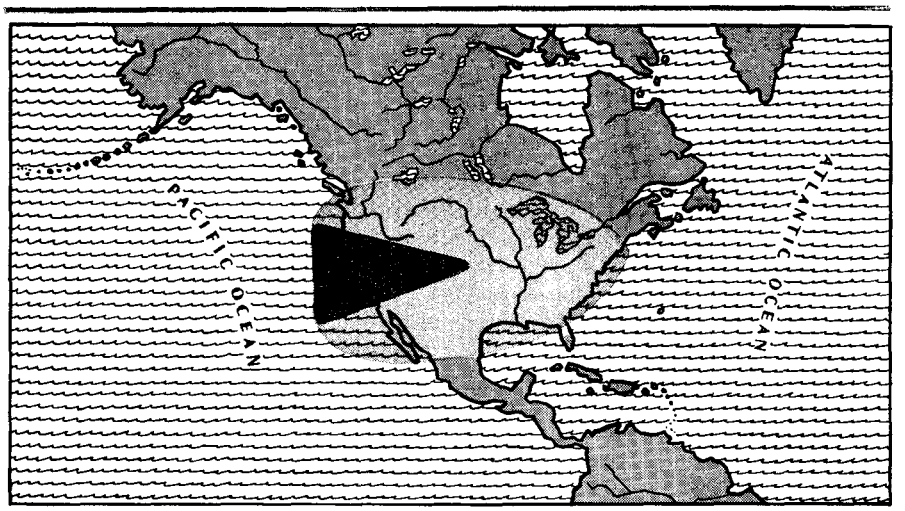
Since "much of the conventional moral apparatus of almost all societies has been based on the assumption of an extremely close tie between the two," and since the family has been the traditional repository of the tie, it is prudent to try to evaluate what changes may come in the institution of the family "if sexual behavior and reproduction become completely separated from one another." Should such a final break occur, society "would have to struggle on the one hand with defining the nature of interpersonal relationships which have no long-term social point than the satisfaction of the individuals concerned. On the other hand, it must seek new ways to ensure reasonable care for infants and children in an emotional atmosphere which lacks biological reinforcement through basic sexual and parental drives."

3) Our increasing knowledge of the biology and psychology of infancy and early childhood fortifies an old belief in the importance of shaping the first five or six years of a child's life.

"These are the years which the child ordinarily spends in the bosom of his family, and the evidence is accumulating that it is this fact that is primarily responsible for the relative fixity of the socio-economic class structure of a country like the United States." And "just as a wider appreciation of the science of genetics has made a pleasant eighteenth century fantasy of the stirring phrase 'all men are created equal' . . . it is quite clear that it is idle to talk of a society of equal opportunity as long as that society abandons its newcomers solely to their families for their most impressionable years."

MANY will fear the effects on children of the accelerated erosion of parental responsibility for bringing up the children. The apprehensions spring from a conviction that freedom of the individual will be circumscribed and that the ultimate consequence will be a colorless, conformist society.

Dr. Morison conceded the fears, but did not share them. Instead, he ex-



—*Doug Anderson, following sketch in Bell Aerosystems "Rendezvous."*

Rocketships must be driven into orbit. Once there, they continue to move under the inertia of the invested power. On returning to earth, the ships must free the stored energy. That's why protective shields of landing capsules incinerate. To put inertial power to controlled use, instead of wasting it, Bell Aerosystems Company at Buffalo, N.Y., has devised an instrument system to bring spaceships down at any point in the continental United States (lighty tinted area) the pilot may choose while aloft. Darkly tinted triangle can be reached by steep banking.

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The plot to bury the Bell System

We're going underground. Bit by bit we're burying our telephone lines in many parts of the country to give you better service.

Our purpose is not just to unclutter the landscape, although neighborhoods will look neater. Underground cables are rarely affected by storms. And they're never kayoed by falling limbs or wayward autos.

Our service is good but we keep trying to make it better. And ourselves more welcome than ever around your home. Going underground is one part of that effort. We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

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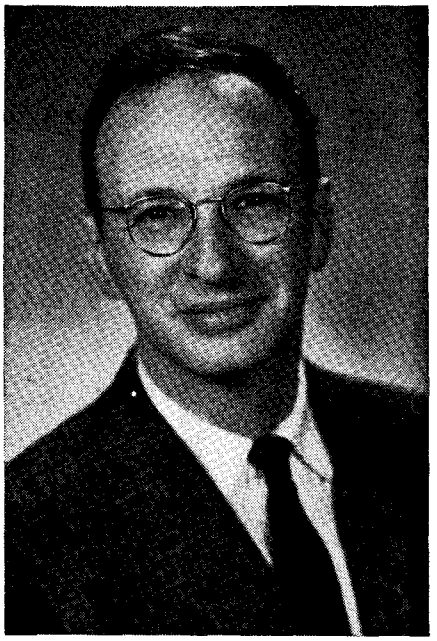

—*Cornell University.*

Prof. Urie Bronfenbrenner — cross-cultural explorer.

pressed his faith in "the almost infinite adaptability of the human nervous system." He emphasized: "It is hard to see how enriching the environment and increasing the contacts of young children can do other than increase their capacity for intelligent choices later in life and thus free them from both external and internal constraints that normally limit personal freedom."

PARENTS rather than children will be most likely to suffer deprivation from the decline of family influence, he predicted. Fathers and mothers will lose a sense of importance in relation to the future. And "if all this is even approximately right, it would seem essential to set about devising substitutes or sublimations. Somehow people must be made to expand their sense of loyalty and responsibility to include a larger share of the human race."

Now directors of divisions of modern universities do not make pronouncements of this magnitude without due deliberation. Before drafting his Caltech birthday address, Dr. Morison not only consulted many fellow members of the Cornell faculty individually but gathered about him at night a gifted group with out-of-the-ordinary communicative ability. Among this party was a man who knows at least as much as and perhaps more than any other American scientist does about the changing role of the family in societies competitive with our own. This person was Urie Bronfenbrenner, Cornell professor of psychology and of child development and family relationships, a frequent professional visitor to the Soviet Union, chairman of the research advisory committee to UNESCO's cross-cultural study of prejudice, and member of the social science advisory board of the U.S. Disarmament and Arms Control Agency.

Professor Bronfenbrenner during the half year prior to Dr. Morison's appearance at Caltech had been reporting on his Soviet experiences and observations at scientific symposia scattered from Moscow to Winnipeg to Miami to Boston. On each occasion he had told how the Communist society had been taking over traditional functions of the Russian family for the last decade. Following an order issued by Nikita Khrushchev in 1956, children were put into collective schools at the age of three months and brought up through nurseries, kindergartens, and boarding schools under conditions designed to create "the new Soviet man." Seven million boys and girls, almost 10 per cent of the present Soviet population of preschool and school age, are now being reared in these institutions; by 1970, one-third of all Soviet children will be involved; by the 1980s, all.

The principles and methods employed in the collective schools were developed by a Communist social psychologist, A. S. Makarenko, who died in 1939 after setting up fantastically successful camps for rehabilitation of wild gangs of juvenile delinquents who pillaged the Russian countryside in the 1920s. Makarenko's posthumous glory in the U.S.S.R. is so radiant that Professor Bronfenbrenner says the American equivalent can be arrived at only by imagining Dr. Benjamin Spock and John Dewey combined into one man.

Makarenko's books have been best sellers throughout Russia for a quarter century. Thousands of copies have also been sold in eastern Europe, Cuba, and China. Mao's notorious Red Guards are an extreme example of the pitch to which youth can be disciplined by the Makarenko system. Virtually every language has its editions of Makarenko's works—English included. The United States is the only major nation on earth that has not published a translation.

This last-mentioned omission will be corrected next month, when Doubleday, through an arrangement with the Am-Rus Literary Agency, will release an Americanized version of Makarenko's handbook for Russian parents under a new title: *The Collective Family.* An Anchor paperback original, translated by Robert Daglish, the volume will sell for $1.45 per copy.

PROFESSOR Bronfenbrenner's introduction to *The Collective Family* will not be reassuring to American readers. For he reminds the forgetful that it was just ten years ago come October that Soviet technologists startled people everywhere by putting the first man-made moon into orbit around planet earth. *Sputnik I* stayed up until January 4, 1958, and *Sputnik II* was orbiting for two months with the dog Laika as passenger before American rocketeers lofted *Explorer I*, the first capitalist moon, on January 31, 1958.

Ever since that traumatic humbling of American pride, curricula in American schools have been repeatedly shock-proofed against future anguish with the new math, the new physics, the new chemistry, and the new biology.

So Professor Bronfenbrenner's message inevitably must come as a profoundly rude shock: During our ten-year preoccupation with the teaching of technical skill—accompanied, as it has been, with long-haired campus rebellions of sometimes riotous proportions—the Russians have been concentrating on the inculcation of character!

THE Soviet process begins at the age of three months, in collective playpens shared by six to eight infants. "Upbringers" (one for every four charges among the younger children) stimulate sensory, motor, mental, and social responses with special exercises. Devotion to the ideal of common ownership of property is fostered from the beginning through use of phrases like "mine is ours; ours is mine." By the time the children are eighteen months old, they control their excretory functions and wash, dress, and feed themselves. As soon as they can talk, they are encouraged to judge and criticize each other's behavior from the group's perspective. It is the "upbringer's" job to see that individual and collective self-reliance develop together. In kindergarten, there is group play at keeping store, going to the doctor, and similar real-life simulations; there is actual responsibility for gardening and care of animals; and some kindergartens teach foreign languages. In the collective boarding schools, each student must choose a vocation (automotive mechanics, dressmaking, radio repair, computer programming are among subjects available) in which to receive daily training not only in school shops but in affiliated factories, institutes, and farms.

"In the collective, by the collective, for the collective" was the motto Makarenko wrote to guide what Khrushchev later described as "engineering of the soul."

What has Soviet collective schooling accomplished to date?

Professor Bronfenbrenner has reported to his scientific colleagues on comparative studies of Soviet children and agemates in the United States and Western Europe. The preschoolers, he said, "cry far less frequently, are more obedient, and appear to be better able to take care of themselves." Yet, although they are "clearly normal, and perhaps even advanced, physically and mentally," the

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Soviet children display "emotional blandness." Older children in the collective boarding schools "are well-mannered, attentive, and industrious. In informal conversations, they reveal strong motivation to learn, a readiness to serve their society, and what is perhaps best described as an idealistic and even sentimental attitude toward life."

What implications has the Soviet schooling experiment for our own democratic society?

Although research on the subject is still too limited to allow firm judgment, "a recently completed experiment . . . has yielded sobering results." More than 150 sixth-graders (six classrooms) in each country [U.S. and U.S.S.R.] were placed in situations revelatory of their readiness to engage in morally disapproved behavior such as cheating on an exam, denying responsibility for property damage, etc. The American children were "far more ready to take part in such actions."

Now Soviet collective schooling was established deliberately for an ideological purpose. Soviet parents accepted it willingly because it freed living space in crowded homes, cut food costs (which run up to 70 per cent of the Russian family budget), raised family income by allowing mothers to work, and offered deprived children opportunities otherwise denied them.

The American family meanwhile has been losing its traditional influence over the children by default. Mothers work to augment strained domestic budgets, children are left on their own, and offspring of poorer families—particularly those of the Negro community—drop out of school and become delinquents.

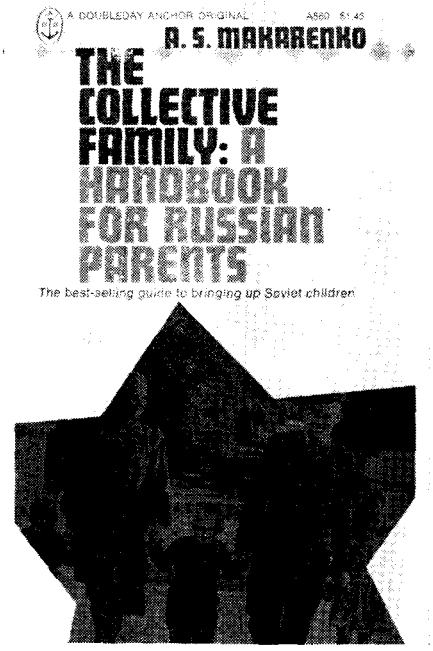
"The question therefore arises whether we cannot profit by taking to heart Makarenko's injunctions regarding the constructive influence of imposing communal responsibility within both family and peer-groups," the introduction to *The Collective Family* says. "This does not mean subscribing to his insistence on the primacy of the collective over the individual. It does mean giving the children, from early ages on, genuine responsibilities from which they learn the meaning of self-respect and respect for others. Such responsibilities can and must extend beyond the home to the neighborhood, the school, the community, and—in due course—the larger society. They should involve not only parents and friends but the full range of human beings who make up the society, including those who most need and deserve the service of others—old people, young children, the handicapped, and the underprivileged. . . . We, too, must teach morality . . . consistent with the welfare of all and the dignity of each."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

LIFE— THE INEXORABLE TEACHER

A Communist Maxim


A DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR ORIGINAL
A560 $1.45
A. S. MAKARENKO
THE COLLECTIVE FAMILY: A HANDBOOK FOR RUSSIAN PARENTS
The best-selling guide to bringing up Soviet children

—*Doubleday.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Through the courtesy of Doubleday and the Am-Rus Literary Agency, a brief preview excerpt from the first American language version of A. S. Makarenko's best-selling Russian handbook for parents is reproduced here one month before the publication date.*

THE "BASIC CONFLICT"—lack of time—is the favorite excuse of unsuccessful parents. Protected from responsibility by the "basic conflict," they imagine themselves indulging in salutary talks with their children. A comforting picture: The parent talks and the child listens! But the making of speeches and sermons to one's own children is an incredibly difficult task. For such a speech to have a beneficial educative effect, a fortunate coincidence of many circumstances is required. In the first place you have to choose an interesting theme; then it is essential that you should know how to express yourself well and how to illustrate what you have to say; apart from this the child must be blessed with unusual patience.

Precisely those parents who bring up their children badly and who are in general quite devoid of any educational ability exaggerate the value of pedagogical talks.

Educational work, they imagine, is carried on in this fashion. The educator takes his stand at point A. Three yards away is point B defended by the child. The educator brings his vocal cords into action, the child picks up the appropriate sound waves with his hearing apparatus. The waves penetrate by means of the eardrums to the child's soul and are distilled there into some special educational potion.

Sometimes the positions of subject and object vary a little, but the distance of three yards remains the same. As if attached to a lead, the child circles round the educator, all the while experiencing the action of the vocal cords or some other type of direct influence. Sometimes the child breaks away from the lead and in a short time is discovered in the dreadful cesspool of life. In such a case the educator, father or mother, protests in a trembling voice: "He's got quite out of hand! All day roaming the streets! You know what kind of boys there are in our yard? Young ruffians! Who knows what they get up to out there?"

Both the voice and eyes of the orator beg: Catch my son, save him from the street boys, let me carry on educating him.

Such education certainly requires much spare time and, of course, it means spare time wasted. The system of tutors and governesses, permanent overseers and constant nagging, broke down long ago without ever creating in history a single vivid personality.

A SOVIET person cannot be educated by the direct influence of one personality, whatever qualities this personality may possess. Education is a social process in the broadest sense of the term. Everything contributes to education: people, things, events, but first of all and above all—people. Of these, parents and teachers hold first place. The child enters into an infinite number of relationships with the whole complex world of surrounding reality. Each one of these relationships is irresistibly developing, overlapping with other relationships, and becoming more complicated as the physical and moral growth of the child increases.

Senseless and hopeless is the attempt made by some parents to shield the child from the influence of life and substitute individual domestic training for social education. It is bound to end in failure: Either the child breaks out of the domestic prison or you produce a freak.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Into the world of living things that never learned to walk or even crawl. Why some organisms became plants while others became animals is one of the fundamental mysteries of nature, not the least fascinating aspect of which is that plants have provided not only food but wisdom to the animal kingdom.

The germ theory of disease, which most people attribute to Pasteur, really originated six decades earlier than his work, with research on wheat smut in 1807. Not only were fungus spores shown to induce wheat smut but copper sulfate was identified as a drug capable of killing the fungus.

The first example of an infectious agent smaller than bacteria was tobacco mosaic, a plant virus. W. M. Stanley won a Nobel Prize for crystallizing it and so revealing it as a chemical rather than as a living substance.

COMMITTEE ON SCIENCE AND PUBLIC POLICY—PLANT SCIENCE PANEL
National Academy of Sciences

DURING HIS HISTORY man has used at least 3,000 species of plants for food and has cultivated at least 150 of these to the extent that they have entered into the world's commerce. The tendency through the centuries has been to use fewer and fewer species and to concentrate on the more efficient ones, so that today the majority of the world's people are actually fed by about a dozen species of plants. These include three cereals—rice, wheat, and corn; two sugar plants—sugar cane and sugar beet; three root crops—potato, sweet potato, and cassava; two legumes—the common bean and the soybean; and two tree crops—the coconut and the banana.

Since these plants quite literally stand between mankind and starvation, we should know as much about each of them as we know about the destructive agents of the world—as much as the medical profession, for example, knows about the world's principal human diseases. Today we do not have that much information about our most valuable plant species, though we are beginning to get it. Rice is an example: At least 50 per cent of the world's people get at least 60 per cent of their energy from rice. Thus, more than 30 per cent of all human energy on the globe now comes from one plant species —the rice plant. Realizing this fact, the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations have recently combined forces to set up a $10,000,000 rice research institute in the Philippines [see "IRRI Fills Empty Rice Bowls," *SR*, Aug. 6, 1966]. Here geneticists, plant physiologists, mycologists, biochemists, engineers, and others are devoting themselves to understanding the rice plant. They are learning to improve both the plant and its environment.

The need for similar research on the remaining principal food plants of the world is only slightly less urgent. The food problem is already one of the world's most acute and pressing problems. It is responsible for much of the world's unrest, and with each generation it becomes more acute. The social and political ramifications of the problem were clearly stated more than 2,000 years ago by the Roman philosopher Seneca when he said, "A hungry people listens not to reason nor cares for justice nor is bent by any prayers."

It is difficult for us in the United States to understand this, for we suffer not from a food shortage but from food surpluses, which are often embarrassing to us politically, on both the domestic and international fronts. It is difficult for us to realize that there is a world food problem of almost overwhelming proportions. In India, for example, the food supply is so precarious that when drought, floods, or early frost strike any part of the country, famine and mass starvation can be avoided only if the central government moves in quickly, often with grain provided by the United States from its current surpluses.

In proposing an increase in basic research on the world's principal food plants, we shall almost certainly be faced with the question, "Why more research on food plants when the United States is already plagued with embarrassing surpluses?" In brief, the answer is fourfold: 1) Considered from the standpoint of the world situation and our commitments to underfed nations, our present food and feed surpluses are in fact little more than prudent insurance against a series of unfavorable crop seasons; 2) the principal factors responsible for our present "surpluses"—mechanization, improved varieties, increased use of fertilizers and pesticides, and several years of unusually favorable weather—have already had their maximum impact on increasing the rate of agricultural production and will certainly have less rather than more in future decades; 3) much of the basic research that is responsible for our present "excess capacity" was done twenty-five or more years ago—we should now be doing the basic research to maintain our capacity in the period 1975-2000; 4) basic research in agriculture in the past has proved to be a highly profitable investment. It undoubtedly will continue to be.

In recognition of the fact that there is a world food problem, which the United States has made firm commitments to alleviate, and in anticipation of the time when our own surpluses will be regarded as assets rather than liabilities, *we propose that the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the National Science Foundation, or some other appropriate agency, be allotted a research fund to be specifically devoted to studies of the basic biology of the world's principal food plants.* The unique character of this fund would be that it would support only projects in basic research on specific crop plants—research with the ultimate aim of increasing their productivity.

This fund would be administered somewhat as the funds of the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Institutes of Health are administered. It would make possible the awarding of grants, both to agricultural research service personnel engaged in research of the type described, and to staff members of colleges and universities, both public and private, in which some research of this general nature is already in progress. Through the judgment of its advisory panels, which would be chosen from among the most experienced, imaginative, and mature scientists in the field, it would give preference to proposed research programs characterized by originality, imaginativeness, and depth of understanding of basic science. This kind of research obviously involves a high degree of specialization and dedication. It is a counterpart of some types of medical research, in which the researcher may devote a lifetime to a single human disease (Hans Zinsser and typhus) or a single organ (Paul Dudley White and the heart).

These grants would be awarded to plant physiologists, morphologists, geneticists, cytologists, mycologists, biochem-

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Insect transmission of diseases, usually associated with mosquitoes and yellow fever and the Panama Canal, was really discovered through study of fire-blight in apples.

A plant pathologist, B. O. Dodge, showed that a mold called Neurospora could be crossed genetically like corn. Neurospora therefore became a genetic tool.

Genetic manipulation brought disease-resistant plants, and these gave rise to the suggestion that the genes of any parasite have to match the genes of a host organism in order to produce disease.

All the above are illustrative of the bonuses that come to men through the study of plants as a source of food: a course urged upon the National Academy of Sciences by a special plant science panel chaired by Professor Kenneth Thimann. The report is excerpted below.

—Harvard University.

Professor Kenneth Thimann.

ists, and others who would be dedicated not to the immediate practical improvement of the plants but to gaining an understanding of the plants as unique biological systems, each having its own special biological characteristics and its own special environmental requirements. The work would involve continuous and close interdisciplinary collaboration.

THE director of such a program would necessarily be a plant scientist exceptionally interested and experienced in basic research. His program should emphasize the features mentioned above: basic research, the ultimate aim of increasing food supply, and the need for interdisciplinary collaboration. In granting awards, consideration would be given to these factors in addition to the intrinsic merits of the proposed research. Furthermore, once the grants were made, the granting agency should inform each grantee of all other grants made for his particular crop-plant species, and urge collaboration through interlaboratory visits, exchange of reprints, and the establishment of informal research information bulletins.

Since the majority of the world's principal food plants are of hybrid origin and since their productiveness is in part the product of hybrid vigor, or "heterosis," special attention should be given to this factor, which is certainly one of the most important biological phenomena related to the practice of agriculture.

The knowledge gained from this kind of research would in due time be expected to provide the basis for the practical improvement of these plants and their environments. This in turn would contribute to increasing food production or, equally important, to reducing costs and labor requirements.

Specific crop plants to be included in the program should be:

► CORN AND SORGHUM—Corn is the principal food plant of the United States and of the majority of countries of this hemisphere. It is potentially the most productive of cereals. Sorghum is related to corn, and is of great potential value in the agriculture of the future because it is the cereal best adapted to regions with warm, dry climates.

► WHEAT, RYE, OATS, AND BARLEY—Although several major discoveries have recently been made concerning the origin and evolution of wheat, the work of determining what has taken place at the level of the chromosome and the gene is just beginning. Rye belongs in the same program because it is a close relative whose chromosomes apparently can be substituted for certain chromosomes of wheat. Oats belong with wheat because they, like wheat, are being investigated through the use of plants with deviating numbers of chromosomes. For some time the major emphasis in this program should be on genetics and cytogenetics. Another reason for considering rye, oats, and barley with wheat is that they have similar requirements with respect to their environment and they also have a number of plant diseases in common. Although major consideration might be given to research projects in genetics and cytogenetics, other aspects of these species should not be overlooked. The seedlings of oats and wheat are the major experimental material for plant-hormone studies, and much more should be known about them for this reason alone.

► SUGAR CANE—The sugar cane plant is unique among the food grasses in several respects: It is a perennial, it is tropical and manufactures food virtually the year around, and, in terms of calories per acre, it is the world's most productive food plant. We have in our fiftieth state, Hawaii, the ideal site for research projects on sugar cane, and a privately financed organization is already active in this field. Research in Hawaii on this plant can serve not only the subtropical sugar regions of the United States—Louisiana and Florida—but also has worldwide usefulness, especially to the Asiatic countries, where the food problem is most acute.

► BEANS, SOYBEANS, AND PEANUTS—These three plants are the world's principal sources of plant protein. As food shortages become increasingly acute, people will of necessity depend more and more on plants as direct sources of the protein in their diet. This is already the case in India. It is also true in Mexico, where the majority of the people depend on the common bean as their principal source of protein. The soybean, originally Asiatic, has become an important crop plant in the United States and will become more so when a larger portion of its product is consumed for human food.

► SUGAR BEET—The second most important source of sugar in the world is the sugar beet, a crop adapted to temperate climates. Like sugar cane it is very productive. In terms of calories per day of growing season it is probably the world's most productive plant.

► POTATO—Like the sugar beet, the potato is more important in the countries of northern Europe than it is in the United States. There is already considerable cooperation between research workers specializing in the potato in Europe, and it should not be difficult to enlist the interests of these countries in combining resources to establish a program for potato research.

► SWEET POTATO AND CASSAVA—Two of the world's most productive food plants in the terms of calories per acre are the sweet potato and cassava. Puerto Rico could be an excel-

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lent place for research on these two food plants, since both are staple crops there.

► BANANA AND COCONUT—Among the world's principal food plants, in terms of their importance to large segments of the world's population, are the coconut and the banana. In the United States the banana is eaten primarily as a dessert fruit, but in other parts of the world cooking bananas, known as plantains, are an important carbohydrate food.

THE programs described above are all concerned with conventional crop plants whose products man consumes directly as food. Consideration should also be given to research on plants that we "consume indirectly" in the form of meat, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. These would, of course, include primarily the forage grasses and legumes. It is also true that proteins suitable for human nutrition can be extracted from some of these plants and even from others not now regarded as palatable for either man or his domestic animals. It is well recognized by nutritionists that the problem of supplying people in overpopulated countries with diets containing adequate amounts of protein is much more difficult than merely supplying enough calories primarily as carbohydrates.

In this connection the greater use of plant food from natural waters and the oceans deserves much more active research. Among the marine forms, those of the open seas, especially the extremely small organisms that pass through fine filters and are not easily obtainable for study, have been studied very little. Yet these organisms are thought to provide the major food of many fish. An understanding of the growth of algae in open seas and coastal waters is therefore of capital importance for fisheries research. Algae can also constitute directly a source of food and drugs. The bulk of the work on the technical utilization of algae has been done in Japan and Scotland, and is still in its infancy, but with the growth in population increasing, attention is being paid to the algae as potential sources of food in other countries also. (More than 100,000 wet tons of kelp are harvested yearly in California.) In this area of research some aspects of algal cultivation on a large scale have been studied, and a little of the chemistry and technology of algal products is being explored, but the real developments still lie in the future.

Prior to the turn of the century botanists were as interested in trees as they were in smaller plants; some of the very best botanists of the last century were foresters. This situation has gradually changed in the course of the first half of this century. Plant-physiological methods called for precise control of the environment. As a result, botanists began to restrict their work to herbaceous plants or to tree seedlings, because these are much easier to handle in growth chambers and greenhouses. Forestry, on the other hand, became more and more a profession, and the training of foresters became correspondingly more professional. It is only during the past few years that foresters have begun to realize that, in order to grow trees successfully and economically, they must know a great deal more about how trees grow. This knowledge can probably be obtained only through basic research on tree physiology in its widest sense. Botanists, on the other hand, are also becoming more and more aware of the fact that certain specific functional problems are closely related to size, and that the sheer size of trees offers a great advantage for certain aspects of research such as that on upward movement of water and downward flow of photosynthesized materials between leaves and root systems.

The critical problem of systematizing storage and retrieval of pertinent information is especially acute in economic botany because numerous and diverse disciplines contribute information on plants used by man. The vast amount of information that continues to be accumulated on plant names, systematic relationships, geographic distribution, properties, constituents, and uses is scattered in the literature of agronomy, botany, chemistry, economics, ethnology, forestry, horticulture, pharmacology, soil science, and zoology. Several institutions in the United States are now maintaining files of information on economic plants, but none is covering all aspects of the subject. These various systems are so diverse as to preclude efficient interchange and combining of information between systems. *We propose*, therefore, *creation of a federally supported center to cover all facets of information on economic plants*. Moreover, the information should be readily available through duplicated cards, microfilm, or tape to all concerned with research on economic plants. To establish, staff, and maintain such an information center would cost not less than $1,000,000 for the first year, and an annual budget thereafter of $500,000.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Medical Profession

DR. JOSEPH STOKES's article ["A New Profession Within Medicine?" *SR*, Dec. 3] is very timely and provocative. He has forthrightly faced up to an important issue that is concerning all of us who think about the future of medical education and the distribution of medical care.

His remedy appears to me to be an unworkable one. Flatly stated, the American public will never buy a lesser service when it can get the very best. Nor is there any need for them to do so.

True, minor routine procedures can and probably will be done by paramedical persons. This is already happening, to everyone's benefit. The scope and limits of such services need to be clearly defined. This is a legal consideration, but one that can be regarded in the light of reality and practicality. For instance, nurses are now administering intravenous fluids and defibrillating patients in cardiac crises. There may not even now be clear-cut legal precedence for this, but the obvious advantages are overwhelming.

The matter of the education of a physician is another phase. I feel that the Millis Report has come up with a more acceptable plan than that suggested by Dr. Stokes. To homogenize graduate medical education (*i.e.*, beyond the medical school), to abolish the internship, and to upgrade the role of the "primary physician" seem to me to be a more rational approach.

These are difficult times, and *SR* is to be congratulated for providing a forum for this important topic.

DONALD F. KENT, M.D.
Chatham, N.J.

I DIRECT ATTENTION to the statement by Dr. Joseph Stokes III: "General practice has become too taxing a specialty to be practiced by any honest man."

I believe that there are many thousand general practitioners who are honestly striving to coordinate medical knowledge and to use consultants in a manner to best serve the patient. They honestly recognize the need for special skills and avail themselves of them.

I would counter with the statement that specialists in medical fields tend to know more and more about less and less. It is still necessary for some of us to consider the patient as a whole, not as a chest or a gall bladder or a heart.

JOHN A. EDWARDS, M.D.,
The Council Clinic.
Council, Idaho.

DR. JOSEPH STOKES III has made an interesting proposal to help alleviate some of the problems of medical practice in the United States. In doing so he has made a number of assumptions we so commonly hear from our academically oriented colleagues. Most of these assumptions stem from a lack of continuous contact with the everyday life of community medical practice.

The personal experience that Dr. Stokes cites as an introduction to his thesis is a good example of the bias of his data. I am certain that he would not accept such testimonial evidence in the evaluation of a new drug, and yet he considers it to be valid in

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supporting his statement that, "The health team is top-heavy." Had he not been an M.D., and a faculty member of a medical school, he probably would have found an obstetrician and a general practitioner together performing the Caesarean section and taking care of the baby. The anesthesiologist would have been outside in the waiting room where he belonged. Why more than "only one scrub nurse" would have been needed for a "routine Caesarean section" is beyond me.

Dr. Stokes goes on to state that the concept of the health team has been resisted by the tradition that any good doctor should be able to handle patients' problems without much help from others. This is an interesting tradition but I, for one, have never heard of it before. Maybe the problem lies in the use of the words, "much help." It is true that probably 90 per cent of all illnesses can be handled by a conscientious, adequately trained general practitioner. The other 10 per cent is traditionally treated by a "team" of physicians and other health workers through referral by the private practitioner. It is this 10 per cent that comes to the attention of the specialist or the medical school faculty member. And from his experience with this 10 per cent the academician makes his conclusions regarding the nature and quality of community medical care and needs.

The crucial fallacy in Dr. Stokes's thesis is the conclusion that the problems he describes could be solved by introducing a profession of people with less training than today's general practitioner. What we need are more general practitioners with more training.

DAVID M. GIMLETT, M.D.
Tacoma, Wash.

DR. STOKES draws an analogy between his "medical practitioner" and the British "assistant medical practitioner" in Africa and the South Pacific. As I have pointed out in a book co-authored by Dr. Edwin F. Rosinski (*The Assistant Medical Officer*, University of North Carolina Press, 1965), the assistant medical officer (AMO) or his equivalent is a government employee and therefore subject to certain restrictions which limit his practice. This also applies to the Russian *feldsher*. The danger inherent in any practitioner of the AMO type is that he will exceed the skills he has acquired in his training. Supervision is only one aspect of controlling this tendency. In the developing countries, the AMOs practice is restricted directly by government edict and indirectly by withholding certain drugs and items of equipment from his clinical armamentarium. To apply these controls in American medicine would require a vast amount of misspent time on the part of the physician. The developing countries have solved this dilemma in some instances by promoting AMOs to supervisory positions, but obviously the American "practitioner" could not be accorded the same privilege.

Another principle of using AMOs is that there must be a wide gap between the capabilities of the AMO and the physician. Without this, the AMO tends to become a physician in all but name after some years of practice. The alternative is a sense of frustration and dissatisfaction with his lowly position. The practitioner envisaged by Dr. Stokes would have a preparation "similar to the preparation required of medical students," *i.e.*, a college degree, and one year less than the current standard four years of medical school. He would then have one year of apprenticeship as opposed to a one-year internship and a minimum of three years in a residency for the physician. In other words, his training would require two-thirds of the time now spent in educating the specialist physician. In actual fact, the time spent in his training would equal that of a current medical school graduate entering medical practice without an internship, a practice which is still allowed in some states. There would therefore be very little difference between him and some of his "superior degree" physicians. To circumvent the undesirable situation of producing a "near doctor," some countries have allowed their AMOs to complete their medical education and become degree physicians, *e.g.*, the *behdar* in Iran. In Ceylon, the opposite has occurred and the *apothecary* has been relegated to the role of a dispenser. Neither of these solutions could apply to Dr. Stokes's "practitioner."

Another undesirable element suggested by Dr. Stokes is that his practitioner would serve his apprenticeship in a specialty, *e.g.*, "pediatrics, surgery, or obstetrics" and would attend meetings with his superiors in his specialty, *e.g.*, "the American College of Surgeons, and so forth." There have been several reports recently which recommend, in one form or another, the provision of comprehensive care for the individual and family as members of the community.

Dr. Stokes also writes that the " 'medical practitioners' could be taught to take over many of the functions now performed by physicians, including routine physical examinations, well-child care, operating assistance, and normal deliveries of babies." One of these functions, *i.e.*, the management of normal pregnancy, is ably performed by midwives in all countries except Canada and the United States, and even in this country there are eight schools of nurse-midwifery. The well-child care provided by public health departments is completely adequate when performed by a public health nurse under the direction of a pediatrician. Operating assistance is supplied in many places by operating room technicians. As for routine physical examinations, there is some doubt about their effectiveness, and automation may be of more significance to them in future than auxiliary doctors.

In summary, there would appear to be some need for new types of paramedical workers but hardly of the caliber and education suggested by Dr. Stokes. As an addendum, Dr. Eugene Stead of Duke University is already using individuals comparable to those suggested by Dr. John D. Corbit in the inset to Dr. Stokes's article. It is improbable, however, that the use of paramedical personnel will solve the current maldistribution of medical services. To accomplish this, the acceptance of the principles of health maintenance based upon a rational and logical method of providing health care will be necessary. This will be impossible unless doctors, both in practice and teaching, display a true interest in working with government and community leaders towards the provision of adequate medical care for all individuals.

F. J. SPENCER, M.D.,
Professor and Chairman,
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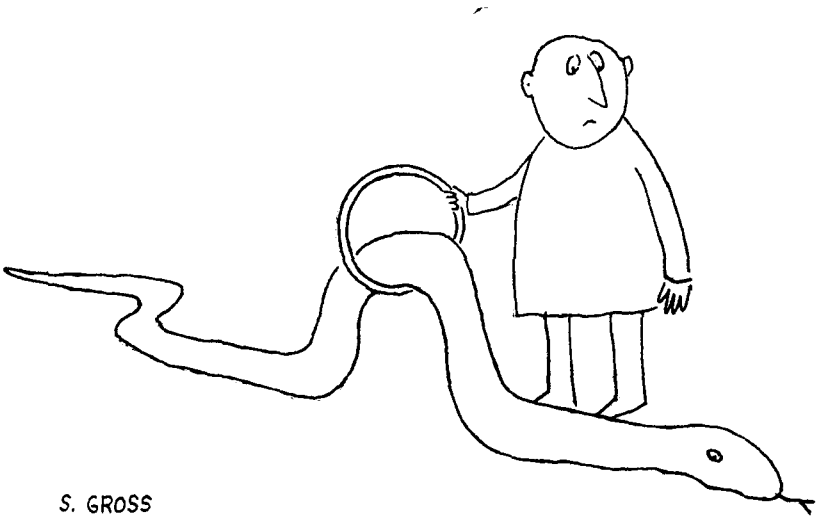

I BELIEVE that Dr. Joseph Stokes III's suggestion for a new profession within the medical profession is the soundest proposal that has been presented to alleviate the chaotic situation existing in medicine and, may I add, in nursing. The attempt of the nursing profession to upgrade nursing education to provide medical services not presently being offered by the physician is, in my opinion, creating more havoc in nursing than the public is aware of.

The nursing profession is currently struggling to prepare nurses at two levels, the professional nurse at the baccalaureate level and the technician at the associate degree level. The hospital-trained or -educated nurse who receives a diploma from the hospital school is not classified in nurses for the future by the American Nurses Association. In addition, the clinical specialist, a nurse with a minimum of six years preparation, is

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preparing to join the health team to offer those services which the physician is too busy to provide, even though those services are definitely medical as opposed to nursing.

Insofar as I am able to determine, the status of the nurse clinical specialist in the team concept of health care is not established as yet, nor has it been ascertained how much responsibility she is to share with the physician and other members of the team. Also of great importance is the fact that legal justification for her role has not been defined.

The clinical specialist in cardiovascular nursing has been identified most frequently in the literature and one will find the following explanation of her activities: "Among the clinical specialists' tools are ward conferences dealing with electrocardiogram interpretation, preoperative and post-operative care of the cardiac patient, cardiac monitoring, defibrillation, use of the pacemaker, and the patho-physiology and treatment of cardiac defects such as ventricular septal defect, and mitral or aortic insufficiency and stenosis." This activity will most definitely require a background of all these subjects in great depth; possibly the depth of study required by the physician or his assistant.

I agree with Dr. Stokes that the role of the nurse must be clarified and that it is time for the nursing leaders and professional organizations to define this role in a realistic manner. I also believe that the medical profession must pursue a course of action which will not leave dangling in mid-air the needs of patients which are medical, hopefully anticipating that the nursing profession will pick them up.

Mrs. Josephine Nordahl, R.N.,
Educational Director,
Oak Park Hospital
School of Nursing,
Sisters of Misericorde.
Oak Park, Ill.

I have read and reread Dr. Stokes's article and have concluded that it represents neither good journalism nor good scientific reasoning and contributes little that is really helpful.

Dr. Stokes speaks of another profession while obviously knowing little about it. For assistance in bridging this gap in his knowledge, I refer him to the School of Nursing in his own institution, the University of California, which administers one of the finest baccalaureate and graduate programs in nursing to be found in the United States.

The Coggeshall study, to which he refers briefly, has been taken so seriously by his colleagues that important revisions are being made in the philosophy and the curriculum of certain medical schools. Apparently, Dr. Stokes's peers do not agree that at present "the physician's superb training" fits him for the position as captain of the team.

Evelyn G. Sobol, R.N.
Port Chester, N.Y.

Dr. Stokes has made an interesting proposal to train "medical practitioners." It is not clear whether he proposes the fully trained "physician" will see the patient first, and then have the "practitioner" take over in suitable cases, or whether the "practitioner" will screen those whom the "physician" will see. The latter will require a large degree of compulsion upon all patients. The tendency to make an "end-run" and see the chief directly will be hard to control.

Norris L. Brookens, M.D.,
Carle Clinic.
Urbana, Ill.

Many teachers in the health professions are interested in the possibility of training the type of medical personnel suggested by Dr. Stokes. Although a variety of objections might be raised to such programs, and some are outlined by Dr. Stokes, the most serious limitation to his plan, in my view, involves the premedical requirements of prospective students in such a program. If a candidate for such a program must be of the same intellectual caliber and have the same motivation and premedical training as the regular medical school student, then it seems unlikely that the candidate will settle for anything less than full medical accreditation. If he were less endowed and motivated, then the system would create two classes of physicians.

Thomas W. Moir, M.D.,
School of Medicine,
Western Reserve University.
Cleveland, O.

I consider the article by Joe Stokes both thoughtful and timely.

Ward Darley, M.D.,
Consultant to the
Executive Director,
Association of American
Medical Colleges.
Denver, Colo.

Joseph Stokes's article was well written, and its publication will be one more assist in getting the medical educational process off "dead center."

Lowell T. Coggeshall, M.D.
Foley, Ala.

Editor's note: *Dr. Coggeshall, as a vice president and trustee of the University of Chicago, chaired a special commission of the Association of American Medical Colleges that made a year-long study of medical education in 1964-1965. Dr. Darley was the AAMC executive who initiated the push for appointment of the Coggeshall commission. The commission concluded that an adequate supply of physicians for the United States is out of the question in the foreseeable future and that some form of "team medicine" will have to be adopted. The commission recommended that the AAMC adopt a more comprehensive organizational pattern in order to take command of medical education as an integrated whole. Proposals similar to the one Dr. Stokes advanced in SR's pages were considered by the Coggeshall commission but not specifically endorsed because of the legal complications involved. Practical fruition of Dr. Stokes's idea would require legislation in all of the fifty states, which control licensure for medical practice. Existing state laws specify how long a man must study medicine and what courses he must study to become eligible for practice. Nonetheless, the Stokes's proposal has the advantage of specificity, and so can serve to crystallize discussion of workable alternatives.*

DEFINING THE NEW PHYSICIAN

Editor's note: *On appropriate occasions beginning with its issue of June 5, 1965, SR/Research has focused attention on the current crisis in evolution of medical practice in America. Last month space was given to a specific proposal by Professor Joseph Stokes III, M.D., of the University of California. Reader comment on it appears in immediately preceding columns. Below and in following columns is an excerpt from a report issued by a Citizens Commission sponsored by the American Medical Association and chaired by John S. Millis, president of Western Reserve University.*

THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER of revered memory knew his patients, did whatever he could to cure or ease their varied ailments, and provided continuing care through the course of minor ailments and major emergencies. His deficiencies—and they were many—were partly offset by intimate knowledge of his patients, the support he gave them, and the trust and confidence his services engendered.

Now he is vanishing. Time has changed both him and his patients. Patients now have access to a richer variety of medical services, and many of them have insurance to help pay for hospital and specialist services. In medicine, the major advances, the major triumphs of biomedical research, have not dealt with man as a whole but with his individual bodily systems or organs. As the science and art of medicine devoted to understanding and treating individual organs and systems have outrun the science and art of understanding and treating the whole man, specialty practice has become more necessary and attractive.

There are no satisfactory statistics on the number of physicians in general practice. Some physicians who started as general practitioners now limit their practice, wholly or partially, to a specialty, and some with specialty training engage in general practice. There is no doubt, however, that the number and the percentage in general practice are declining. In 1931, 84 per cent of all physicians in private practice reported themselves to be general practitioners. In 1960, the corresponding percentage was 45; and in 1965, 37. The percentage

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An excerpt from the report of
The Citizens Commission on Graduate Medical Education,
sponsored by the American Medical Association.

is sure to decline further, for all practitioners in private practice in 1965, 18 per cent were over sixty-five years of age.

The general practitioner leaves behind him a vacuum that organized medicine has not decided how to fill.

One result of this vacuum has been that the patient becomes his own diagnostician, and decides which kind of specialist he should approach. Or he seeks the advice of a pharmacist or a friend, or follows his own ideas of what constitutes proper treatment. Other patients—in increasing numbers—take their problems to the hospital emergency room. It is always open; all are received; and good medical care and facilities are available there, at least for emergencies. This solution, however, offers little continuity, and the relationship is less than satisfactory either to the patient or to the hospital staff.

In the meantime, discussions of "general practice," or "family medicine," or "personal physicians" go on. Some physicians recommend a two- or three-year graduate program as a means of improving and perpetuating the general practitioner. Specialists, in contrast, often think of the general practitioner as being chiefly useful as a "referral service or a clearinghouse for important medical problems the GP can't handle." A few medical schools and teaching hospitals have offered programs in family medicine, but most of these have been halfway measures. . . .

There are, of course, some excellent general practitioners, and there are some specialists who administer continuing and comprehensive care of high quality. But there are not enough such men, and there is not enough of the service they offer—as most patients, physicians, and legislators agree. . . .

Many leaders of medical thought have proclaimed the desirability of training physicians able and willing to offer comprehensive medical care of a quality far higher than that provided by the typical general practitioner of the past. The physician they conceive of is knowledgeable — as are other physicians — about organs, systems, and techniques, but he focuses not upon individual organs and systems but upon the whole man. . . .

There is an annoying semantic problem in talking about this kind of physician. What should he be called? The title *general practitioner* has lost its once honored status. Dr. Russell Lee suggests that we "build a monument to him and . . . start now with a new concept of the personal physician."

But *personal physician* also presents difficulties. The relation of physician to patient should never be impersonal. Surgeons and psychiatrists and obstetricians and dermatologists are all personal physicians to their patients. . . .

First-contact physician has been suggested, but here again there are difficulties. There is always a first contact, and the choice depends upon the patient. It may be an internist, an obstetrician, a pediatrician, or a surgeon. The title merely indicates a temporal relationship and sometimes a temporal accident. . . .

Family physician is an often-suggested title, and there are some advantages in having the same physician serve all members of a family. But the family relationship is by no means necessary, and although the term sounds appropriate for informal and individual use ("Dr. Jones is our family physician"), it does not describe the qualifications that should be involved.

Comprehensive care probably best indicates the nature of the medical and health service involved. But *comprehensive-care physician* is an awkward title.

We suggest that he be called a *primary physician*. He should usually be primary in the first-contact sense. He will serve as the primary medical resource and counselor to an individual or a family. When a patient needs hospitalization, the services of other medical specialists, or other medical or paramedical assistance, the primary physician will see that the necessary arrangements are made, giving such responsibility to others as is appropriate, and retaining his own continuing responsibility.

Perhaps a better name will emerge as the function—which is the truly important element—becomes more generally recognized and more widely available.

The first necessity is for organized medicine to recognize—not merely in a formal sense, but sincerely—that comprehensive health care is a high calling, different from specialization in thoracic surgery or hematology or something else, but not inferior—not inferior in training, in rewards, or in position within the house of medicine.

THE lip service routinely paid to the importance of comprehensive, continuing health care does little to offset the powerful inducements to specialization. Family or personal physicians are said to be important. The House of Delegates has repeatedly emphasized the need for more of them. But in definition of his functions and his relations with other physicians, the family or personal physician not infrequently is described in such condescending terms as these: "He provides medical care within the limits of his competence," "He refers to other physicians those patients who have problems beyond his competence," or "His practice gives emphasis to the frequent and commonplace ailments."

The attitude conveyed by such statements is more likely to repel than to attract able and ambitious students to careers in comprehensive practice.

There is a kind of arrogance in specialized medicine that runs deeper than such attitudes do in other fields. The president of a company often defers to his comptroller on fiscal matters and to his legal counsel on legal matters. He utilizes their specialized knowledge without anyone's talking about "referring problems beyond his competence." On the contrary, he is regarded as the epitome of over-all competence. Or, as another analogy, if the quarterback holds the ball for a place-kick specialist or calls upon the fullback to make a needed final yard, he is commended for utilizing effectively the talents of different members of the team. No one makes derogatory remarks about problems "beyond his competence." The practice of law, like the practice of medicine, now requires specialization. But in a modern law office it is a generalist rather than a narrow specialist who takes the leading role and earns at least equal prestige.

The analogies are relevant because the patient wants, and should have, someone of high competence and good

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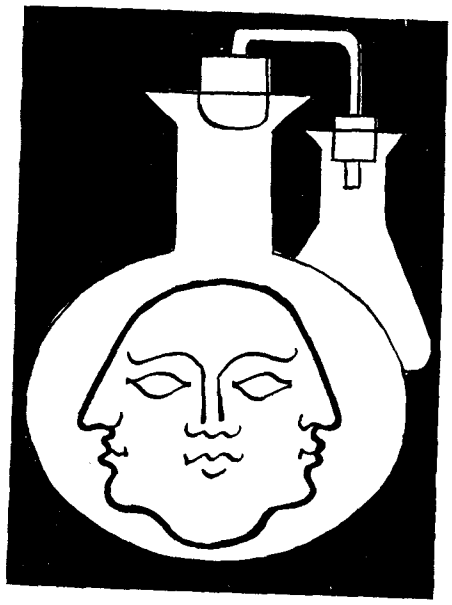

judgment to take charge of the total situation. . . .

In the academic world, it is customary to put a greater premium on depth of knowledge in a specialized area than on more comprehensive wisdom covering a larger field. Within their own guilds, the most highly respected mathematicians, physicists, or economists are those who have penetrated most deeply into specialized and restricted domains. Perhaps these attitudes are proper among scientists or in the university, where the men most honored are the ones who are extending the frontiers of knowledge. But medicine, although intimately based upon science, is not science. It is an application of science.

What happens to the patient is the measure of success in medical practice. He brings the physician a problem, often a complex one. The factors that contribute to it may be physiological, anatomical, psychological, social, economic, genetic, or describable in still other terms. Sometimes he needs many kinds of help. At other times the proper remedy is as specific as the contents of a single bottle from the pharmacy. In either case, the problem of diagnosing the situation, weighing the several factors, and determining the appropriate course of action is a complex one that calls for breadth of view. One ulcer patient may properly be sent to surgery, a second to a psychiatrist, and a third treated by medicine. All three patients should be able to feel confident that they get first attention from a physician who is aware that there may be several alternatives. . . .

Harvey Brooks, dean of engineering and applied physics at Harvard, has described the similar dilemmas of engineering and medicine as they have come to be more firmly based on science:

> . . . in both medicine and engineering the importance of the underlying sciences has become so great that medical and engineering faculties are increasingly populated with basic scientists who do research or teaching in sciences which are relevant to but by no means identical with the practice of medicine or engineering. The old form of teaching primarily by practicing physicians or engineers was found wanting because practical knowledge was too rapidly being made obsolete by new scientific developments which could not be fully absorbed or appreciated by the mature practitioner. Yet in the process something of the spirit and attitude of the skilled practitioner was lost, particularly his willingness to deal with problems whole rather than in terms of the individual contributing disciplines. . . .

The problem is not that . . . [the research] aspects of medicine have grown too rapidly. The problem is to add a new dimension to the practice of medicine that will help to utilize this growth and to bring the practice of medicine up to its high potential. . . .

We have already made a start. The House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, the Academy of General Practice, the College of Physicians, and many individual leaders of medical thought—albeit with differences in the particular remedies and approaches they recommend—have all agreed upon the urgency of greater and more widespread provision of comprehensive medical services. Of course there are difficulties, but the change is necessary for the welfare of patients and for the future standing and respect, including self-respect, of the profession. It is time for decisive action. . . .

Medical schools and teaching hospitals are generally organized along disciplinary and specialty lines. There are departments of anatomy and physiology and other disciplines; there are pediatric and surgical and other services; but there are few services or clinics of comprehensive medicine. If students are to see comprehensive medicine practiced at its best, major changes in curricula and a major addition to teaching facilities must be made, starting in the medical school. It is in the medical school that the student first begins to make realistic comparisons between different kinds of medical careers, and it is there that he finds the first models upon which he patterns his own career aspirations. At present, medical schools provide excellent models of the scientist-research scholar and the hospital-based specialist, but rarely, if ever, do they provide models of comprehensive health care or of physicians who are successful and highly regarded for providing that kind of medical service. Worse, some faculty members tend to denigrate the role of such physicians.

There are exceptions, but in the typical medical school hospital, the student does not see a normal range of patients, but a highly selected and specialized sample. In practice, patients seek help for a wide range of ailments, from the merely inconvenient to the crippling and fatal. In the typical medical school hospital, most cases are on referral because of acute conditions that require specialized or round-the-clock attention. In practice, contact may continue over many years, allowing a full, rewarding experience of successful management of health problems over a considerable period of time. In the hospital, contact is likely to be restricted to a few days.

The university hospital type of medical service is essential, and every student should be acquainted with it. But if this is the only type he sees, if only the hospital-based, acute disease-oriented kind of practice is held before him as a model, the interest in comprehensive medicine many students bring to medical school gets blunted and forgotten by the time they are ready to seek internships and residencies.

True enough, preceptorship programs give a few students realistic opportunities to observe family practice, and practically all medical schools devote the major part of a year (usually the senior year) to teaching in the outpatient clinics with ambulatory patients, but this teaching program is given less emphasis than are others. The low status accorded the outpatient clinic naturally leads the student to the belief that ambulatory medicine is relatively unimportant.

To inspire young physicians to enter the practice of comprehensive medicine and to educate them appropriately will require major changes in faculty, facilities, and attitudes. Merely adding a service of comprehensive medicine will not be enough, for everyone else would then relax and there would be little if any improvement over the present outpatient clinics.

A much more sweeping change is necessary. Continuing, comprehensive care should be a central focus of medical school organization, planning, and clinical teaching. Right at the beginning of the student's introduction to clinical medicine he should begin to realize, and his teachers should emphasize, that illness is usually not an isolated event in a localized part of the body, but is a change in a complex, integrated human being who lives and works in a particular social and family setting, who has a biological-psychological-social history. In this complex history are to be found the interacting factors that determine the nature of his illness, and in his future the effects of the illness are likely to continue to be manifest. Of course, the student will not understand all of the subtleties involved—no one does—but this kind of emphasis at this early stage will

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start to demonstrate how essential in patient care are the concepts of continuity and comprehensiveness. Early emphasis on these concepts will help put into proper perspective the relation of specialized services and particular illnesses to the patient's continuing welfare.

THE word *clinic* is inadequate for the program we have in mind, for *clinic* is sometimes used to indicate a medical facility that serves only outpatients. Similarly, *service* may be misinterpreted, for that term is sometimes restricted to the medical services rendered to hospitalized patients. We mean both. The program we recommend as a central focus for the education of primary physicians will serve outpatients—and thus be a *clinic*—and when necessary will take those same patients into the hospital—and thus will be a *service*. In the following discussion we will call it a *program* or a *service*. . . .

The new service will have to have budget, staff, quarters, outpatient facilities, and hospital beds. At its head should be a physician whose central interest is in comprehensive medical care, and on the staff should be other clinical professors and physicians of like interests. Collectively they will assume much of the responsibility for planning, management, patient care, and education.

But responsibility should not rest exclusively with the new service. Its central educational importance requires corporate faculty or staff responsibility, endorsement, and support in developing the teaching program and in maintaining effective integration with other hospital services. Specialists from other services will be required as consultants and part-time participants in the comprehensive program. When necessary, members of the staff will admit patients to the hospital just as do physicians on other services. The hospital beds available to the comprehensive service should not, however, be isolated or distinct from the beds used by other services. The staff members of the comprehensive service will be fully qualified to handle the problems that require hospitalization for some of their patients. In other cases, the services of surgeons, pediatricians, psychiatrists, or other specialists will be required. In either situation, the primary physician and the residents involved should be able to follow the patient throughout the period of hospitalization, even though major responsibility is, for a time, transferred to some other specialist. Continuity before, during, and after hospitalization is part of the responsibility of the primary physician and an essential part of the education of the resident. The achievement of these conditions may require modifications in the customs of some teaching hospitals, and will certainly require the hospital staff as a corporate whole to accept a considerable measure of responsibility for the comprehensive service.

A diverse patient population will be necessary. Patients should not be restricted to those who come by referral, but must include those who come voluntarily, for the educational program will require a patient population that covers the whole age range and a wide range of socio-economic and educational levels. In time, such patients will display the whole gamut of problems from the common and minor to the most unusual and complicated.

SUCH services would provide the very best setting in which to introduce the medical school student to the practice of medicine. A clerkship served in this setting would give him opportunities to see a variety of patients with a variety of problems, to follow patients over a considerable period of time, to see comprehensive medicine practiced at a high level of excellence, to observe the work of the different specialists, and to see how their specialized talents can be brought together to contribute to the welfare of the patient.

At the graduate level, students who aspire to careers as primary physicians would find in these programs excellent opportunities for a portion of their residency training. Moreover, the hospitals that establish these programs will present an example of one staff working regularly, continuously, and cooperatively with the staffs of other services. This example should be a good opening wedge in bringing about a greater amount of consultation and a greater degree of corporate responsibility for educational planning. Graduate medical education generally would profit from such a change.

We know of no medical school or teaching hospital that now offers a comprehensive care service of as high quality as we recommend, or one that constitutes as central and important a part of the teaching program. Such services should be established as quickly as possible.

MAJOR RECOMMENDATIONS of the report excerpted on this and preceding pages were:

1) Abandonment of the internship which now comes between graduation from the medical school and the medical student's apprenticeship as a resident physician in a hospital.

2) Combination of the present period of internship and the present period of residency "into a single period of graduate medical education called a residency and planned as a unified whole."

3) Amendment of "state licensure acts and statements of certification requirements . . . to eliminate the requirement of a separate internship and to substitute therefore an appropriately described period of graduate medical education."

4) Amendment of specialty board regulations governing eligibility for certification of medical specialists in such a way as "not to increase the required length of residency training to compensate for dropping the requirement of a separate internship."

5) Experimentation by the hospitals "with several forms of basic residency training."

6) Limitation of approval of programs of graduate medical education by residency review committees to those programs that "cover the entire span from the first year of graduate education through completion of the residency."

7) Creation of a new Commission on Graduate Medical Education "specifically for the purpose of planning, coordinating, and periodically reviewing standards for graduate medical education and procedures for reviewing and approving the institutions in which that education is offered."

The commission would consist of ten members, all appointed by the American Medical Association Council on Medical Education—three to be named from a list of six or more names submitted by the Association of American Medical Colleges, two to be named from a list of four or more names submitted by the National Academy of Sciences, and five to be named by the AMA Council on Medical Education "without restriction as to the source of suggestion."

"Not less than two of the members serving at any one time" should "come from outside the field of medicine"; all should "be appointed solely on the basis of established records of distinguished service in medical education, the related sciences, higher education, or public affairs"; and all should "serve as individual statesmen of medical education rather than as representatives of [their] particular organizations."

The commission would publish annual standards for residency training and "would have the duty of reporting periodically to the medical profession and the interested public. . . ." —J.L.

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European Scene

Continued from page 30

He remarked of sensibility, "It, too, is a science, but at an incandescent state, at the boiling point." He claimed that "all objects and things give testimony, and the earth is but a gigantic Exhibit A."

Cecchi's two trips to the U.S. in the 1930s—the America of gangsterism, lynchings, slums, violence, and extravagance—left the bitter taste recorded in *America amara*. Even his first day of teaching at Berkeley was a rude awakening for a Florentine. Having shown a slide of Fra Angelico's *Annunciation*, he called for questions. The first one shook him:

"Which of those two figures was the angel?"

Despite discouragement from Madrid, a few publishers in Barcelona struggle to keep Catalan language and literature from dying out. After all, Catalan can match the venerability of Castilian, dating back to hagiography of the eleventh century. In a single month the publishers Aymá and Edicions 62 have made available several major contemporaries: Truman Capote (*Desde juni a Can Tiffany*), Friedrich Duerrenmatt (*Grec busca grega*), Erich Fromm (*L'Art d'estimar*), Franz Kafka (*El proces*), John Le Carré (*Un crim de qualitat*), and Thomas Mann (*La mort a Venecia*). As the Berlitz ads put it, you see you're already reading Catalan.

There is no recent news from Greece on such greats as Cavafy, Seferis, and Kazantzakis, but there is a charming novel I should like to mention. *Nude Maiden*, by Nikos Athanassiadis, involves a fanciful triangle comprising a young engineer, a sea nymph, and a dolphin who frolic among the Greek islands. It is a sort of literary ballet with a sad ending more characteristic of modern Greek poetry than prose. The jealous mortal kills his cetacean rival and the mourning siren disappears into the depths of the Mediterranean. The word-paintings of seascapes are of a high order, and the "rapture of the depths" as hero and heroine swim nude is fatal only to the mental state of the reader reliving his first view of those islands. There is nothing of the eroticism found in the sophisticated contemporary poetry of Athens. If your modern Greek is weak, Albin Michel has added a sensitive French translation to its series *"Les grandes traductions."*

—Robert J. Clements.

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(Continued on page 128)

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(Continued from page 127)

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Effected by aid of special tools.	54 46 79 113 188 40 77 102
B. Describing a series of progressively altered drawings, made to be projected as a motion picture.	78 81 19 163 65 122 140 42
C. Contemporary Italian physicist, known for investigations of cosmic rays.	8 92 68 142 153
D. Bird of which the hunter of the Jabberwock was warned to beware (2 wds.)	112 103 124 6 72 96 184 32 107
E. The character of being here and now.	27 39 190 76 152 55 162 91 11
F. Joined, esp. for a common purpose.	121 22 168 89 148 175 161 74 104 131
G. Portions, chiefly of flesh.	179 7 115 60 147 84 186
H. Describing the people with whom "luck is infatuated," acc'g to an ancient Persian proverb.	154 15 164 9 34 133 25 100 1
I. Caught, held (*onto*; an obsolete meaning, recently revived).	66 159 118 18 120 171 41
J. Leucotomy.	21 165 93 126 10 180 123 63
K. Reproduction of sound with special fidelity (popular comp.)	53 145 16 173
L. What men, as "deceivers ever," maintain, both in sea and on shore, acc'g to the Shakespeare song in *Much Ado* (2 wds.)	59 141 116 31 14 69 44
M. The kind of goose (to the English countryman) which is really a brant.	105 149 64 169

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Former name for the shining element now called radon.	183 177 97 110 58
O. Behaved pompously or ostentatiously.	73 111 5 178 67 101 82
P. Fruit of the Spanish paprika.	48 75 4 29 3 155 119 130
Q. "Then, if ever, come perfect days" (2 wds.)	36 137 71 185 125 28
R. Permits once again to be less constricting.	166 157 109 129 12 117 24 33 52
S. Little tribe of equatorial Africa.	136 127 51 70 85
T. Abbreviation for the honorary degree Doctor of Letters (2 wds.)	135 83 35 144 62
U. What immediately precedes blast-off (2 wds.)	90 170 94 158 61 49 150 26 138 80
V. Where General Grant announced he was going to *fight it out* if it took all summer (3 wds.)	37 160 187 2 99 139 134 17 50 108
W. The age when a man will be wise, if ever, acc'g to George Herbert (*Jacula Prudentum;* 2 wds.)	20 176 13 143 181 57 45
X. *A gentle slope.*	128 172 98 189 167 47
Y. Specifying the "Crown of 1965" awarded to Miss Hongsakula of Thailand.	43 87 182 146 114 30 151 106
Z. Subordinate officers appointed from the enlisted personnel of an army.	88 95 56 156 86 174 23

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 H	2 V	3 P		4 P	5 O	6 D	7 G	8 C	9 H	10 J	11 E	
12 R	13 W		14 L	15 H	16 K	17 V	18 I	19 B	20 W	21 J	22 F		23 Z	24 R	25 H	
26 U	27 E	28 Q	29 P	30 Y		31 L	32 D	33 R	34 H	35 T	36 Q	37 V	38 U		39 E	40
41 I		42 B	43 Y	44 L	45 W		46 A	47 X		48 P	49 U	50 V	51 S	52 R	53 K	54
55 E	56 Z	57 W		58 N	59 L	60 G	61 U	62 T	63 J		64 M	65 B	66 I	67 O	68 C	
69 L	70 S		71 Q	72 D	73 O	74 F	75 P	76 E	77 A		78 B		79 A	80 U	81 B	82
83 T	84 G	85 S	86 Z	87 Y		88 Z	89 F	90 U		91 E	92 C		93 J	94 U		95
96 D	97 N	98 X	99 V	100 H	101 O	102 A		103 D	104 F	105 M	106 Y		107 D	108 V	109 R	110
111 O	112 D	113 A	114 Y		115 G	116 E	117 R	118 I		119 P	120 I	121 F	122 B		123	
124 D	125 Q		126 J	127 S		128 X	129 R	130 P	131 F	132 U	133 H	134 V	135 T		136 S	137
138 U		139 V	140 B	141 L	142 C	143 W	144 T	145 K	146 Y	147 G		148 F	149 M	150 U	151 Y	152
153 C	154 H	155 P	156 Z	157 R		158 U	159 I	160 V		161 F	162 E	163 B		164 H	165 J	166
	167 X	168 F		169 M	170 U	171 I		172 X	173 K	174 Z	175 F	176 W	177 N	178 O	179 G	
180 J	181 W		182 Y	183 N	184 D	185 Q	186 G	187 V	188 A	189 X	190 E					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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